THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 201, Number 28

JAN. 12, 1929

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Booth Tarkington–Corey Ford–Hugh MacNair Kahler–Edith Fitzgerald
Horatio Winslow–John Chapman Hilder–Will Payne–Ben Ames Williams

Parker Duofold DeLuxe

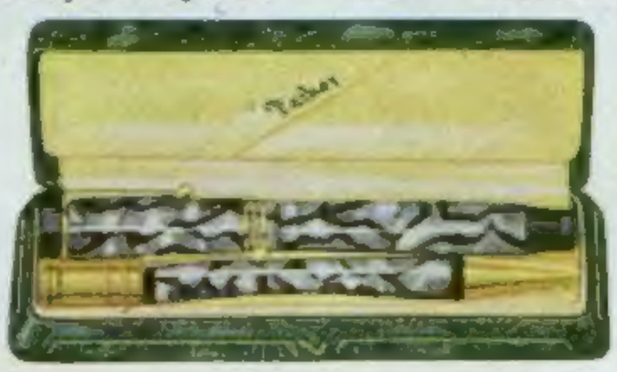
in your city... as in Paris
moderne Black and Pearl

Captivates the world on sight, $7.50, $8.50 *and* $10

Look now on the sovereign of the whole pen world—Parker's new Duofold DE LUXE—sea-pearl combined with jet black Permanite. Not only a fine pen, but a jewel. As *moderne* as the moment and the mode. *Guaranteed forever against all defects.

This is the same imperial pen that captivated Paris on sight. So with all the great capitals of the world—demand sprang up with such spontaneity that, for a time, we had to embargo export shipments to supply America.

Now the better pen counters in your city have it. Step in and see how its extra large luxurious point writes with Pressureless Touch—Geo. S. Parker's 47th improvement in 37 years. Poise this pen's silvery, luminous barrel in your hand—a barrel 28% lighter than rubber, and also non-breakable.



In Ink Capacity, Parker Duofold, size for size, exceeds by accurate test five other standard pens. It exceeds the average by 24%.

The only thing to match it in beauty and writing luxury is the Duofold Pencil De Luxe. People who can afford the best will naturally want to own the genuine. So be sure to look for this stamp on the pen and pencil barrels—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD."

Prices—Pens: Senior, $10; Junior, $8.50; Juniorette or Lady, $7.50. Pencils: $5, $4, and $3.50, according to size. Handsome enameled metal case included with single Pen, or Pen and Pencil Duette.

"To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10¢ for return postage and insurance.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
JANESVILLE, WIS.
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK
CHICAGO • ATLANTA • BUFFALO • DALLAS
SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA
LONDON, ENGLAND
HEIDELBERG, GERMANY

BELIEF . . . in the loyalty of loved ones dwells deep in your heart . . . undisturbed by doubt. They have kept faith. The passing years have proved them *worthy* of your trust.

So, too, do forty years of faith keeping . . . of honest timekeeping service . . . of strict adherence to the highest standard of excellence assure you of the trustworthy character of Westclox.

Combined with this long distinguished dependability, you now find a new style in alarms . . . stately grace . . . dignity of design. Built on a sturdy, artistic base that lends a delightful touch of beauty . . . a noteworthy development in clock making . . . lessens possibility of tipping . . . insures longer life.

In this new Westclox design you have a choice of models and sizes . . . all in exquisite shades of old rose, green or blue. A network of glistening gold gives a two-tone effect that harmonizes with their rich gold dials. Present day *vogue* . . . refinement . . . established timekeeping *value*.

Westclox in color are priced exactly the same as nickel finish.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Westclox

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois.
In Canada: Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

There's a wide variety of other Westclox in lustrous nickel finish . . . plain or luminous dials . . . prices range from $1.50 to $5.00

Smooth, white hands add so much to charm!

Day-long protection for fair hands

[A BEAUTY SUGGESTION FOR BUSY HOURS]

When hands *can* look as smooth and cool as flower-petals, doesn't it seem extravagant to let their loveliness slip away—day by day—in a round of soap-and-water tasks?

Many women have adopted a very simple plan to protect their hands:—they use Ivory to wash gleaming china, lacquered furniture, glossy woodwork, colored cottons and linens—instead of harsh kitchen soaps which parch and redden the skin.

These women have found that "Ivory for everything" is a very practical and economical beauty measure—it keeps their hands smooth and white. Compared to other beauty aids in their bathrooms and upon their dressing tables, the little extra cost of Ivory is almost nothing!

Try Ivory for *all* your soap-and-water tasks this week. Don't just tuck this suggestion away in your mind and plan to try it sometime. If you begin tomorrow to use "Ivory for everything" and see how much softer and smoother your hands quickly become, we believe you will never again let a harsh soap rob them of their charm.

* *

FREE! A little book on charm. What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair? For figures? A little book, "On the Art of Being Charming," answers many questions like these, and is free. Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VS-19, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES

99 44/100 % PURE · IT FLOATS

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President

John B. Williams, Second Vice-President
Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-President and Secretary. Philip S. Collins, Second Vice-President and Treasurer

Fred A. Healy, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Copyright, 1929, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

Volume 201 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY 12, 1929 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) — Number 28

MUSKICKADEE

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

"The Family Give Me Thunder for Flopping Around in This Old Machine," He Said, Chuckling

UPON Route 77, that main traveled highway between East and West, motor tourists crossing the great Midland flatlands pass through a procession of small towns so monotonously alike that the traveler from afar might wonder why they possess different names, since nothing else seems to distinguish them one from the other. To pass through, moreover, is the motorist's principal interest in these Corn Belt centers of populace; his speed increases with the lateness of the day, so that he may not be detained in one of them overnight; and of them all there probably is not one wherein he would less welcome detention by accident, darkness or foul weather than Muskickadee. This place, the seat of justice and metropolis of Sycamore County in my own state, seems to attain a kind of climax of provincial commonplaceness; in its aspect there is nothing whatever to arrest a stranger's attention for one moment; and yet for many years Muskickadee has held within it, and withheld from me, the secret of a piquing mystery.

Outwardly the only difference between this county seat and its fellows is that Muskickadee is smaller and of a somewhat duller, dustier and dingier appearance than the others. It has its quarter mile of commerce—two and three storied buildings with fronts of brick or imitation stone upon the main thoroughfare, Washington Street; one or two movie-theater signs enliven the sidewalks of this central highway; another projects from above the door of a cafeteria and at night shows forth the modern spirit and jazzes up the neighborhood with the illuminated word "Eat." There is a painful courthouse of imitation stone standing among a few maple trees in the Square; and the courthouse fence, where aforetime the farmers hitched their horses, is lined with hard-worked automobiles, most of them either dusty or gray with caked mud. On Washington Street at the corner of the Square there is a hotel, the New National House; but it is not new and apparently never was new, while its claim to be national might be subject to doubt as well.

Green and red traffic signals, however, at the intersections of north and south bound thoroughfares with Washington Street prove that Muskickadee has a civic spirit, and irritate the long-distance motorist. "What in the name of heaven," he thinks, "do these people want stop-and-go signs for!" And, in truth, his impatience is not wholly unjustified; all in all, Muskickadee wears the look of a town that cannot keep its hold upon its young people as they begin to reach the adult years; and it has in fact, I believe, somewhat dwindled in population since it first became a mystery to me, long ago. That mystery—not of the kind attaching to murders, but to my own peculiar curiosity as absorbing—came into being with my first experience of Joe Burbage, a native son of Muskickadee.

He was about eleven years old, or he may have been twelve, when he made his appearance at the school I attended in the state's principal city and capital where I lived, and, as he was the only boy to come from out of town to that school, the rest of us at once took a special interest in him. He was a thin little fellow, sandy-haired and gray-eyed, and he had an expression that was oddly both plaintive and cheerful at the same time; it was a look that seemed to wish to be friendly and yet expected to be misunderstood, but wouldn't resent that when it happened. Almost as soon as we let him see that we admitted the fact of his existence and consented to acknowledge the admission, he began to tell us all about Muskickadee; and he was genuinely commiserative when he learned that none of us had ever been there; then, when he received the information, coldly delivered, that none of us had ever heard of the place before, he was shocked.

"Never even heard of it!" he exclaimed, and his astonishment was almost incredulity. "Why, what you been doing all this time since you were born? Why, my goodness, haven't you ever heard of anything at all? F'r instance, have you ever heard of George Washington, or Pike's Peak, or the Atlantic Ocean, or—or New York City and Europe, or—or Christopher Columbus and the President of the United States?"

"Yes," one of our group informed him, "we've heard of all those things, but there's prob'ly some shanties and woodsheds scattered somewheres around the country that we mightn't know the names of. Where is this Mosquito-flea place you come from, anyway?" The young stranger corrected him: "Muskickadee! Why, anybody that doesn't know where the city of Muskickadee is situated must be crazy! The city of Muskickadee is situated on—well, it's really a river, but it got called a creek in the first place by somebody that didn't know the difference, so nobody ever took the trouble to straighten it out."

"Straighten what out? The river?"

"No, calling it a creek. It ought to be called a river because it's got more water in it than a creek. Muskickadee Creek has got more water in it than three rivers like the one you got here. It's got more water in it ——"

"Than a milk pail?" one of our group suggested. "So Mosquito-flea, where you live, is a farmyard or something on Mosquito-flea Creek, is it?"

He Exhaled a Long Sigh. "I Don't Understand," He Began—"I Don't Understand How Anybody in the World——"

"Muskickadee!" Joe Burbage insisted earnestly. "I guess you wouldn't call it 'Mosquito-flea' if you'd ever studied much about the jography of the Western Hemisphere! Why, Muskickadee is the best city in this whole country. Muskickadee is the best place to live in that anybody ever saw. The Muskickadee ball team can beat any other ball team in the world. It's got the best pitcher on it in the United States. And f'r instance, look at the way you fellows all drink water here in the school yard or when you're in your own yards; you've got hydrants, and you either drink out of a tin cup or else turn on the hydrant and put your hand over the hole and get yourselves wet all over from the water splattering when you put your face down to drink. You know what we drink out of in Muskickadee? There isn't a back yard in Muskickadee that hasn't got a pump in it, and we don't drink out of tin cups or tin dippers either. Every pump in Muskickadee has got a gourd on a string fastened to it—a gourd all hollowed out and with a gourd-stem handle. I bet there isn't anybody in this old town would even know how to make one. But that's what we drink out of in Muskickadee. Why, at Muskickadee ——"

But that day he got no further with his panegyric; already what he said was sufficiently in the nature of an oration to warrant interruption on a large scale; a general shout went up. "Mosquito-flea! Mosquito-flea!" we yelled, and danced about him in a ring, bellowing this burlesque of the beloved name. "Muskickadee," itself, we felt later, however, was burlesque enough without adding contortion to it; and thenceforth young Burbage was known in our school as "Muskickadee Joe" or simply "Muskickadee."

He accepted the appellation better than philosophically: he seemed pleased with it, evidently taking it to be one of those gibes that are more honor than insult; and our severest badinage never wholly suppressed his persistent impulse to tell us more of the glories of Muskickadee. He bore the raillery with a wistful good nature—in fact, I have no recollection of Joe Burbage's ever showing resentment about anything—and when the jeering began to slacken or wore itself out he would stoutly begin again where he had stopped, or, if he could not gain the attention of the group, he would take some one of us aside and make that one a listener if he could. As it happened, this position of listener fell most often to me; he evidently thought me sympathetic because I did not yell at him as loudly as the others did—a seeming reticence on my part caused simply by the fact that in my boyhood I had a weak chest.

"If the fellows in this school ever got just one look at our city," he would confide in me, "they'd prob'ly never be able to hold up their heads again, they'd be so ashamed of all this and that they've been yelling about it. Now, this town of yours here, it's got a ball nine that belongs to a Big League, but honestly it wouldn't stand a chance with our team. Our pitcher's named Fatty Gooch; he works in the hardware store, and I wish this school could see him pitch just one game against your Big League nine; there wouldn't be one of 'em get halfway to first base. My goodness! but I do wish Fatty Gooch and our team could play just one game in this town! I bet this whole school would take to the woods, they'd be so ashamed!"

That winter I heard a great deal about Muskickadee and Joe's heart's desire that Fatty Gooch and his colleagues of the Muskickadee nine should perform their prodigies before a metropolitan audience. Somewhat flattered in spite of myself by the out-of-town boy's preference for me, I often took him home with me for luncheon, where my father chuckled over him a great deal and my mother petted him; they liked him—as everyone did, for that matter. He lived with one of the teachers at the school, but sometimes my father and mother would invite him to stay with us "over Sunday," and thus our boyish intimacy became solidified; and in time I got to be almost afraid that if ever the Muskickadee nine should challenge our own, our great champions would be defeated.

Joe got his heart's desire—at least he got part of it, and by means of his own audacious effort. Of course there was no chance that the redoubtable sportsmen of the League would pit themselves against county-seat antagonists; but in an industrial suburb of the city there was a ball team known as the Stockyards Nine, and, seeking worthy opponents, it advertised for them in a local paper. Joe happened to see this advertisement, wrote to his father at home, and boldly called in person upon the manager of the Stockyards Nine. Correspondence ensued, and upon a miraculous Saturday the thing happened—the Muskickadee nine appeared upon an amateur green field in the industrial suburb to meet the men of the Stockyards, and our school gave a full attendance. Before the game began, Joe was allowed to hear some criticism of the appearance of his heroes whose uniforms were not what we thought they should have been; but he met this sturdily.

"You wait and see! What if a couple of 'em have got on long pants or overalls or something! It isn't pants that win a ball game, I guess! You just wait!"

We waited in a little trepidation, so grandiosely confident had been his prophecies; but by the end of the first inning we were jubilant; by the end of the fourth we were uproarious, and for us the rest of the game was a delirium of unsparing badinage that Joe Burbage bore as best he could, for the score eventually was twenty-two to nothing in favor of the Stockyards. At the end the unfortunate boy crossed the diamond to mingle with his fellow townsmen for a few moments as they gloomily piled into their omnibus; then he returned to us, walking slowly and somewhat doggedly, the while we timed his steps with a chant: "Right foot, left foot, hay foot, straw foot, yay, Muskickadee Joe!"

But when he could make himself heard, which was not for quite a time, he produced an alibi: "Fatty Gooch's uncle died last night," he said. "That was the whole trouble; he told me himself he could hardly do a thing with his arm because his uncle died last night. How'd you like to haf to pitch a ball game yourself, if you had your uncle die last night? Why, if Fatty Gooch's uncle hadn't had to go and die last night ——"

This was as far as he got then, or at any time later, with his explanation of the debacle, though he often tried to repeat it during what remained of the school term; and almost his last words to me, when he said farewell upon his departure for the summer vacation, dealt with this same subject.

"Honestly, we could pretty near of won that game if it hadn't been for Fatty Gooch's uncle. The rest of the boys never would believe it, I know; but if you'd come down and visit me sometime this summer and see Fatty Gooch pitch when his family's all well and everything—well, maybe you'd stand by me and help me prove it when school opens next fall again. Would you do it?"

I said I'd like to come for the visit if I could, and later he wrote to me renewing his invitation; but I was then already away on a visit to some relatives and could not accept. He wrote again just before the opening of the school in the autumn, and I was sorry when I read his letter:

"Well I guess on some acounts it is too bad I won't get back to the old school again in your town but my father has had a missfortune having had a stroke of paralisys and I got to be around the house. So I will be atending the school of this city from now on. I did not say anything because my father is a good man and I would like to trouble him as little as I could and try to be of some use. Anyway I have got many good friends here and it is fine to be here in our city. Please tell all the boys good-by for me and your mother and father who were pretty kind to me and you too, which I will never forget till death and always rember you as I hope you will try to me."

II

THE passing of Joe Burbage out of the life of the school was a loss to its gayety, and yet there was among us a little regret for more than that; he had been a companionable boy and we missed him. But our regret was ephemeral; there was more to do and think about in the city than there was in Muskickadee, and naturally he must have missed us longer than we did him. In particular, as time proved, he missed me more than I did him; for, although he wrote to me at intervals and I answered his first letters promptly, my side of the correspondence gradually became negligent and within a year or two almost ceased entirely. On this account, perhaps, it was nonexistent on both sides by the time I entered a university, and when I came home after my commencement I doubt if I had even thought of Joe Burbage twice in those four years.

Then he unexpectedly recalled himself to my memory in a letter informing me of the death of his father, and the tone of the letter surprised me a little; it implied that there had been a gap but not a break in our intimacy.

"In this kind of a trouble," he wrote, "a person likes to turn to an old friend and schoolmate that would understand and maybe say a word of comfort. We haven't seen each other since our school days together and it is a long time since I last wrote you, but I know you will be sorry to hear of this great loss of mine. Now I am the last of my family and I expect it will be pretty lonely except for thinking of the good friends I have, and of them I always feel, in spite of this long absence, that you are the one I would turn to in the hour of trouble. So I thought I would let you know what had happened, because I know you will recollect how much I thought of my father that year I was away from home in our old school days together."

In response, I wrote him one of those letters of condolence painfully constructed out of the usual stencils of sympathy; but it seemed to suffice, for he replied to it with expressions of gratitude that embarrassed me when I thought of the perfunctory nature of the missive that had elicited them. In fact, I fear there was something perfunctory in my whole relation to Joe Burbage at this period, and when he wrote again some months later and said that business called him to the state capital for a day and he'd like to see me, I replied that nothing would delight me more; but this was an overstatement of my enthusiasm—I am afraid I wondered rather dismally what on earth we should find to talk about.

Yet when he came I found that I was delighted to see him after all. He had grown up to be a tall, thin young man, a little lank and a little shabby, too; but that old engaging expression of his, friendly and wistfully plaintive, was still there, and I needn't have been apprehensive of our not being able to talk; he was the kind of man you could sit with comfortably for half an hour at a time and not talk at all. In one thing he had not changed, as I discovered with some amusement; his face still brightened and his eyes kindled whenever he spoke of Muskickadee. He was in the brick business there now, he informed me, and Muskickadee was such a live town that he looked forward to great operations in building. I went to the station with him when he left, and his final words were the renewal of a hospitable pressure upon me to visit him and see the finest brickyard in the finest town in the state.

"You've never been to Muskickadee yet," he said from the platform of the smoking car as it began to bear him away. "You mustn't miss it forever, you know!"

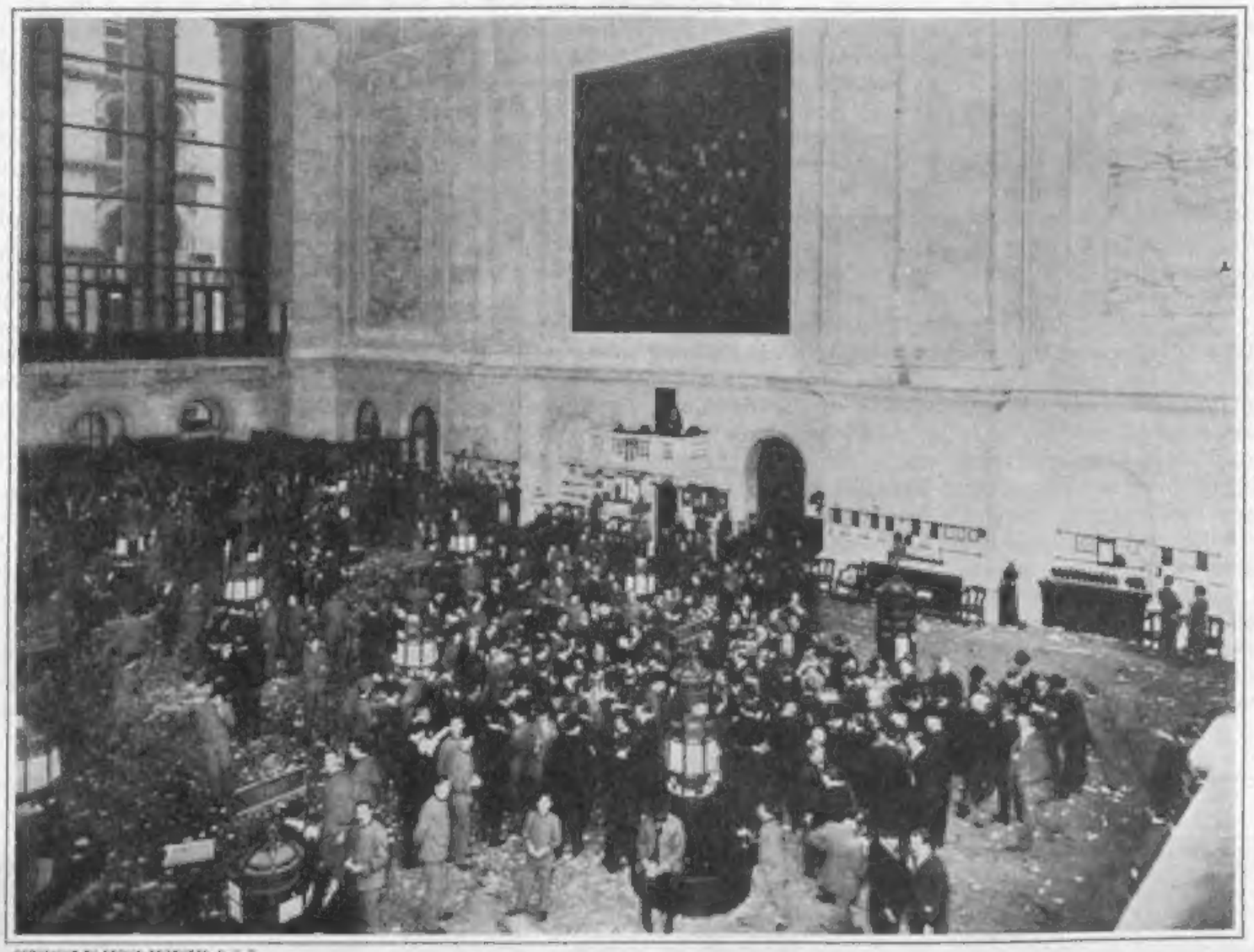
I laughed and called to him that I would try to come; but this was merely one of the courtesies of parting, and not long after that I found myself embarked upon a somewhat

(Continued on Page 94)

"Now, Mother, it Isn't Good for You to Get So Excited. If You and the Children Could Just Kind of Get Settled Down ——"

THE GREAT BULL MARKET

By Albert W. Atwood



COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

The Floor of the New York Stock Exchange

A THOUGHTFUL man remarked not long ago that stock speculation had become the country's leading industry. It is true, of course, that what is written in December may need revision in January. Nowhere do conditions change so swiftly as in the stock market. Not only do prices go up and down but there is a continuous veering of interest. Today the world and his wife have no thought except for Stock A and Industry B; tomorrow both will have been forgotten for Stock C and Industry D.

But the changes of a few weeks or even months can hardly detract from the narrative of this amazing speculation which has been under way for several years. A violent collapse in prices took place in June of last year and another in December, but if we look back over the whole period we find that never before has a stock boom engaged so many people, permeated to such an extent the life of the nation or loomed up so portentously alongside the structure of industry, commerce and finance.

To no adult who has any concern whatever with the materialistic or monetary aspect of life can this phenomenon be a matter of indifference. Even if such persons are unmoved by thoughts of gain and loss, they must have enough of sheer intellectual curiosity to wonder at the causes of such prolonged and massive operations on the stock exchange. To the millions who are concerned there is the persistent, the absolutely passionate desire to profit thereby.

Surely the whole country is deeply concerned with the meaning of such a speculative manifestation, with both its temporary and more lasting effects. To what extent is it an expression of changing and strengthening economic conditions, and how far is it a mere psychological delusion, a function of human weakness and a periodic revelation in mortal error of mind and heart?

Are the preponderant influences sound or unsound, wise or unwise, constructive or destructive? Are we in a new economic era or are we merely drunk? Has the stock market been acting chiefly as a function of a phenomenal increase in wealth, or has it been merely a vehicle for one of those strange spells of abnormal psychology, which, at intervals for centuries past, have swept over whole nations?

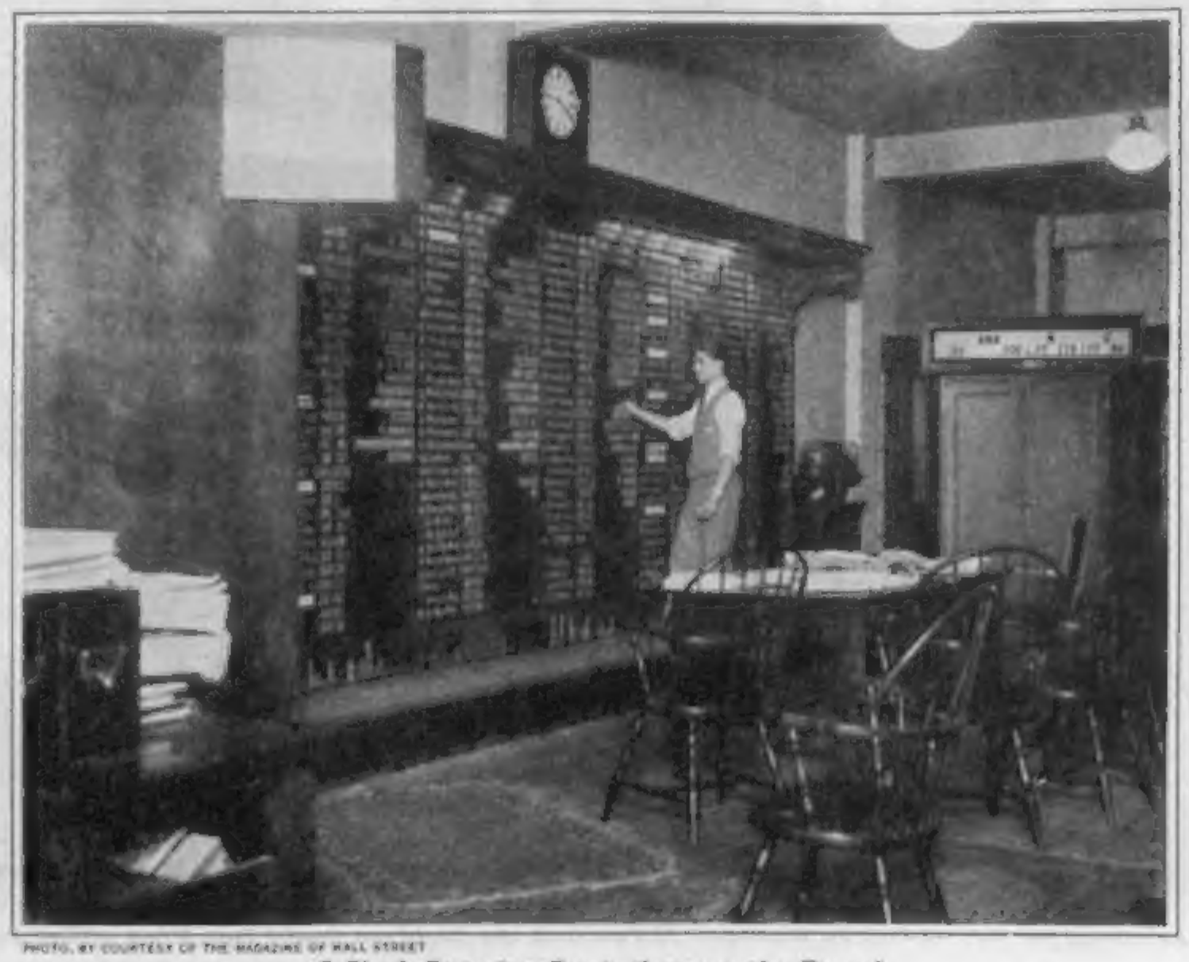
Low-Geared Facilities

THE answers to these questions are concealed in the dark folds of the future, and only time will lead us to them. The truth will be revealed in the light of history, and in no other way. But we can search for facts; it is worth while to analyze as best we may. It will not do, however, to plunge into these delicate and momentous questions by sheer abstract argument or by theorizing at the start. The first idea to get across is that for some years the mere physical facilities for carrying on the now almost universal occupation of stock speculation have been constantly expanded and just as constantly pushed to the near-breaking point.

It may be objected that tension upon the facilities, especially upon the New York Stock Exchange, is merely a symptom and not a cause. But first things come first, and we must look at symptoms before we hunt for causes. Some time ago Thomas A. Edison wrote to the secretary of the stock exchange that he would like to discuss with him the slowness of the ticker and other signs of strain which were then becoming manifest. An engineer in the employ of the exchange called upon the great inventor, and Mr. Edison remarked in the course of the conversation that the stock exchange was like any other public utility in that as fast as it increased its facilities the public would call for more.

With the exchange geared for days of two and a half million shares—the prevailing volume at the time the conversation took place—the public would soon be demanding three-million-share days, said Mr. Edison. Since then there have been many four and five million share days, with a number of six million, and at this writing, a close approach to seven-million-share days.

There are several points at which the strain upon the machinery makes itself felt. The easiest to remedy is lack of space, and the stock exchange is rapidly acquiring an entire city block in the heart of Wall Street. Arrangements for the delivery of securities and payment therefor have also been expanded, and within a few months still further improvements of a radical nature will be installed by the Clearing House Corporation, which cares for these matters. A more difficult problem is presented in speeding up the ticker, the instrument by which the outside world learns of the deals which take place on the exchange.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE MAGAZINE OF WALL STREET

A Clerk Entering Quotations on the Board

Improvements

THE wheel off which the ticker tape spills is able to revolve at a certain rate and no faster. Swamped under the unprecedented volume of business, the ticker has at times been nearly two hours late in reporting the transactions on the floor. As the whole outside world depends upon the ticker as its guide, the resulting confusion may be imagined. Makeshifts have been adopted, such as the abandonment of time-honored and desirable symbols, but only the installation of an entirely new ticker system, to be completed in about a year, will offer a substantial remedy. The new ticker is expected to print 900 characters a minute, and should take care of seven-million-share days without delay.

Mechanical aids are capable of further expansion, but the membership of the exchange, numbering 1100, is at this writing the same as it has been for fifty years. Hundreds of members are inactive—that is, they never go on the floor—and therefore reduce the total who can do business. John D. Rockefeller is a member, but it is safe to say that if he ever went on the floor it was more than forty years ago.

A proposal to increase the number of memberships was voted down a few years ago, but another similar proposal will have to meet with a different fate, or the business will go to other exchanges in this country or to those in Europe.

With all the proposed improvements made, it will be possible to care for seven and eight million share days, but no one knows what will happen if there should be ten, twelve and fifteen million share days. The records of the Clearing House Corporation show that after the famous panic of May 9, 1901, more than sixteen years elapsed without any new record of volume of business being made. Then there was a nine-year period before the next record, and only two and a half years to February 20, 1928, before another record was hung up. From February until early in November eleven new records were made, and since then they have taken place right along.

There is something premonitory of great events in these figures. What do they mean? Curiously enough, most observers have overlooked what is the simplest and most obvious explanation—the fact that in the past few years, probably for the first time, the whole force of speculation has been combined in and concentrated upon the actual purchase of stocks, and especially of common stocks. Until recent years many speculators operated through bucket shops, those fictitious brokerage offices which simply bet with their customers on the prices that were being made on the stock exchange. A long warfare against the bucket shops on the part of the public authorities and of the stock exchange itself finally resulted in their complete rout. The business now goes to the New York, Chicago and other regular exchanges, and possibly adds as much as one-fifth to their volume. Whether the bucket shop will ever return is another question.

Then, too, in recent years the cotton market has afforded very little opportunity to the speculator. There have been no sensational fluctuations and no booms. Nor has there been much activity in the wheat market. Not only have former cotton and wheat operators turned their attention to stocks but great cotton and wheat wire houses have changed into stock commission firms. There are half a dozen of these houses; one or two of them with fifty or more branch offices in the South and West.

Stocks now hold the center of the stage, supreme and alone. Within two years the stock-exchange ticker service has spread to the Southwest and to the Western Coast. There are now 250 places in the United States where quotations appear within one minute or less of the time they are printed on the ticker in Wall Street. Not only the stock prices themselves but the page or news tickers of great financial news agencies have spread over the country. One such concern now has twenty-four ticker cities. In other words, the wires which make rapid and voluminous stock investment and speculation possible have spanned the continent.

The New York Stock Exchange

Barren Land for Bonanza Stocks

ON JANUARY 1, 1919, there were 500 branch offices of stock-exchange firms; on October 1, 1928, there were 1192, of which 966 were outside of New York City. More and more of the business comes from outside the metropolis. Other exchanges share in the boom, especially those in Chicago and San Francisco. Everywhere produce exchanges and other commodity markets are planning to become stock exchanges or at least to establish stock departments.

The prices of seats, or memberships, have soared everywhere, and they cost as much on other exchanges as did a seat on the New York exchange ten or fifteen years ago. The volume of business on several of these exchanges equals that of New York of a previous decade, and entirely new stock exchanges are proposed in many comparatively small cities. As for the curb exchange in New York, it now does a business which would have swamped the stock exchange itself before the war.

Let me repeat, stocks now reign undisputed, with an absolutism of sway never before equaled. The speculators who formerly bought cotton and wheat and land, and the investors who bought mortgages, now purchase stocks. The Florida boom has passed, the farm-land boom disappeared long ago. Even the popularity of urban real estate and bonds, which only a few years ago seemed impossible to dim, has now faded. Since the tremendous deflation of 1921 no one has been at all excited about sugar or wheat or cotton. A simple and accurate way of expressing the present stock market is to say that where there used to be a definite preference for other types of investments and speculations, there is now a definite preference for stocks alone. The money of the country pours into them with major force.

Many of the stocks now selling at enormous prices may ultimately prove to be no better than cats and dogs, but they do not have about them the obvious earmarks of swindles from the very start, which has so often been the case in the past. Interest today is in what are known as legitimate stocks. Western sections once famous as fertile fields for fake-stock salesmen now pour their orders into the great central markets where the best securities in the country are dealt in. A broker described the change in these exaggerated but none the less suggestive phrases:

"My office boys no longer buy Old Prospector Gold Mining Bonanza on the outside market on the margin at three cents a share. They buy Morgan stocks, like General Electric, outright at $200 a share. I know a Greek fruit peddler who used to fall for every kind of swindle. Now his holdings look like those of George F. Baker. A lot of people have learned that the best securities are the cheapest. We have talked a lot about the desirability of becoming a nation of investors; we taught them to buy Liberty bonds, and the bonds were paid off. Why complain now that people have become investors?"

Investing Sweeps the Country

SECRETARY MELLON recently described to the writer in a most interesting way how the banks of Pittsburgh, especially through their savings departments, had taught masses of people to buy securities. Frequently they use these as collateral for loans to buy other securities paying more in interest than the loan costs them. "With the facilities existing," said Mr. Mellon, "the average citizen is benefiting from prosperity and sharing in wealth."

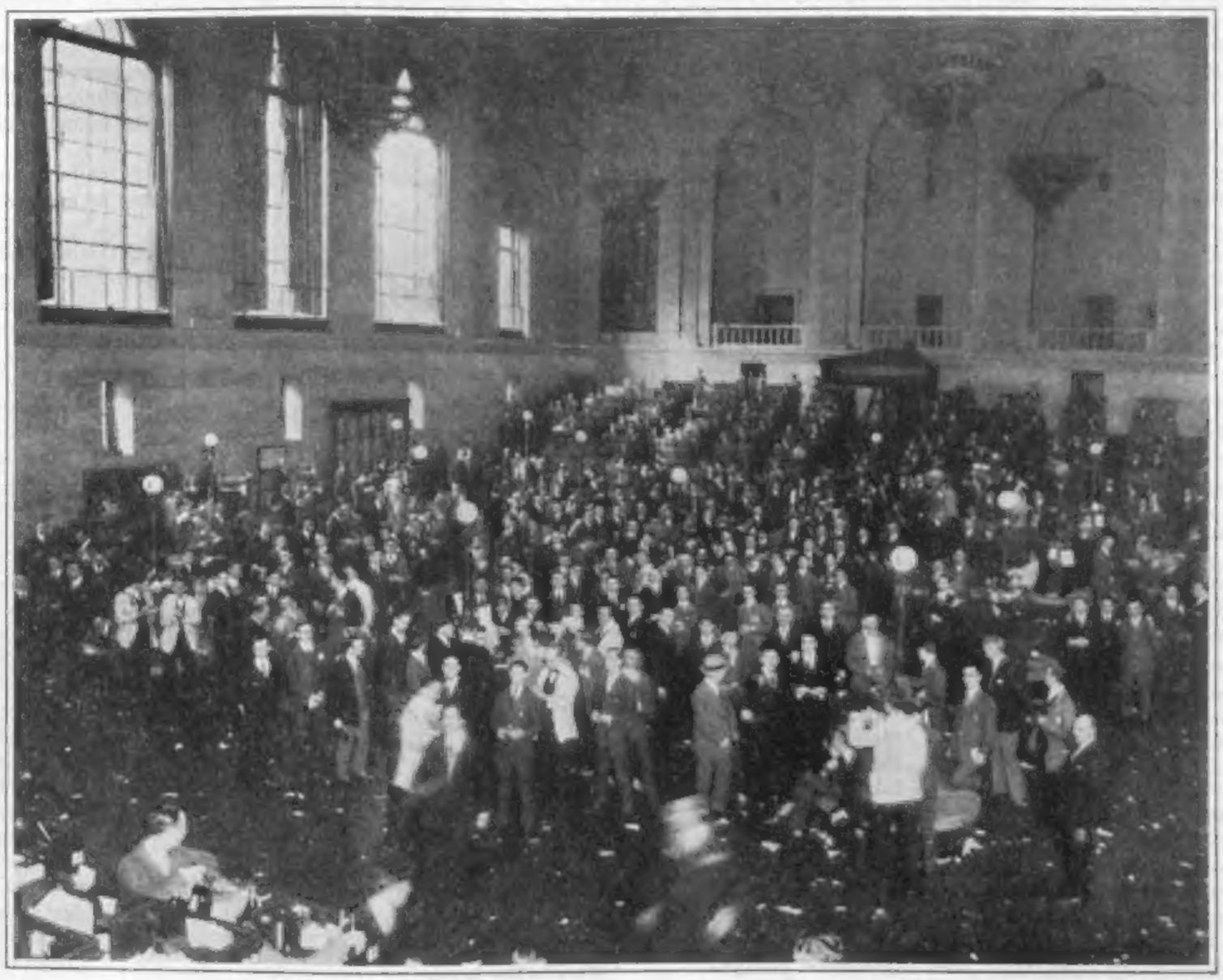
Obviously people at large are losing their fear of banks, large corporations, Wall Street and the financial machinery in general. In consequence, they are losing their fear of stocks. If a man cannot make a living as an independent ice manufacturer, he shrugs his shoulders and buys himself a block of stock in the so-called ice trust. Even the women are finding that the symbols on the ticker tape are not Sanskrit after all. We are now getting the results of a long educational process.

Clearly much of the new interest taken in stocks is due to the increasing industrialization of the country, especially of the South. The great iron and steel center around Birmingham, the textile mills of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and the coincident development of large power companies, all have turned people's thoughts sympathetically to corporate operations. The argument over Muscle Shoals fits into the same picture, and so do the political changes in states like Virginia, North Carolina and Texas.

Several million Easterners, numbers of them retired men of means, have settled in recent years on the Western Coast and taken their knowledge of stocks and finances with them. Then, too, all over the country the campaigns of the corporations to enlist either customers or employes, or both, as stockholders have had a slow and gradual, but by now powerfully cumulative, effect.

Perhaps the most colorful feature of the great bull market of the past few years has been the extent of female participation. No doubt this will be the first part of the froth to subside, and yet it has a modicum of rational basis in the increasing financial independence of women. Two forces are making women separate financial integers. One is the operation of the law of inheritance, which is

(Continued on Page 123)



The Floor of the New York Curb Market

THE QUEEN OF ST. NICK'S

The Next Instant Larry Was Sliding on His Back Across the Polished Floor, the Soles of His Shoes Elevated Helplessly to Viola's Startled Gaze

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Hi'd give the world ter see
That Scotch tattooed ly-dee!
She was the gal fer me,
Tattooed from 'ead to knee."

PROFESSOR DAUGHERTY ceased to warble. He leaned back on his stool, cocked his head to the right, and squinted through his thick spectacles at the tanned expanse of seagoing back that curved solidly before him. For a moment he studied it as an artist would muse upon a canvas, noting its possibilities with a professional eye, measuring the muscled proportions narrowly against his stubby thumb. With a sigh of satisfaction he hitched his stool forward and clamped the hips of the helpless victim between his knees:

"For there upon 'er jawr
Was the Royal Flying Corps,
An' up and down 'er spine
The 'Orse Guards marched in line."

Although it was scarcely dusk, Professor Daugherty's Tattooing Parlor on Sands Street was already blue with the first of the shore leave. Sailors from the near-by yard, bronzed with the recent sun of Guantánamo, jammed the tiny room at the rear of Tony's barber shop, leaning against the door, inspecting the photographic gallery of decorated torsos and biceps along the wall—full-rigged ships, cherubim, diving girls, a basket of fruit, the first stanza of the Marseillaise, Custer's Last Stand, a drowning man being rescued by an angel—or watching morbidly for the first grunt of pain from their fellow man-o'-war's man, whose bared back was about to be glorified with a lurid cupid of chubby proportions that vaguely suggested an alderman in a Turkish bath:

"An' all around 'er 'ips
Was a fleet o' battleships."

Humming to himself, Professor Daugherty untangled an involved electric cord from his legs and dipped the tiny needle into a cracked bowl of red dye. He shot his cuff solemnly, leaned forward and snapped on the current. The needle jigged with the thin whine of a dentist's drill and the victim's taut epidermis crawled and puckered in nervous anticipation:

"An' on 'er left kidney ——"

For a moment the needle poised above the victim's tenderest rib, and the crowd of gobs leaned forward expectantly. A single muscle hopped and was still. They sighed. The professor commenced to trace the inked outlines methodically:

"—— Was a bird's-eye view of Sydney;
But wot I liked best,
Right across 'er chest
Was me 'ome in Ten-nes-see-e-e-e!"

It was toward this current rallying point of the Atlantic fleet, their wide trousers creased horizontally and their white hats set forward upon their eyebrows at the correct aggressive angle, that two husky gentlemen of the nautical persuasion were at the present moment making their determined way. Side by side, step by step, they had rounded the corner of Sands Street in an amiable silence and swung briskly up the hill from the yard, their jaws tilted pugnaciously, their fists swinging at their sides in steady rhythm, a hard-boiled thrust to their shoulders. Two little chippies of uncertain age ogled the approaching gobs with wide and provocative eyes.

"Hello, sailor!"

The faces of the pair did not shift by a muscle. Only their gaze swung automatically to the right as they neared the girls, traveling from the bows of their slippers to their trim little waists, and then swinging straight ahead as they passed with a steady tap! tap! of seagoing soles that did not break for an instant their mutual rhythm. Not until they were well past the ladies did the corners of the younger boy's mouth suffer themselves to droop for a moment in swift appraisal. His companion wagged his head sagely.

"Bims," said Biff McLarnin.

"M'm," replied Larry Hanson.

"Wot the hell," added Biff, thus abruptly dismissing a subject which had given more experienced philosophers many weary hours pondering on the vicissitudes of the sex.

As they approached the decorated window of Professor Daugherty's Tattooing Parlors in perfect step, it was increasingly plain that Biff was the leader of the pair. His biceps bulged under his tight blue sleeve, his massive chest swelled, his face was square and solid and flanked by a distinguished pair of cauliflower ears. It was a pleasant face. The features were not quite intact, to be sure, but they had been amiably rearranged; as though the countless boxing gloves they had absorbed in the course of Biff's pugilistic career in the Navy had punched and battered the padding behind his face into a permanent expression of open honesty.

His companion, on the other hand, was more slender; his fists were not quite shut as they swung at his side; and his face had the lean gravity of a well-bred horse. Larry's was undeniably a handsomer face, and a more intelligent one; its honesty was not so apparent.

"Whaddye say?" suggested Biff as they paused before the door of Professor Daugherty's shop.

"What's the Idea, Keeping So Far Away?" She Inquired

The question was purely rhetorical, for it was accompanied by a vigorous thrust of his huge shoulders against the door. The crowd of sailors lounging about the walls gave way as Biff advanced, with that instinctive deference which is due last year's champ of the Atlantic fleet. One or two nodded to Larry as he followed in silence.

"Hi, Hanson."

In the tiny room at the rear, Professor Daugherty was frowning intently over his current masterpiece. The busy needle wandered back and forth over the tanned skin of the victim, leaving a wide red line in its wake as it rounded the broad muscles of the back, swallowed a stray freckle en route, transforming it with neat economy into the petal of a pansy, and then descended the successive ridges of vertebræ like a well-worn staircase. The professor's tongue wedged between his clenched teeth as he manipulated a particularly delicate detail. With a sigh he swabbed the surplus ink with a crumpled rag, snapped off the current, wiped his needle, and leaned back to view the completed outline. The two comrades glanced at each other in disgust.

"Cupid doll," murmured Biff.

"An' pansies," nodded Larry.

"I wouldn't want one like that," Biff volunteered, "if it was me. Cupids an' pansies, I mean."

"Nah."

The professor dipped his needle into a bowl of blue dye, snapped on the current and flourished the point briefly. He jabbed it suddenly into the tender skin.

The young sailor straightened with an audible grunt:

"Ough!"

"If it was me," continued Biff, "I wouldn't be seen with a cupid on me back. I wouldn't be seen dead."

"Nah."

"He might as well powder his nose."

"Maybe he don't know how lousy it looks," said Larry tolerantly. "He can't see it." The curved back perceptibly bristled.

"You know what I think?" ventured Biff after a moment.

"What?"

"I think the sap's in love."

"What sap?"

"This sap right here," said Biff casually. "Or else why would any feller have a cupid an' pansies tattooed on him?"

"Some bim, huh?"

"Yeh," said Biff, "the poor sap."

The stung victim swung around belligerently.

"Who's a sap?"

"If yer wants ter be tattewed," remarked the professor grimly, "don't be 'eavin' yer carcass all over the shop." He gripped a shoulder heavily and twisted it away from him. "Turn around an' set still."

Unperturbed, the two onlookers watched the further progress of the design with an impersonal curiosity.

"Well, I'll be a son-of-a- —— Lookit!" burst Biff suddenly.

"What?"

"If that ain't a butterfly—or ain't it?"

"Where?" Larry bent closer and shook his head. "Nah, that's a bluebird."

"Bluebirds for happiness," mimicked Biff in a falsetto. The muscles in the back knotted indignantly.

"He's in love," said Larry laconically.

"Bluebirds an' cupids an' pansies," warbled Biff in a disgusted tenor. "Oh, gee! Come 'ere an' I'll kiss you."

The back straightened hotly. "Lissen ——"

"Shut-tup," murmured the professor.

"But them guys ——"

"*Shut*-tup."

The back subsided again in a protesting curve.

"Ain't it hell," mused Biff, oblivious of the seething emotions he was arousing in the helpless gob before him, "what women will do to a young feller like that?"

"He's not wise to them, that's all."

"He ain't been around much," said Biff. "He ain't seen them like we have. So he goes and falls in love, like a sap, and now lookit him. Cupids ——"

"He don't know any better, I tell ya."

"Me, I'm offen 'em," announced Biff. "I'm wise, see?"

"Yeh, an' me."

"Are you offen 'em too?"

"You bet I am," said Larry. "Cold."

"You an' me both," said Biff. "You don't catch me getting no pansies stuck onto me for some fool woman. Huh."

"Me either," agreed Larry passionately. "I'm off 'em for life."

Biff turned and regarded his companion with new admiration. "Have a cigarette."

"Have one o' mine."

Under Professor Daugherty's able fingers the outlined scroll beneath the bower of pansies meantime had been amplified and elaborated, its proud curves shaded and embellished. With slow precision he now began to ink in the letters.

"M-A-B," spelled Biff.

"E-L," concluded Larry.

Their faces assumed expressions of acute nausea.

"Mabel," echoed Biff. "That must be her name. Ain't that disgusting? Ain't that? H'm?"

"Awful," said Larry.

"Steh! teh! teh!"

"I can't stand this another minute," said Larry. "Let's go on up to St. Nick's an' see 'em dance. Maybe there'll be a fight."

"At least," consoled Biff as they swung out the door, "he ain't from our ship."

Professor Daugherty adjusted his spectacles and hunched forward grumpily on his stool as the door slammed. "Imagineyetion! Hmph!" He dug the needle pitilessly into the protesting back before him. "Where's it gone terday, I ask yer? When I put me 'ole soul into a marsterpiece, wot 'appens? Wot?" He jabbed his victim again with the point. "It up an' walks out o' me shop, an' I never see it again. And wot do I 'ave to show for it? A coupla dollars, 'arf a quid. Ho, strike me dead if it don't tyke the inspireyetion out of a thing altogether. Wot bloody good does it do fer me to tyke pains, I puts it to yer? I might as well be brandin' cattle."

"Yeh," whined the victim, his long-suppressed indignation eager for sympathy, "an' didja hear what them two bums said about love?"

"Shut-tup," interrupted the professor coldly, "an' set still. Wot's love got to do with art?"

"Mabel," Echoed Biff. "That Must be Her Name. Ain't That Disgusting?"

The St. Nicholas Training Quarters resound by day to the muffled thud of gloves, the squeak of resin, the panting of clinched figures embracing and struggling over the canvas ring. By night, however, this temporary ring is dismantled; in the glare of the bright lights these pugilistic sounds are metamorphosed mysteriously into the muffled thud of drums, the squeak of saxophones, the shuffle of clinched figures embracing and struggling over the floor to the hesitant rhythms of an exuberant, full-throated jazz.

Larry and Biff halted before the entrance to the lower floor of the St. Nicholas Dance Hall—Admission to Men in Uniform Only—and listened curiously to the dimmed strains of an orchestra that proceeded from the more exclusive dance hall overhead. They spun their cigarette stubs into the gutter with a contemptuous shrug and shouldered past the fringe of loiterers draped in the doorway. For a moment they stared aggressively at the blazing hilarity of the crowded floor.

The dominant color of the navy-blue serge formed a solid background for the colors of the feminine gowns. Red spangles were crushed against navy-blue blouses; clinging arms were pale against navy-blue backs; silver slippers twinkled precariously between the elephantine plodding of navy-blue legs. Biff established an elbow on a convenient window sill and bent a superior scowl upon the happy throng.

"Go wan," he advised them sourly; "fool around with them bims. Sure. Go wan an' git boint."

"It's all right for kids," said Larry languidly.

"Sure, they dunno about women. They ain't wise."

"What the hell," said Larry, gazing wearily across the crowded floor. "They got to learn sooner or later that ——" His voice trailed.

"Love is the bunk," supplied Biff.

"Yeh," agreed Larry absently.

"You know what I think about love?"

"Sure"—with a preoccupied air.

"I say, do you know what I think about love?"

"M'm."

Biff glanced at his companion in surprise. Larry was gazing with rapt attention across the room, his lean face slowly tensing, his gray eyes pointed and brilliant. Without a word, as though drawn by an irresistible magnet, Larry suddenly lurched erect and dove forward through the crowd.

Biff's mouth gaped in astonishment as his eye followed his friend's erratic course across the floor to its final destination. Abruptly his own face congealed.

"Holy ——"

She was not very tall and she was not plump; but concentrated to triple effect in her diminutive frame were all the dynamic charms and all the irresistible allurements which might have been distributed more evenly and less perilously over a maiden twice her size.

She was as tiny as the pronoun "It," and as full of potential hazard. Her little ankles twinkled dangerously, like the eyes of a cobra. Biff's blood ran cold, and then violently hot, as he raised his wavering eyes with difficulty to her white face, shining with animation under her close-cropped black hair. His lower jaw slowly returned to meet the rest of his face, and he concluded his ejaculation almost reverently:

"—— cripes!"

Larry had halted before her; Biff watched her rise and melt against his uniform. A dark-blue arm circled her bared shoulders. Slowly they prowled across the floor to the excited rhythm of the dance, the tense dip of her body retreating before her escort's easy stride.

Very gradually they circled the floor and very gradually they drew nearer. Biff shivered in nervous anticipation. A terrible rigor was settling upon him. He could not possibly control his lips, he knew, or utter intelligible sounds. Providentially the music halted precisely as the pair was abreast of him.

"Hi, Larry," he greeted in a strained whisper.

"Hi." Larry was not conspicuously pleased at this bid for an introduction. "Viola, this is Biff McLarnin."

"'Tmeetcha," breathed Biff.

"Allo, big boy," she said. She pronounced it "beeg." Her voice had a faint trace of accent, though her colloquialisms were indigenous enough to the soil of Manhattan. Biff decided generously that she was a foreign countess who had learned to speak English in New York.

"Kin I have this dance?" he muttered.

(Continued on Page 133)

"Bims," Said Biff McLarnin. "M'm," Replied Larry Hanson

SUGAR BOY

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"She Definitely and Repeatedly Assured Me That She Was Not Married"

ALTHOUGH he approached the guarded doorway of the club along the side street instead of by the avenue, Mitford Pym did no other violence to his established usage.

He walked, perhaps, a little more rapidly than usual, but with the firm, grave tread of his habit, holding his shoulders back and his head erect, in outward seeming still a proud man; his face, square-cornered like the flat-crowned derby hat above it, still wore its massive Saint Bernard dignity; nothing in mien or gait or bearing suggested the exquisite anguish of the flayed, quivering spirit behind the stern high gaze, within the plump, beautifully tailored figure.

The gaze dwelt briefly and without attention upon the phenomenon of a group which profaned the broad flagstones of the sidewalk before the steps. It was composed of persons visibly alien to the neighborhood, young men with cock feathers in their hats and raiment of many colors, smoking cigarettes; of other young men less decorative who carried large expensive cameras or slouched beside tripods that supported the apparatus of the cinematograph; of several women who bore, to Mitford Pym's displeased eye, a singular and unseemly likeness to the cock-feathered youths—women at once nonchalant and alert, strangely, unpleasantly bright and hard of surface.

Their presence here offended Mitford Pym's nice sense of the proprieties without arousing in him any vulgar curiosity as to its reason. As he would have passed any other of the myriad little crowds in which the lower classes of his fellow citizens were eternally coagulating, he would have passed by this one.

But it did not choose to be passed. As Mr. Pym came near to it he was dimly aware of a gesture on the part of a taxi driver, leaning against the fender of his ugly orange cab. Instantly Mitford Pym became the heart and focus of the group; shutters clicked and chattered; a soft, puffing explosion and a blinding flash burst almost in his face; voices uprose—voices competing zealously for his attention by the expedient of calling his name aloud:

"Hey, Mr. Pym! Just a min —— Pym. Daily Blizzard! Pym! How about—Pym—Pym—Pym ——"

Even now Mr. Mitford Pym did not wince or falter. As if the obscene utterance of his name, the restraining snatch of profane hands upon his coat sleeves, the press of jostling bodies actually in contact with his person—as if all these indignities had failed to register themselves upon his consciousness, he moved without haste toward the doorway. It swung inward to admit him; the doorman, liveried in dark purple, valiantly interposed himself before pursuit that would have forced its way into the very premises of the club itself.

Mr. Pym, thus in sanctuary, paused. Habit prompted him to deposit the square-crowned derby, the stick and gloves, at the coat room. His hand had risen to the brim when from the closing door behind him a voice, loud and basely jeering, stabbed through and through the armor of his high, disdaining dignity:

"All right for you, Big Sugar Boy!"

Aghast, affronted doors closed sternly upon a jet of ribald laughter. Mr. Pym, heeding now only that elemental instinct which brings the stricken beast home to die in its burrow, stumbled blindly to the lift. It rose with splendid deliberation and a hushed, creaking whine. The liveried attendant stood, as always, woodenly at attention before his lever, but Mitford Pym saw and understood the faint movement of his shoulders. Yesterday the insolence would have been a matter for immediate report to the house committee, but calamity had brought Mitford Pym too low, now, even for resentment.

"Big Sugar Boy! Grea' Big Sugar Boy!"

It was a refrain, hammering with every pulse beat in his throbbing brain, already mercifully numbed by torment. He walked in time to it along the wide, echoing corridor; it pursued him past the massive walnut door, and the click of the old-fashioned bolt only shut it in with him.

Through the blurred anguish of his spirit Mitford Pym was aware of this as of a trespass. This room had been doubly inviolable, a strong keep in the heart of a stout-walled castle, a sanctuary within a sanctuary, where, save by Mitford Pym's assent, not even Bleecker Burnside Averey himself might enter.

There was, therefore, a quality of blasphemy in the resounding echo of those words, as if the cheap, flippant young vulgarian who had shouted them in at the club doorway had forced his way upstairs and into Mitford Pym's ultimate refuge.

"Big Sugar Boy! Great Big Sugar Boy!"

Through the closed, blinded windows the hoarse voice of the city chanted it; the yelp of motor horns and the distant crash of Elevated trains, all the lesser sounds that blended in the familiar, ceaseless roar, were echoes of the coarse vulgarian jeer and the cackling laughter of the rabble.

Mitford Pym pressed fingers against his temples and shut his eyes. The illusion that he was only dreaming all these horrors was still upon him, strengthened by a kind of logic. Mitford Pym was a gentleman in the older, nobler sense of the word, gently born, gently reared, gently cultured. Here was a major premise as to which there could be no doubt. To gentlemen of this sort, declared the minor premise, these things could not happen; gentlemen did not fall blindly, fatuously, desperately in love, at fifty-two, with cheaply pretty little gold-digging baggages, didn't succumb to the vulgar impulse to express that passion in manuscript, employing as terms of endearment weird distortions and corruptions of language

Mitford Pym groaned. The syllogism back-fired at him. Mitford Pym, having done exactly these things, had merely proved that he wasn't, after all, a gentleman.

He faced the realization with a dull despair. A man who had repeatedly and passionately addressed as Mamma Heaven-Eyes an impossible and mercenary woman of the people, who had subscribed himself by such naïvely vulgar pseudonyms as Great Big Sugar Boy, was manifestly out of place in the society of gentlefolk, ineligible, on the record's face, for membership in the Patroons Club.

Mitford Pym rose and tiptoed to the window. Very cautiously he lifted the heavy sash and thrust out his head just far enough to command a view of the sidewalk before the doorway. He drew back swiftly. The jackals of the yellow press still lay in wait for him down there. The brief glimpse had revealed to him the entrance of Bleecker Burnside Averey, compelled to elbow a passage through the alien rabble assembled, by Mitford Pym's October madness, on the very threshold of his club.

The circumstance revealed a phase of the catastrophe hitherto unconsidered. Thus far, through the numb blur of his spiritual anguish, Mitford Pym had seen himself as the single victim of his folly. Now, suddenly and unerringly, he realized that he had involved in disgrace and ridicule, in the degrading trespasses of publicity, his friends, his order, even the Patroons itself, even Bleecker Averey, of whom, after thirty years, Mitford Pym still stood in profound, respectful awe

He had meditated on the escape of suicide. Now he was compelled to face a step more desperate still. His name had stood upon the waiting list at the Patroons within six hours of his birth; he had looked forward to his twenty-first birthday, not as marking the commonplace achievement of maturity, but as the moment of his admission to the club. For twenty years—longer than any other member except Bleecker Burnside Averey—he had dwelt under its august roof, but time had merely deepened his sense of high, almost holy privilege. And now, shuddering, he understood that the hour had struck when Mitford Pym must commit the ceremonial hara-kiri of resigning.

Resolutely he sat at his desk, dipped his pen, set down the formal preamble of address:

"I beg leave to tender my resi——"

He could not go on. Like a murderer choosing between self-destruction and the gallows, Mitford Pym elected the baser ignominy of expulsion. The pen slipped from his hand, blotting the page. He sat staring down at it, a man utterly lost to hope and now forfeiting the last rags of tattered honor.

Faintly the whine of the rising lift came to him, the subdued click of its double gates; steps, deliberate and ominous, sounded in the corridor; a knock, at once courteous and inexorable, demanded the unbarring of the walnut door. Mitford Pym ignored it cravenly, although he guessed easily whose knuckles struck the heavy panel; the club servants moved noiselessly on rubber heels, knocked with apologetic timidity. It was Bleecker Averey who stood in the hallway, and Mitford Pym knew too well what he desired to say. Pitifully he postponed the sentence by holding his breath. But the poor device was futile. Averey's voice came through the door:

"Let me in, Pym. I've got to see you."

The habit of respect was strong. Mitford Pym withdrew the bolt, turned the knob. Bleecker Averey, entering, closed the door after him. His countenance, richly pink in contrast to the whiteness of his waxed mustache, was even more massively composed than usual; dignity enveloped him like a judge's robe, and yet Mitford Pym, through a dull misery of despair, knew a wan gleam of hope.

He knew, of course, that Averey had entered to point out the propriety, the necessity, of severing a connection now reflecting discredit on the club, but he felt the absence of malice in the errand, felt even a certain amity and compassion. Then, as his glance descended to the pink newspaper in Averey's hand, gloom closed over him once more.

Averey unfolded the dreadful thing. Smeared block-letter headlines yammered up at Mitford Pym:

SUES SUGAR BOY PYM
FOR MILLION BALM!

Morbidly Pym's fascinated eye dwelt on the muddy half tones which occupied the remainder of the page. There was a portrait of Enid, smiling artlessly upon the lens; Pym withdrew his glance hastily from this—below his gashed self-respect there were other wounds, still exquisitely painful. He observed the righteously indignant countenance of Mr. Gabe W. Immick and experienced a fresh sense of degradation. Mitford Pym, enamored of a woman who, incontestably, had voluntarily assumed the name of Immick, had sworn to love and cherish a person who wore a fraternal emblem in his lapel! Again he transferred his

(Continued on Page 110

"I Can't Go Through With It," He Said. "I Just Can't! I Don't Care if They Win the Case"

SMOLDERING ILLINI

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Students Waiting to Greet a Returning Football Team

GENERALITIES are usually unfair and dangerous, whether they deal with political parties, lap dogs, statisticians, an apple a day, antique furniture, Italian scenery, prize fighters, the effect of dry mud on the human face, or authors who write about the wildness of the younger generation. Consequently it would probably be unfair and dangerous to say that out of the large numbers of essays, articles, studies, brochures, tracts, compilations and romances that have been devoted to the peculiarities of college and university students in the past few years, ninety-nine per cent have completely baffled the undergraduates of the United States and left them wondering what the authors were talking about, and why, and whether the authors themselves knew what they were talking about, and what they were trying to prove, if anything.

Just After Dinner, Any Sorority. At Right—A Football Pep Meeting Previous to a Conference Game

It would be unfair because undergraduates, taking them, as the saying goes, by and large, are not omnivorous readers of essays, articles and what not, and consequently must have failed to see most of the powerful pieces that have been written about them; and it would further be unfair because some of the articles must have been moderately understandable, and written, probably, by authors who knew what they were talking about.

Maligned on One Hand, Insulted on the Other

IN THE same way, generalities about university undergraduates are apt to be unfair to the undergraduates and to give them a series of faint but perceptible pains at the base of the skull, even though undergraduates themselves are the most fluent generalizers in the nation, and believe implicitly that the undergraduates of Ugsworth College are drunk every night, that the undergraduates of Flingback University are a bunch of muckers, that the students at Pushover University are snobs, and that all Oxford men constantly exude flawless conversation, sprinkled with classical allusions, and refer to their mothers as "the mater."

When leaders of American thought gravely burst into print in an attempt to get at the inner meaning of a so-called wave of undergraduate suicides, the undergraduates who learn about their efforts are apt to yawn slightly and call for another fudge and marshmallow belt stretcher, dimly cognizant of the fact that even such a distressing record as seven suicides in one year out of 700,000 undergraduates is not enough of a wave to be regarded as a college tradition or habit at the freshest of freshwater colleges.

When other deep thinkers seriously advance the theory that civilization and government in America are about to collapse because American undergraduates of the present materialistic and jazz age are so devoid of character that they will be incapable, after graduation, of anything more serious than attending the movies, playing bridge, petting and money-making, the undergraduates are baffled but cheerful. And when able statisticians produce figures to show that ninety-six per cent of the undergraduates at Yulick University drink, while other able statisticians produce figures to prove that only one-half of one per cent of the undergraduates at Yulick University drink, the undergraduates at old Yulick are contemptuously resentful; in one case because they have been maligned and in the other case because they have been insulted. Thus, generalities are good things to avoid when dealing with undergraduates.

A recent investigation into undergraduate problems, undergraduate revolt and the flaming status of the present jazz-mad and civilization-threatening—to hear the deep thinkers tell it—undergraduate led first to the campus of the University of Illinois, which is a large university located in one of the flattest sections of a flat state, and consequently devoid of scenery, with the noteworthy exceptions of that furnished by the university buildings and by the girl students, who are some 3000 in number and known by the good old jazz-mad name of coeds.

Compensation

IT MIGHT also be remarked that the scenery provided by the coeds is both extensive and pleasing, and adequately compensates, in the minds of many conservative observers, for any of the architectural shortcomings of the university or for its failure to be located amid a matched set of Alps or on the edge of a private Grand Canyon.

The University of Illinois should be a happy hunting ground for persons who wish to deal in generalities concerning undergraduates, for it has more than 10,000 of them actively engaged in attending classes; and among the 10,000, as among any similar-sized group of people anywhere in the world, the earnest statistician can find almost anything that he wishes to find. Any statistician worth his salt can write a powerful piece on university students, basing his piece on the University of Illinois, and conclusively prove or disprove any one of the following things: A. All university students want to be authors. B. All coeds are beautiful and come to college to get married. C. All male undergraduates come to college to get cultivated and earn more money. D. Professors do not provide undergraduates with sufficient ideas and inspiration. E. No undergraduate knows what he wants to do when he gets out of college. F. An undergraduate can drink his own weight in soft drinks once every two days. G. Male undergraduates go hatless and wear overcoats cut to resemble nightgowns.

A Pleasing and Safe Place to Investigate

I AM ready to grant that these subjects would not be as important as the influence of modern undergraduates on the decay of civilization; but I doubt that any normal statistician could pick up any information from Illinois students on the decay of civilization. He would have to make up his own statistics if he wanted to write about the decay of civilization and how the decay is being furthered by modern undergraduates. I would not like to come out flatly and say that statisticians who print statistics on the revolt of modern undergraduates and the decay of civilization make up their own statistics; but there is something wrong somewhere, for in the universities that I have examined, civilization doesn't seem to be decaying and nobody talks about it.

It may be that there is a certain season, at all universities, when decay sets in, and that I happened to miss the season everywhere; but I doubt that this is so. It is my pronounced belief, moreover, that the statisticians who print long and weighty observations on undergraduate problems and undergraduate revolt are either hard put to it for something to write about, or have come exclusively in contact with undergraduates who aren't getting enough exercise, or have been subjected to what is known in undergraduate circles as a large amount of kidding.

The University of Illinois is a pleasing place in which to investigate the peculiarities of modern undergraduates. There are no hills to cause undue foot weariness; and, because of the university ruling that undergraduates shall not have automobiles, there seems to be an almost total absence of the small collegiate automobile that is purchased fourth, eighth or eleventh hand at many universities for some thirty dollars, and is thereafter a perpetual offense to the eye, to the ear, to the automobile laws, to good taste, to public health and to public safety. One may cross streets in Urbana, which is the home of the University of Illinois, at nearly all hours of the day or night, with little or no fear that carelessness or lack of watchfulness will result in the outline of an automobile hood being impressed on the small of the back. This state of affairs at times gives the town an ancient, ruminative, anachronistic atmosphere—an atmosphere that would be better preserved if occasional taxis were not permitted to have attacks of break-bone fever on the main street, and if the coeds still wore pompadours, bident corsets, high collars and pavement-length skirts.

Freshmen Lining Up for the Start of a Pajama Race

Two Favorite Meeting Places of the Illini. The Campus "Broadwalk." At Left—The Union Dance

The streets are elm shaded, and the early Pullman style of collegiate architecture that flourished in most of the Eastern and all of the Western universities during the age of whiskered athletes is now being augmented, hidden and replaced by chaste and elegant Georgian brick buildings that grow ivy and an air of mellow antiquity in little more time than it used to take a Vermont banker to raise a confidence-inspiring set of lambrequins. Here and there throughout the town are scattered fraternity and sorority houses of varying degrees of magnificence, their architecture ranging from early collegiate boarding house through Tudor, Georgian, Colonial, Railway Station, Gothic and What Not to Late Motion Picture. There are some eighty fraternities and some thirty sororities, and the number of fraternities and sororities that will eventually exist at Illinois is apparently limited only by the number of three-letter combinations that can be made out of the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet.

A Way to Better Living Conditions

I KNOW little or nothing about Greek-letter fraternities, but I strongly suspect that some of those at Illinois are not genuine brotherhoods whose members' lives are henceforth to be influenced by the sacred ideals and the mystic bonds of good old Epsilon Alfalfa Delinquent or Theta Iona Pew. Too often, it seems to me, some intelligent young man learns that a desirable residence is coming on the market, hurriedly tries out a few Greek letters until he finds a pleasing combination, and starts a new fraternity for the purpose of renting the desirable residence and thus obtaining a better place to live.

In their fraternity houses the Illinois undergraduates have excellent places to live, even though most of the

(Continued on Page 53)

FLASH

By EDITH FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

ANY message, Jimmie?"

The doorman at Proctor's Twenty-third, almost asleep in his chair, tilted under the mail box, remained stationary, not even troubling to open his eyes. He knew the voice. It belonged to the big fellow in the acrobatic act—the underman. He knew because he had heard it three times already that afternoon. Proctor's being a try-out house, opening afternoon brought many questions like this. Small-time five-a-day acts, hoping for big-time billing! In Jimmie's limited and colorful vocabulary, acts—all of them were classified as either "swell" or "small-time." He watched them all, Monday and Thursday afternoons—the opening days—and determined their status, and this one being of the latter eloquent description, he measured his respect accordingly. Acrobats! He had seen them all, and the De Angelo Brothers he remembered from the early days. Doing the same old stuff as when he had seen it years ago at Pastor's. Vaguely he recalled the old man with the big mustache—old guy must be dead now. He seemed to remember some trouble two of the brothers got into over a woman.

The triumphant finishing bars of My Old Virginia Southern Mammy Blu-hu-hu-hus, composed by Benny Finkel, the leader, and played by the eleven Harlem Harmonizers, brought Jimmie's chair forward and he was suddenly conscious of the big fellow still waiting for an answer.

"Can't you see for yourself? There's the box right in fronta you." The chair went back to its normal position against the wall.

"Well, I thought maybe my agent had ast for me. We was expectin' 'im." The big fellow was apologetic.

"Yeah." Jimmie, like all doormen in show business, was ready with his hard-earned cynicism.

"Send 'im up to the room when he comes, Jimmie, will you?"

"Why, sure, I'll send 'im up." Jimmie was highly amused at the big fellow's anxiousness.

"I'm Scared to Death," She Whispered. "He Keeps Talking to Me Under His Breath"

Ernesto, the big fellow, did not hurry up the stairs. He hated to tell Tony that Max hadn't come. Tony, too, was cynical and always ready to believe the worst. He couldn't understand Max not being there on their opening day, after promising them a good route if they provided a new routine. And now he wasn't there to see it, after they had spent a lot of money on props and worked out that new finale. But maybe they'd get a better hand on the evening show. Tough house, the Twenty-third. They hadn't gone so well.

Tony was deep in Variety when he came in. He looked up expectantly.

"D'you hear?"

"I guess he'll be around after the night performance."

Tony knew. But he tried to be casual when he answered: "I hope he don't catch us at the supper show. This house is tough enough when it's full, and the supper shows're frosts." He turned back to Variety, changing the subject abruptly.

"See where the Marroni boys are opening up a gymnasium, retiring from vaudeville."

"No!" Ernesto couldn't believe it.

"Sure; Variety tells all about it."

The Marronis leaving show business! He was lost in amazement at the idea.

"Great, ain't it?"

"Great to be out o' the business?" Ernesto looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"Sure, it is. Believe me, I'd rather be runnin' a gym any day than playing these dumps." Tony loved his brother, but he sometimes took a savage joy in hurting him; he was so stubborn about not understanding him. But Ernesto's sober face at Tony's disloyalty to the business he revered so was too much for him.

"Gosh, Ernesto, you can't understand anybody not likin' show business," he apologized. "Everybody don't feel like you do. Nearly every performer I know talks about getting out sometime. I know I don't want to be a dumb acrobat all my life."

Ernesto had no reply for this. It was the first time Tony had ever said "dumb acrobat."

"You know it ain't what it used to be in your day, Ernesto, only you won't get wise to it. I know how you feel, being raised in the business with pop and Carlo and Leo. But it was different then. It meant something to be the De Angelo family. But what does it mean to be an acrobat now?" He let the question answer itself before he went on bitterly: "You can turn yourself wrong side out for 'em and what do you get? The audience walkin' out on you—that's what. Dressing rooms in the cellar or on the top floor, no money, no position, no billing, no nothing. You got to be a comedian to be an acrobat these days," he went on sarcastically. "Look at the lousy acrobats that can't sit on a perch and don't know a somersault from a tail spin, holding spots in big-time houses." He turned the pages of Variety rapidly, pointing to the house reviews. "What do they say about the acrobats? Look! Read your reviews! 'Four Flashes closed the bill with some neat trapeze work'—you know the stuff the Four Flashes do—the best there is. 'Lugano Trio managed to hold 'em in their seats.' Hold 'em in their seats! That youngest Lugano kid does the prettiest cross-bar spinning I ever saw! 'The Emilions proved a good, strong opener.' Karl Emilion, with his leg in a cast eight weeks, falling on his wheel off the wire! All he gets for breakin' his neck for 'em. 'Roman Troupe trying a new flash with practically the same turns they had five years ago.'" He threw the paper down in disgust. "About what we'll get, after working, risking our necks on our new finish!"

It was too true for Ernesto to dispute.

"Read the raves some of these dumb talking acts get!" Tony kicked the offending Variety farther under the shelf. This one wowed 'em and that one put 'em under their seats and this one stopped the show cold. "It's a lotta hooey," was his finishing remark, "and the sooner we get outa the business the better I'll like it."

"Times'll change, Tony," Ernesto promised. "Good performers will come back to their own."

"Yeh?" Tony was unimpressed. "In the five-a-day—that's where they'll come back. Or layin' off, waitin' for split weeks."

"Max says he can get us Pantages, or twenty weeks of Loew."

"And what does it mean if he does? A cut, and we cut three times in five years. How much did we save over the Western last season?"

Ernesto had no answer for this. After a season of split weeks and numerous lay-offs and long railroad jumps, they were very little ahead at the end of the tour.

"If we changed the act we could get more money, Ernesto. If you'd only wise up like the rest of 'em are doing and put in acrobatic dancin'!" Tony was reproachful; they had gone over this so often and it always wound up like this. He knew it was no use. "Gosh, I wouldn't mind being a performer if you got a little credit for it, but you know how they feel about acrobats."

Ernesto wouldn't hear his art abused any longer.

"Your old man was an acrobat," he said sternly, "and your brothers. I bin an acrobat ever since I can remember."

That closed the subject. Tony didn't pursue it, seeing he was hurt. So they both remained silent, unable to understand each other. How could Ernesto understand Tony's humiliation at being placed always first or last and having the audience walk out during his act? Or how he felt over the snubs of the other performers, to whom they were just another dumb act? And how could Tony ever understand Ernesto? The excitement that gripped him when the act that preceded them was on; the way he was suddenly electrified when the time for their cue was approaching; the anxiety he felt, waiting in the wings, fearing that Tony would not make it in time, watching the stairway anxiously, never relaxing until Tony appeared; his sudden panic when Tony stopped too long by the water cooler or joked with the other performers; the quiver on hearing the opening bar of their music; the breathless pause before they ran on—how could Tony ever understand; Tony who jumped miraculously into position a second before the orchestra started their music, still laughing back to some performer as casually as though he knew nothing of the audience waiting out front?

To Tony the faces looking up at them were stiffs or Annie Oakleys; their applause, however good, was the bird; their town was a dump and their theater was a morgue. He could never understand. Ernesto excused him on the pretext that he had been educated—Tony's mother having kept him in school till he was fourteen. The only school Ernesto could ever remember was mornings in the circus tent, when his father and uncles tossed him and his brothers into the net to break them of their fear of height, stretched their little limbs mercilessly and called to them from aerials. He guessed it was different when you were educated. Suddenly the flashing of the dressing-room lights interrupted his speculating. Ernesto jumped up, suddenly alive. From the stage, four stories below, came the sound of familiar music—the music of the act preceding them. They flashed their second warning and he was in a panic.

"Doyle's on, Tony! Better hurry!"

"I'm ready." Tony was nonchalant.

Ernesto looked him over

"Better put on clean flats, Tony," he reminded him.

"Oh, no use bothering for the supper show. Nobody out there." Tony threw a white cloud of powder in his face to freshen up his make-up.

"You can't tell, Tony, when they're going to catch you. Max might be out there. Better put them on." Ernesto's voice was gentle but commanding. "I'll set the stage," he called, hurrying out, excited.

Ernesto was waiting impatiently when Tony came down, the comedy team that preceded them being well under way. A girl was singing in a pretty baby voice:

"He-e-ees got cur-urly hair—
I never cared for cur-urly hair,
But he-e-ees got cur-urly hair—
So that's my weakness now."

Tony peeped through the curtains. Cute little thing! Felt sorry for her—having to sing like that to that bird Doyle. Doyle, with his penchant for wives, was well known in the business. This little kid looked like a nice one too. He tried to see how many were out front but couldn't see around the flats. She ran off just then, almost bumping into him.

"Anybody out there?" He asked the question while she stepped out of the short dress she had on, revealing herself underdressed in a still shorter dancing costume with no back at all. She was too taken up with getting it adjusted to look at him.

"It's awful," she said over her shoulder; "nobody at all." Then she parted the curtains and ran on again. Tony took another look. She was a cute little dancer; her taps were clear as a bell.

Then Ernesto called shortly to him. They were doing their dance finale and he was already in position, his head erect, his smile set, ready to go.

Yvette, the flying girl, first on the bill, came across their set from the other side. Her blondined head shone like a halo in the semilight against their black drape, the big strong teeth by which she hung miraculously while she whirled from dizzy heights gleamed in a broad smile. Ernesto had known her for seventeen years, but he had no time for her now. His act was too near. He was impatient when anyone crossed his set, touched his props or talked on his entrance.

"Doin' some new tricks, ain't you, boys? I'm going to watch you."

She came close, but Ernesto paid no attention

Tony felt himself suddenly straighten. Tum-ta, dum-da, dum-da-dum-m-m. They were on! Ernesto, who almost never laughed, swinging on his perch, his face in a broad professional smile. Tony didn't know who he was smiling at. The house was empty and the few who were out there got up to leave or to change their seats for better ones. Good time to shift while the acrobats were on.

Tony was in a bad mood today.

"Look at 'em," he said between his teeth, going through his preparatory swings, "sitting on their hands, dead from the neck up. Bunch of hick town ——" Off he went into Ernesto's safe hands. No more time to soliloquize on the delinquent audience. The difficult feats required the last degree of concentration. They finished the act to a sickly wave of polite applause? Ernesto bowing as gracefully as in the old days when they were the sensation of the Winter Garden, Tony bowing sarcastically low, making snorting, derisive noises at the audience as he did so

They put on their robes silently, heaving from exertion.

"Gee, that's a great new finish, boys." It was Yvette. She came over to talk while Ernesto gathered up the props. Tony ran on upstairs, knowing what their talk was like. Old days in the circus and how vaudeville had changed. All performers ever talked about these days—how vaudeville had changed—all split weeks and three-a-day and bad seasons. Tony turned upstairs, wishing he had never heard of vaudeville.

As he came down the hallway to their dressing room he heard angry voices. They came from the room next to theirs.

He listened. It was that bum comedian, Doyle, bawling out his partner, the little girl Tony had spoken to. He was good and sore about something.

"Listen. I don't care who told you to be natural," he was saying. "I'm the one for you to listen to. It's my ack, ain't it?"

"I know it is, Mr. Doyle. I was only trying to ——"

"Well, I said smile, didn't I? You stood there today like a dummy—no life, no pep, nothing. What do you think I want a girl in my ack for? I got to have a flash. If you stand there looking like a funeral ——"

"I didn't mean to ——"

"Well, show some pep! This is a comedy ack."

"Well, you gave me those lines to read, Mr. Doyle. I was just trying to read them intelligently. I can't be smiling and reading lines like that, can I?"

"Who said anything about reading lines intelligently? Read 'em the way I told you. This is vaudeville; this ain't legit. I didn't hire you for no dramatic actress. And don't pull that high-hat intelligent stuff on me."

"I didn't mean to be high-hat, Mr. Doyle."

"I oughta know something about the business. I bin in it seventeen years."

To this came no reply. Tony could guess what she was thinking. *(Continued on Page 88)*

Ernesto Stood in the Wings for the First Time in His Life, His Perch Drawn Up in the Flies, a Curious, Bitter Smile Playing on His Lips, and Watched

ANTIC OATS

By HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

THE STRANGE TALE OF HERMAN AND HARLOW

MY FIRST impression of Cornelia's cousin was that the light from the porch ceiling made his face look longer than it really was; an hour later, however, when he was seated across the table from me in my room, I saw his face was actually built that way. It was more drawn out and solemner than seemed possible, and when he smiled you had the sensation he was doing a parlor trick. From the first he had acted very cordial, holding out both hands and saying:

"Herman, old fellow, this is indeed a pleasure. Cornelia has told me so much about her fiancé that I feel as though we were old friends. I hope you will excuse my calling you by your first name, but I want you to know I am your pal. I want you to think of me as Harlow. Call me Harlow, Herman—call me Harlow."

Now, leaning across the table, he drew out his face till it was even longer than before, and then, clearing his throat, said, "Herman, old fellow, probably Cornelia mentioned the fact that I have just come from a well-known college in the East, where I have been working with the students."

"What kind of work?" I asked, not much interested, but because the way he stopped showed he expected the question.

"Moral work, Herman. I have been working with the fellows in a moral way. There is nothing like moral influence."

"I suppose not," I replied, though I had never given the matter much thought.

"Yes, the trouble is that the rising generation seems to think it necessary to sow wild oats."

"Not in my case," I replied truthfully.

The facts were that at the age of twelve my father had caught me smoking cigarettes behind the barn. About five minutes later I had abandoned all intentions of leading a wild life and had decided to go straight. This was a fortunate circumstance, for three years after this incident I found myself almost the sole support of three younger brothers and sisters, and if I had been given to cigarettes and accompanying vices I should never have been able to meet the situation. As it was, I worked in a country store and continued my education before breakfast. Five years later I received a generous offer from an establishment in the city. Here I worked only ten hours a day and was able in my leisure to attend a first-class business college. At the age of twenty-three I was relieved of my last responsibility, when my younger brother, who played football, began earning his way through boarding school. I then made the most of my liberty by becoming engaged to Cornelia.

"No, Mr. Waterman," I continued, "I can truthfully say I am not interested in wild oats of any kind or variety."

"Call me Harlow, Herman—call me Harlow. Remember, I am speaking to you at Cornelia's request and for your own good. Did you ever stop to consider, Herman, old fellow, that we all have two natures—a higher nature and a lower nature?"

"Is that so?" I inquired.

"Science states it as a fact, Herman, old fellow. And is it not also a fact that at present your lower nature, with flimsy and mendacious logic, is whispering in your ear, saying, 'Herman, we are too young to be buried alive. We want to have a good time before we die. Wild oats—we want to sow our wild oats.'"

As Harlow got this off in a hoarse whisper I was startled for a moment, because it was just as though my own lower nature had made the remark.

Before Her Pitiful Story Was Half Finished I Had Broken Down Myself, Just Out of Sympathy

"No," I said when I had pulled myself together—"no, I am pretty sure my lower nature will never talk to me like that, and if it did I wouldn't listen."

"You are engaged to my cousin Cornelia, Herman, so I am vitally concerned. Let us look together for a minute at the hideous side of the picture. You are sitting peacefully in your room when, without warning, your lower nature whispers, 'Herman,' it whispers, 'we are sick of the dull round. We want a change. Wild oats—wild oats—wild oats.'"

It was so bloodcurdling the way Harlow imitated my lower nature calling for wild oats that I could not help looking around to make sure it was not leaning over my shoulder.

"You close out your account at the bank, slap the roll in your pocket, and away you go to San Francisco. You make acquaintances. A well-known millionaire stops you on the street and engages you to take charge of his private yacht bound for a voluptuous port in the Orient. The next morning you wake up at sea. Finishing your breakfast, specially prepared for you by the twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year chef, you down a stiff glass of whisky-and-soda, and ask the steward if he has any message from the duchess."

"What duchess, Harlow?"

"A friend of your employer's, Herman—a laughing, light-minded, frivolous duchess. For a young man like yourself, it is a terrible situation."

"I guess it is, Harlow. What do I do about it?"

"Prepare for the worst, Herman. The cruise has been arranged for the lady's benefit. 'Yes,' says the steward, 'Her Grace wishes to see you at once in her cabin.'"

"I don't believe Cornelia would like that, Harlow."

"On the rare occasions, Herman, old fellow, when you think of Cornelia, your lower nature says in a hoarse whisper, 'Catch 'em young; treat 'em rough; tell 'em nothing.'"

"I wouldn't listen to my lower nature if it talked like that, Harlow."

"You would on this occasion, Herman. The drink has gone to your head. You feel strangely alert and gay. The ocean sparkles. The flying fish soar with iridescent wings. You smile." Here Harlow gave an imitation of a smile. "With light steps you advance to the boudoir of the duchess. Let us look at the hideous side of the picture, Herman, in all its revolting details. The door is open. The duchess, in a fluffy white negligee, reclines on a couch of robin's-egg blue. Pearls gleam from her swanlike neck. In her right hand she holds a dainty cigarette; in her left, a novel with yellow covers and in the French language. She looks up at you, and laughing musically—ha-ha and ha-ha again—lays aside the novel and arranges her left stocking, which is a shimmering silk of a peculiarly voluptuous pink. 'Come in, Harlow,' the duchess says in a silvery voice—'come in, Harlow—for I may call you Harlow, I suppose.'"

I had been sitting spellbound on the edge of the chair as the result of this moral lesson, which seemed to me the most interesting I had ever heard, but at this point I could not keep myself from inquiring, "Why does the duchess want to call me Harlow?"

I had no sooner put this innocent question than I saw I had made a grave mistake. Harlow not only stopped showing the hideous side of the picture but he got so indignant that for a minute I was afraid he might break the table.

"Yes, it was mere slip of the tongue and nothing more," he snapped after he had calmed down a little. "She wanted to call you Herman because that is your first name. And if you keep on interrupting like that it shows you are not interested in my message. Either you want to listen quietly or else you want me to stop right here."

It took some minutes to convince Harlow that I was not trying to interrupt, and by the time I succeeded he said he had lost the thread of that moral lesson and would have to start over again on another.

"Anyhow," he added, "the chances are, Herman, you would pick out New York, because that is nearer than San Francisco; in any case the lesson is the same. Your lower nature clamors for wild oats. You close out your bank account, slap the roll in your pocket and go to the metropolis. You discover that a masquerade ball is being given by an association of bohemians—not residents of Czecho-Slovakia, Herman, but artists, writers and others who with flimsy and mendacious logic say, 'Life is short, so why not enjoy it?' You have prepared yourself for the occasion by drinking from a bottle of smuggled liquor. As a result, everything seems radiantly beautiful and joyous. Pearls gleam from swanlike necks. A ravishing girl calls out to you, 'Hello, sheik! Give us a dance.'"

"Do I give her a dance, Harlow?"

"You smile at her, Herman, and pass on. You are searching for a mysterious woman known as the Queen of Bohemia, but in private life the wife of a socially prominent millionaire. Let us look carefully at the hideous side of the picture. You find the lady in a little room at one side which has been transformed into a voluptuous bower. She is disguised in a costume as audacious as it is becoming. She sees you. 'Enter,' she says in a silvery voice, 'enter. This is the Garden of Eden and I am Eve. Kiss me, Harlow.'"

"Are you there too, Harlow?"

Harlow bounded right off his chair and for a moment I was afraid he was going to leave the room, judging by the way he acted. It took a good while before he calmed down enough to talk in a reasonable way. He scowled and banged around the room, hitting the table with his fist and saying that if I kept maliciously tripping him up every time his tongue slipped he would not interest himself any further in my moral welfare or show me the hideous side of the picture in reference to wild oats. And I had to explain half a dozen times before he would believe the simple truth that

there was nothing malicious about my remark, and I had just asked because I wanted to get things clear in my mind. By this time Harlow said he had got off the track so far there was no use starting over again. He seemed to feel so bad about this that I tried to make things right by explaining that there was no more chance of my going to New York than to San Francisco, and that I had never been in any metropolis whatever, except once, on a Sunday-school excursion, to Pearl City.

I had hardly got the name out of my mouth when Harlow's eyes lit up once more and he said in a moral voice, "So you have been in Pearl City, Herman, old fellow. In that case, who knows when you may be called to go there again. I know Pearl City well; in fact, I am leaving for Pearl City tomorrow morning to attend a conference. Thus I can give you good counsel which will be of the greatest possible use to you. 'Wild oats,' your lower nature will one day whisper to you. 'Herman, we have a right to sow our wild oats.' You listen to the flimsy and mendacious logic, close out your bank account and look up Pearl City on the railroad time-table."

I leaned forward in my chair, more interested in the present moral lesson than in either of the two preceding.

II

"YOU register at the leading hotel. 'Nothing is too good for us, Herman,' whispers your lower self. 'We only live once. Get us a parlor, bedroom and bath.' You make your toilet in the voluptuous suite; then, at the exclusive hotel barber shop, order a shave, a facial massage and a dash of hair tonic. Ordinarily you shave yourself."

"That's right, Harlow."

"But you don't shave yourself this time, Herman, old fellow. Wild oats. As you sit in the barber chair a subservient bootblack polishes your already immaculate shoes while a beautiful golden-haired manicure girl holds your right hand."

"Go on, Harlow."

"Leaving the barber shop, you stop in the hotel lobby to buy a nosegay from the flower girl. You pay for it and, flinging the girl a compliment of questionable taste, you walk out to the curb and hold up your cane."

"Do I carry a cane, Harlow?"

"Wild oats, Herman, old fellow—wild oats. Dinner at an expensive restaurant, and then to a good show with a chorus, where, from your box, you leer out on a stageful of voluptuous beauties dressed as cupids."

"Why do I leer, Harlow?" I asked as soon as I could swallow and speak.

"Because your lower nature has control; your lower nature whose existence might be considered as one long leer. 'Wild oats,' it whispers hoarsely, 'ha-ha and ha-ha again.' Another taxi. You enter the Pearl City Oriental Gardens Night Club, the most dangerous moral hazard you can encounter. All is revelry. The orchestra is playing a voluptuous air that recalls Rome at its most corrupt period. Pearls gleam from swanlike necks. The spectacle is revolting."

"Yes, I guess it must be, Harlow."

"The hostess greets you as a spider might greet a fly. Outwardly she is all smiles. I leave you to guess her inner thoughts. They would make you tremble."

"I bet they would, Harlow."

"You order a drink and gulp it down hastily. Why do the lights seem brighter? Why do the women at the neighboring tables take on the airs of Oriental beauties? Why do your eyes shine with unaccustomed brilliance?"

"Why do they, Harlow?"

"Because of the wine, Herman—the wine that is now coursing through your veins, eliminating that tired feeling and filling you with dangerous thoughts. 'Wild oats at last,' chuckles your lower nature. And now, Herman, let us look steadfastly at the hideous side of the picture."

"All right, Harlow; let's."

Harlow was getting more and more intense. Every now and then he would make his voice tremble, and at these moments I could not keep from shivering.

"You are now openly leering at every pretty woman in sight. An entertainer singing a deadly, toxic song heightens your reprehensible impulses. Enter a bevy of voluptuous beauties dressed in the national costume of the South Seas. They circle around your table breaking their toy balloons on your head—but you are not interested."

"She Sees You. 'Enter,' She Says in a Silvery Voice, 'Enter. This Is the Garden of Eden and I am Eve'"

"Why not, Harlow?"

"Because, Herman, old fellow, you have just caught sight of a lady entertainer waiting to enter and do her dance specialty."

In justice to Cornelia I now felt obliged to make a remark which was not strictly true.

"Harlow," I said, "I guess I don't want to hear any more. You have shown me the hideous side of the picture and I am glad to say I am not interested in same."

Harlow did not pay any attention to this interruption. "Quietly you leave your table and unobtrusively seek the *danseuse* with the greeting, 'Hello, babe.'"

"I wouldn't say that, Harlow; I haven't been introduced."

"Your lower nature would say it for you, Herman, old fellow. She smiles at you. She is voluptuously dressed."

"What color tights, Harlow?"

"No tights at all, Herman, old fellow—no tights at all. It is terrible. With a skillful move she kicks off your hat and at the same time says, 'Hello, Harlow.'"

I was just on the point of interrupting again and asking why she said "Hello, Harlow," when I decided maybe it would just confuse things. So I let him go on.

"A moment's conversation reveals the fact that she has taken a decided fancy to you. For a young man in your position, Herman, it is a ghastly situation."

"I'll say it is, Harlow. What had I better do about it?"

"It is too late to do anything about it, Herman."

"I could tell her I was engaged to Cornelia, couldn't I?"

"That would mean nothing to her. She is a vampire. She would break an engagement like yours with a mocking smile on her lips. 'Herman,' she says, 'I have made up my mind to quit the hollow gayety of bohemian life and come to you.' At this minute a millionaire rushes up, his face convulsed with fury."

"Why is his face like that, Harlow?"

"Because he has anticipated making the *danseuse* his wedded bride. 'Stand back,' he says, at the same time giving you a brutal blow in the chest."

By this time I was so excited I could hardly sit still. Harlow's face was dripping with perspiration and I was sweating some myself.

"Go on, Harlow—go on! What do I do?"

"Summoning all your energies, you hit him a terrific blow on the point of the chin and, as he falls like a log, you swing the *danseuse* to your shoulder and carry her into the street. You entered that night club, Herman, a thoughtless boy; you left it a hardened criminal. That is the hideous side of the picture. That is what comes from listening to the flimsy and mendacious logic of your lower nature."

Here Harlow wiped his forehead.

"And I am spending my life and energies guarding the young men of our country against this sort of thing. I have spoken to you at Cornelia's request. If you feel I have helped you I shall be glad to receive any contribution you wish to make, and I can assure you that all sums thus received will be used in making those necessary investigations and researches which this useful work demands."

That night I went to bed without daring to look at my reflection in the mirror. I could not sleep for thinking, but I was not thinking about the twenty dollars I had given Harlow Waterman.

III

ONCE up in my suite at the Pearl City House, I changed my clothes and then leaned from the window.

It was seven o'clock in the evening. I had arrived shortly before, having taken the noon train. There had been no difficulty in arranging at the office for a two weeks' vacation, telephoning Cornelia that I had been called away on business, closing out my bank account and clapping the roll into my pocket.

As I indulged in silent meditation voluptuous sights and sounds came from all sides. The windows of the dancing school across the street showed couples whirling by in close

(Continued on Page 83)

"HELLO, BROTHER!"

By John Chapman Hilder

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

A MAN was driving his wife, their two small children and a big dog from California to their old home town in New York State. While crossing a street in a Middle Western city en route, the man was struck by a trolley car and killed. Among the witnesses of the accident was a member of the local lodge of a national fraternal organization. He immediately interested himself in the case. The family had been making the trip on a shoestring. The widow had little money, was in poor health and was prostrated by her bereavement.

The fraternity member found shelter for her and the children while his lodge wired vainly to various parts of the country trying to locate relatives who would help. The dead man had not been a member of the organization, but that made no difference. He was given a decent burial. His widow felt that if she could only reach her old home back East she could straighten things out. The problem was how to get there.

Some of the members of the lodge took the dog to a prize fight and auctioned him off, netting a substantial sum. They then asked the audience for a shower of cash and gathered in another goodly amount. Following this, they took up a collection around their clubhouse. The result was that they were able to hire a chauffeur to drive the family to their destination and to give the widow enough money to tide her over for several weeks.

This story, culled at random from thousands to be found in the records, shows the real spirit animating the great fraternal bodies which number some 30,000,000 of men and women on their rolls of membership in the United States. In plain words, it is nothing more or less than a spirit of practical idealism.

There are 800-odd fraternal organizations in this country. They vary in size and in the scope of their activities. They have differing aims, rituals and qualifications for membership. But it may be said truthfully that beneath their surface differences they all share a common, fundamental purpose—namely, to make the world a better place to live in.

They have their own special ways of bringing this about, yet it is safe to say that the basic admonition taught in every ritual is simply this: "Be kind to your fellow man."

A recent estimate placed the number of persons of voting age in this country at 68,000,000. If that figure is reasonably accurate, then it can be said that almost half of the persons of voting age belong to one or more fraternities. With nearly half of our adult men and women belonging to organizations which teach and practice helpfulness to others, it might be assumed that these people and these organizations must accomplish no little good. The assumption would be correct, but conservative. The influence of the fraternities on American life today and the amount of good they do are incalculable.

Good Hearts and Gay Costumes

THAT statement will be news to the other half of our adult population, whose only contact with the fraternities, very likely, has been occasional glimpses of some of their members at play.

"You can't tell me," I can hear some of them say, with fine scorn, "that those fellows parading down the street wearing crazy costumes and making all that noise with a lot of bands—you can't tell me that they do anybody any good."

Well, the probability is that those fellows parading down the street are winding up a national convention. And in that national convention, which they attended because they wanted to, about all the good they did was to vote unanimously to establish and maintain a chain of up-to-date children's hospitals, at a cost of several million dollars to themselves and their kind; to set up a free scholarship fund, and to appropriate money enough to double the size of their home for the aged. Aside from forming committees to study the possibilities of entering some additional fields of beneficent activity—all of which will cost their membership more money that will be cheerfully paid—and aside from reaffirming their allegiance to the United States, its Constitution, Government and flag; and beyond pledging themselves anew to the daily practice of tolerance, charity and justice—aside from these few items, the roisterers parading down the street have done no good at all.

"Do you mean to say," asks the incredulous scorner, "that the fraternities do things like that?"

You bet your life they do. The Moose, for instance, maintain a national home where the children of deceased members, and their mothers, may live in comfort and security. They call it Mooseheart, and it contains elementary, grade and high schools, a vocational school, attractive living cottages, a hospital, a gym, playing fields—everything conceivable for the well-being of its residents. It is set in a beautiful thousand-acre estate, on which much of its own foodstuff is raised. It's a sort of Utopian village, really, where most of the inhabitants are children—2000 of them. And it isn't one of those places where they shave the kids' heads and put 'em in uniform. It's a real home.

Selling the Idea of Giving

THEN take some of the other fraternities. Homes for the aged are maintained by the Elks, the Moose, the Alianza Hispano-Americana, the Maccabees, the Supreme Tribe of Ben Hur, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and many others. The Shrine maintains fifteen hospitals and mobile units for poor crippled children. Hospitals are also maintained by the Ancient Order of United Workmen of Kansas, Independent Order of Foresters, Knights of Columbus, Woodmen of the World, Royal League and others. Scholarships are offered by the Degree of Honor Protective Association, First Catholic Slovak Union, Polish National Alliance, Security Benefit Association, Woman's Benefit Association, and any number of others.

"But I had no idea," says the scorner. "I thought people joined those things to get death benefits or something, but mostly to make whoopee."

A common view.

Considering the tremendous number of people who belong to one or more fraternities, it seems curious that so little should be known about them by persons outside their ranks. Perhaps one reason for this is the fact that under the impression that these bodies, being mostly secret societies, want all their activities kept secret, the newspapers give them hardly any space. Another reason is that the fraternities have pretty generally adopted an exaggerated attitude of modesty so far as their benefactions are concerned. In preserving this attitude, which from one point of view is highly commendable, they have unwittingly done themselves some harm. For their strength and the effectiveness of their work increase with numbers, and if more people had been given a clear conception of their aims, their membership would be very much larger than it is today. It almost invariably happens that when a man is told just what a fraternity offers him, not only in the matter of self-help but in the opportunity of helping others also, he wants to join.

It is interesting and significant to note that in almost every case the big fraternities are finding the appeal to self-interest—with which they started—less attractive to the average prospective member than the idea of doing something for others not so fortunate as himself. Interesting and significant this is, but not peculiar. It is simply added evidence, for any who may need it, that despite their horrid, dollar-chasing propensities, the American people have their hearts in the right place.

The haughty little gentlemen who write for the haughty little magazines that refer to the bulk of the United States as the hinterland and the bulk of its citizens as the booboisie, often amuse one another by alluding to the fraternities with sneers. The thought of badges or passwords, of rituals or regalia, seems to make them more than ordinarily bilious. Surveying what they choose to call "the American scene" from their lofty pinnacles, they spy the external signs of fraternalism and leap to the attack. They find it funny that men should band together in organizations with high-sounding names, presided over by officers with high-sounding titles, and attend meetings in secret, hold conventions, march in parades wearing fantastic clothes and call one another "brother."

Very good. It is funny. Let us go further and admit that some

aspects of fraternalism are even ludicrous. The question is: What of it? Man himself is ludicrous, and so is life. There is no argument. If the fraternities did not have their ludicrous aspects, they would not be human. But humanity is their essence. They came into being, originally, to meet a very human need—the need for companionship and mutual protection.

To draw a comprehensive picture of fraternalism in a few thousand words is akin to trying to illuminate the dome of the Capitol with a pocket flash light. Beside me as I write is a book, published in 1907, made up of brief descriptions and histories of the organizations existing at that time. It required 426 solid pages of type to deal with them all. Most of those covered in that book more than twenty years ago are still carrying on and many others have grown up in the interval. The history of fraternalism, were it ever to be written comprehensively, would fill a good-sized library. Here it can only be hinted at.

Groups of men, not necessarily related by ties of blood, but calling one another "brother" and recognizing certain obligations toward one another, have existed since society began. No one knows, nor is anyone ever likely to know, beyond doubt, where, by whom, or for what specific purpose the very first brotherhood or fraternity, was formed. Man is not alone a gregarious, but in the main, a dependent creature. He is dependent on his fellows. For every individual who plays a lone hand, who lives in isolation, fights his own battles and shuns companionship, there are thousands who, not only to be happy but even to live at all, must be in close contact with others. The earliest fraternities were the tribes, in which men banded together to protect themselves, their flocks and their families from wild beasts.

Keeping the Trade Secrets

AS CIVILIZATION developed and the tribes amalgamated and became nations, men continued to band together in fraternal association for purposes of companionship, mutual protection and the promotion of special interests. Thus members of religious sects organized to protect themselves against persecution, and workers in the trades and crafts organized to preserve the integrity and maintain the standards of their calling.

Their meetings were secret. The religious sects met under cover, because to meet openly, in most cases, would have been courting death or torture. The guilds and brotherhoods of artisans met secretly because they were the custodians of special knowledge which it was to their interest to keep from becoming general. Each group used rituals, more or less elaborate, designed to impress the neophyte with the importance of membership and to teach him the aims and ideals of the fraternity. Passwords and signs were real necessities, as may be readily understood. The oaths taken by members, binding them to secrecy, were accompanied by dire threats as to what would happen to him who talked outside. The reason for this severity is also understandable. Betrayal was a serious matter.

That the fraternities of today—even those which make no claims to antiquity—use secret or semisecret rituals, passwords and signs is due to the fact that their founders deliberately copied the practice of the past. Ritualistic work well done can be interesting and attractive, as well as instructive. It plays an important part in building up *esprit de corps*. A fraternity without a ritual would be very cold potatoes indeed.

Among the most ancient of the brotherhoods of craftsmen was the group known as the Freemasons. Historians disagree on the question of the birth of Masonry. Some hold that it goes back to the old Egyptian builders, others that it came into being with the erection of King Solomon's temple, and still others, that it is of more recent origin. That controversy is outside the scope of this treatise. We must consider Masonry at some length, however, because of all the brotherhoods that were important factors in the life of the Middle Ages, it is, aside from the Christian Church, the largest present-day survivor. Furthermore, it has been the model and the inspiration on which most of the later fraternities were founded.

The early Freemasons were exactly what the name implies. They were builders, craftsmen of a high order of skill and knowledge. Unlike most other workers of feudal times, they were permitted to move about from place to place, hence the term "Free." Among them were not only the men who cut and laid stone but architects and engineers of the period, workers in wood and metal and glass—in short, all who contributed skilled labor to the structures of the time. They worked, very largely, on the magnificent cathedrals and other church edifices which still stand as the most cherished artistic heritage of Europe.

When cathedral building languished, because of the Protestant Revolution, the Order of Freemasons languished also. To bolster their ranks, they accepted as members men not of their trade. Through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Masonic lodges declined, gradually losing members; some dying out altogether. Always there remained a few which kept alive the traditions, the teachings and the spirit of the ancient craft. By the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, the fraternity was very nearly extinct.

It was at this time that it suddenly took a new lease on life. In 1717 four lodges in London organized the first Grand Lodge, a governing body having jurisdiction over all, with the purpose of working jointly to revive the sinking brotherhood.

The Beginning of a New System

IT MAY be well to explain, before going further, that the Masonic lodges were groups of members organized in various localities, with their own officers and meeting places, self-governing and independent of any higher control, yet using identical rituals, symbols and ceremonies and maintaining fraternal relationship with one another. The organization of a Grand Lodge, or superior body, laid the foundation for the fraternal system as we know it today. Every fraternity now has subordinate lodges, chapters, councils, or whatever it may choose to call them, and a grand lodge, supreme council or similar congress in which the subordinate bodies are represented.

It has already been told that when the old-time Operative Freemasons began to decline in numbers, due to the cessation of ecclesiastic building operations in the fifteenth century, they began admitting to membership persons not connected with their trade, whom they designated as Accepted Masons. The question rises: Why did men who were not practicing builders wish to join the order? To dismiss this by suggesting that it was only natural to want to be initiated into the Masonic mysteries out of curiosity is clearly not enough. These men

(Continued on Page 134)

They Share a Common Fundamental Purpose—Namely, to Make the World a Better Place to Live In

HOOCH

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. M. D. KOERNER

"I'm Goin' to Send Dopey Down in a Minute," He Said Quietly. "Take Him for a Ride!"

CAPTAIN PADDY FLENGER rose from the swivel chair behind the oak desk in the captain's room of the station house in Swinnerton's precinct. He turned with an air of magnanimity and adjusted the black leather cushion which adorned the chair. Straightening, he flecked an imaginary dust speck off the lapel of his uniform coat. Then he removed the gold shield from the coat, and drawing from his trouser pocket a small leather case, he inserted the shield therein, folded and snapped the case and returned it to his pocket.

During these gestures he puffed contentedly on a cigar and let the smoke seep in two directions through his bristling mustache—upward from the lips and downward through the nostrils. His uniform cap lay on the desk, bottom up. He picked it up, examined it, and brushed its crown with the palm of his right hand.

The smoke from his cigar drifted into his eye and stung there. He laid the stub on the edge of the desk and rubbed his eye vigorously with the fingers of his left hand. Then he turned to the cabinet in the corner and ceremoniously served himself a drink of whisky from the bottle which he found there.

A grunt of satisfaction completed the business. After locking the cabinet he looked at his watch. Returning to the desk, he recovered his cigar, gripped it between his teeth and turned toward the corner of the room where stood the hat-tree. He removed his uniform coat and draped it carefully over a hanger. His cap he slipped into a rubber case which served the double purpose of protection against rain while on duty and against dust when Paddy was in mufti.

From another hanger he selected a blue coat which matched the trousers he wore. Having adjusted this to his shoulders and carefully inspected the lapels with an eye to neatness, he placed upon his head a pearl-gray fedora hat with a deep green band, the bow of which nestled jauntily against the back of the crown. He walked back to the cabinet, where he adjusted the brim of the hat to his satisfaction and inspected himself in the mirror there.

"Now, Mr. Swinnerton," he muttered, "take a flash at me an' get a couple of new ideas for style."

Satisfied with himself, he walked into the outer station, nodded agreeably to the desk lieutenant on duty there, and passed out into the street. As he walked his face was wreathed in smiles. Everyone in the precinct knew the captain and to each he met he showed friendliness and amiability. None knew better than Paddy Flenger himself that he was become quite a man.

Two blocks from the station he hailed a taxicab and to the driver said:

"The Adage Club. Know where it is?"

At the club he handed the driver a dollar bill in payment of a sixty-cent fare and smilingly waved aside the change. As he walked up the steps of the club he buttoned carefully his well-tailored blue coat; pulled gently at its skirts. As he did so the bright sun shone across his left hand and inspired to fiery brilliance a huge diamond set in platinum.

The captain walked into the lobby of the club and the clerk there greeted him with a courtesy which had become habitual: "The alderman has already gone upstairs, sir. Will you go right up?"

"Thanks," Paddy nodded. "Great day, huh?" He turned and went to the elevators.

"How are you, son?" he said to the colored operator.

"Fine an' dandy, suh."

"There's a happy look in your eye," Paddy went on. "What is it—the weather? Don't tell me you've cleaned out one o' them South-end crap games?"

The colored boy laughed with delight. After the manner of his kind, he hunched his shoulders and chuckled as he brought the elevator to a stop and reached to open the door.

"No, suh," he chuckled, "I ain't busted up no crap game." He shook his head despairingly. "Hones', Mr. Chief, jes' as soon's I gits hold of a pair of dice they turn round."

Flenger laughed. As he stepped out of the elevator he reached into his trouser pocket and pulled out a roll of bills that brought a gasp from the operator. Ostentatiously he spread the roll of money that he might get at its center.

"Wait a minute, kid," he grinned. He selected a five-dollar bill and handed it to the colored boy, whose eyes popped with delight. "Take that out an' buy yourself a set o' tops," Flenger grinned.

The black fingers clutched the bill. "Oh-h, boy!" The lad grinned. "Top dice is the closest thing Ah knows tuh razors!"

Laughing, Flenger walked along the hall toward the familiar private dining room in which he had struck his original deal with Swinnerton. He had been fairly confident of himself in that first talk with the alderman. Now he was supremely so. His situation was well in hand. Things had developed exactly as he had anticipated. He had discovered that percentages become unimportant relatively as the capital upon which they are based increases. Already money was coming in faster than Paddy could find use for it. Already his problem had shifted from the disposing of liquor at high prices to making liquor fast enough to meet the demand. Each of his district leaders had been able to perfect an organization that exceeded even their own avaricious hopes. There had been plenty of young men who welcomed a chance to enter a new field of crime the penalties for which seemed almost nebulous.

Just that day Paddy had computed the approximate number of men indirectly under him at above eighty. These were assistants to his leaders. They supervised the routing of trucks and the storing of liquor in garages, warehouses and apartments, where it was easily accessible when time for small deliveries arrived.

This course had proved necessary because the operators of speak-easies had not reached a point where they had the cash to buy in truckload lots, and credit was a matter dismissed with a gesture. There was the ever-present possibility of raids, with ensuing loss of liquor. Unless the proprietors of the smaller speak-easies first had a chance to sell their stock, they might be unable to pay for it. Therefore there was no credit. Money was collected by the man who delivered the goods, if it was not paid originally to the runner who got the order. As a result, Flenger was handling a fortune every month. It was true that his fees for protection ran high, but the continuous flow of riches from which they were made was of such magnitude that he was willing to pay unquestioningly rather than barter in the face of ill feeling.

Other things had developed to his satisfaction too. With his inherent ability to sense the feelings of others, Paddy

"They Knocked Over the Two Trucks About a Mile From the Distillery, Just Jumped

realized that Alderman Swinnerton was becoming frightened by the very magnitude of their operations. Barr, now an inspector, had proved himself entirely unable to keep apace. Those developments convinced Flenger that he, and he alone, was the motive power back of the rum ring This suited him perfectly. Particularly so because Swinnerton was in the thing just too far to withdraw and Barr dared make no move without Swinnerton's approval. Paddy could hold them both to his own needs.

Something of these thoughts flashed through his mind as Swinnerton met him at the door of the private dining room. The usual splendor of the alderman was evident. The pink of his chins bespoke the recent touch of the *masseur*. His popeyes seemed to vie for prominence with the pouches under them. His hands seemed softer than ever and the nails glistened even in the soft light.

The day was warm and the alderman was dressed in a tan suit with a tan silk shirt to match. A platinum bar pin linked the points of his soft collar together under the tidy knot of a hand-painted tie. He had forsaken his spats for tan-and-white sports shoes. The points of his waistcoat spread sufficiently to expose, in neat triangle, a gold belt buckle monogrammed in Old English letters.

"Well, Paddy," he greeted, grasping the captain's hand in both his own, "you're looking great. I swear you don't look thirty years old. How do you do it?"

Flenger smiled and shifted his gaze from the splendor of the alderman into a downward glance at his own tailored garments. There is ever an air about success. He was quite satisfied with the comparison. But one thing irked him slightly. That was the tie which Swinnerton wore. He had never before seen material like it.

"Oh, I'm great," he grinned. "Y'know, a fellow's only as old as he feels. The way we're clickin' now, Swinnerton, I won't be a day over twenty, five years from now." They both laughed.

"Say," Paddy continued after a moment, "that's a swell-lookin' porch cover you got." He raised his left hand, the diamond sparkling, and daintily tested the material of the alderman's cravat.

"Yeah," Swinnerton laughed—"yeah, that's quite a tie. A friend of mine got them up in Bar Harbor. Hand painted, they are "

"Hand what?" Paddy asked incredulously.

"On the level," Swinnerton assured him, at the same time easing him gently toward the table. "Hand painted. You couldn't weave a design like that into cloth."

The truth of his assertion was evident. Flenger recognized it and shook his head. "Are you sure," he asked as he seated himself at the table, "that one of your collar buttons ain't a radio?"

The obsequious Manuel appeared and, at a silent gesture from the alderman, proceeded with the service of the luncheon. There were hors d'œuvres, which, beyond a sardine, anchovies, a stuffed egg and an olive, Paddy disdained.

Swinnerton nibbled at nuts until jellied consommé was served. After the first few mouthfuls he smacked his lips and said to Flenger:

"For warm weather, this is great stuff, eh, Paddy?"

"Sure," the captain agreed. "Yeah, it's good all right. But it kind of takes the fun out of eatin' it when I think of how it would look on that necktie."

With gusto the alderman turned to Manuel and condescendingly explained that Mr. Flenger was undoubtedly jealous of the alderman's cravat.

"However," he explained to the waiter, "just between you an' me, Manuel, I'm going to make it my business to present Mr. Flenger with two of these ties and so end his suffering. I think I'll give him a red one." He laughed uproariously and rubbed his pulpy palms together.

"Yeah," Paddy grinned, "it'd go great if I wore it down to the line-up at headquarters. The commissioner'd think that my tongue was hangin' out!"

Dopey Hiller

As was their custom, they talked these generalities until the meal was done. Then Swinnerton personally closed and locked the door. He glanced at Flenger as they both lit their cigars. After a moment he pulled two chairs together near the window where they might sit and talk.

"Well," the alderman said, settling back into his chair and bringing his finger tips together over his stomach, "you don't seem to have a trouble in the world."

"Things are goin' great," Flenger admitted with vehemence. "I certainly picked 'em right when I was passin' out territory. Slenk an' Mitchell are doin' the best business, but they ought to. They got the best break. The others'll come along fast." He paused to smile wryly and wink his eye. "At that," he finished, "they ain't doin' so bad."

"No," Swinnerton agreed readily; "no, things are certainly popping along. Do you realize how much money we've made in the last six months?"

"That's a nifty!" Flenger exploded. "Do I realize it? I rise right here in meetin' to ask who's responsible for it!"

"Of course," Swinnerton grunted hastily, his fingers twining tight across his waistband. "I was just referring to our success."

"The one thing we don't want, Swinnerton," Paddy said steadily, his close-set eyes peering through the smoke clouds between them and his shoulders hunching forward so that his elbows rested on his knees, "is any misunderstandin' with the facts. We're goin' to get along great so long as you realize that about all you do is dodge about behind hand-painted neckties. I'm the guy that's runnin' the works!"

They gazed at each other for several seconds and Flenger could not find in the eyes of the alderman anything like fight. With a short laugh he leaned back in his chair, puffed at his cigar. Swinnerton crossed his legs and his foot swung nervously in mid-air.

"You've got a nasty way of saying things, Paddy." There was no harshness or anger in his tones. "Has anyone in any way interfered with you in running things?"

"Never. The thing that's worryin' me is that maybe somebody'll try to. Just as soon as they do, Swinnerton —— Well, that'll be the blow-off. The boys in the territory look on me as king. As far as they're concerned, there ain't nobody else."

He paused long enough to adjust his collar at the throat. His fingers toyed gently with the knot of his tie, now warped in his scheme of valuations by comparison with this new hand-painted wrinkle of Swinnerton's. At last he went on:

"They ain't an easy bunch to control," he explained. "They've got a big mob workin' under 'em. Just the other day two runners down in Marty Mitchell's district got into a jam about their territory. Mitchell had a tough time keepin' them apart. They were lookin' fer each other with rods in every pocket. He came to me about it finally. I git that sort of thing all the time. I have to be peacemaker fer other people's battles. I finally told Mitchell to git the two of 'em together an' tell 'em that if any trouble started in the district, the supply of booze would stop cold. That would smother 'em all. Of course as soon as he rapped that to them the others workin'

Continued on Page 68.

Out Into the Middle of the Road, They Did, Stuck Up the Trucks an' Put the Collar on the Boys"

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

"Now Then," He Said Between Clenched Teeth, "When Does the Spanking Begin?"

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXII

YOU oughtn't to have done that, my dear," said Mr. Monteagle to Evelyn on the way home.

"Why, I thought you liked Harrison. You told me you did."

"But I thought you had learned your lesson by this time. Never repeat your mistakes. You pursued him once, and look at the result."

"Don't worry about that, darling. This time he's going to pursue me."

"I wouldn't have invited him out to the country so soon if I were you."

She laughed. "Neither would I—I didn't. It was his own suggestion, so what could I do? Just what you did. Besides, I meant it when I said that we owe a good deal to Harrison." She squeezed his arm. It was true that she had become acquainted with her father. She liked him now. Formerly she had merely loved him. She could even talk to him. "And it will mean so much to him," she went on, "to be there with Doctor Duke and the rest of the staff."

That was true, but she had also in mind a triumphant parading of her scientific lions before the young would-be scientist. That would show him his place and hers. Perhaps that would make him take her seriously—as a person, not a doll to pick up and play with.

She was watching her father's face. "Now don't scowl. I know what I'm doing."

Mr. Monteagle wasn't so sure of that. "What do you think of that boy by this time?"

"I think he's just sweet," she said, "and he has shown such wonderful nerve since the family lost their money."

Her father stopped scowling and smiled. "Well, he has nerve, all right," he said. "Look here, my dear, I thought you were over this curious infatuation."

"So did I." She made a face. "I'm afraid it's worse than ever."

"Dear me, that little fellow?"

"He's going to be a big fellow some day. You know that. Doctor Duke says so himself."

"But he's not in love with you. He's in love with his work. He's the sort who can never care for any woman as he cares for his job. I know the breed."

"And you admire it too. Well, so do I. That's why I fell for him, Hal."

Mr. Monteagle scowled again. He did not like it. He liked still less talking about it. He did not want to think about it. He had so many more important things to bother him just now. "The trouble with you, my child, is that you've always had everything you wanted. Now you want something you can't have. Money can remodel your nose and your knees, but there are some things money can't buy."

"Harrison asked me to marry him today."

"What's this? You didn't accept him!"

She laughed at her father. "Of course not. I told him I couldn't think of it."

"I see," said Mr. Monteagle. He saw that he would have to be bothered a good deal. There was nothing in the world so important as Eve. The young man had acknowledged that he would have to get money somehow. Well, he was not going to get it that way. "Not if I can help it," said this father to himself, "and I think I can."

But he did not say this to his daughter. He knew her well enough for that, at any rate. Nothing romance thrives on better than opposition. Nothing like stern authority to make spirited youth revolt.

(If the boy is any good, opposition will not deter him either. If it does deter him, then he's no good. Well, we'll see how opposition works.)

The poverty of the Cope family seemed quite tolerable, almost luxurious, to the son who had returned to the bosom of that distinguished family after camping with greasers and hobos. They had no car and only two servants. In the same reduced circumstances out West, Harrison observed, they would have had no servant and two cars. But to his parents, to Bob, his elder brother, and Matilda, his little sister, it seemed a tragedy and all Harrison's fault, though they had decided in their reserved way to be brave about it in the presence of their friends, and jocosely alluded to themselves as "paupers now." They were pauping in a commodious but rather hideous house in the suburbs.

Bob's resentment did not bother Harrison; and Matilda ought to learn some job anyway. All girls should, he thought—even the daughters of the reduced. But his parents were growing old and they were accustomed to the amenities of life. He wanted his mother to have the nice things that she had been used to, bless her silly old snobbish heart. His father seemed broken by his failure. There were wrinkled pouches under his eyes, souvenir vanity bags won by good living in the past—the only thing left from that happy period, now fully appreciated for the first time.

The highbrow son despised everything his parents worshiped and wanted, but he was deeply moved. He had a bad night. Along about three o'clock he woke up with a start. He had been dreaming about them. Apparently he loved his people, after all. Strange how you can love those who make you so tired. Some fundamental instinct, he supposed.

Family loyalty now made him indignant at the omnipotent banker—so condescending to causes he believed in, so ruthless when opposed.

Harrison resolved to do his best, but it seemed inconceivable that such a wondrous girl as the present Evelyn could

give a serious damn for such a defeated little misfit. According to the family, though they usually got things wrong, and always took themselves and their position too seriously, Evelyn had actually intended to make that published announcement come true, pearls or no pearls. That was something he could never understand. Well, it would do no harm to try. Perhaps he could get the Gobi out of it, at least. New York was no place for him.

He was glad when it was time to leave the family. He was never happy at home. His mother helped him pack his bag. There was no longer any manservant to do such things. She even pressed his dinner clothes, which she had carefully laid away in moth balls while he was in the Southwest. Bob loaned him a big Gladstone bag for the week-end. Bob was a great week-ender. He offered a sport suit, too, but Harrison left the jacket behind, because the sleeves were too long. As to the knickerbockers, it didn't matter if the plus-fours became plus-sixes. And a belt would take up the slack in the waist. But he didn't wear them. He stuck to his freshly pressed tennis trousers. He was no longer ashamed of his arms, but his legs were still spindly. It is awfully hard to enlarge your calves, no matter what you do.

He wore his blue suit to the yacht-club pier. Evelyn had said she liked him in blue, and maybe she meant it. He hoped so. He had no other business suit. A red-faced attendant with a blue yachting cap looked stern and forbidding. Harrison thought it was because of his own diminutiveness. He would never get over being sensitive about that. All his life he would have to assert himself. It was going to make a great man of him, like Napoleon. Harrison became obliviously aristocratic and commanding—a manner which never would have done out West.

"Mr. Monteagle's guest," he said impersonally. Red-face touched the blue cap respectfully—in the West, he would have called Harrison brother—and led the way down the float to a smart ninety-foot cruiser with two Diesel engines. Everything bright and shining. The decks yellow and clean as dinner plates, the ropes around the rails immaculately white. The smell of linoleum and other interesting odors.

A steward appeared, also immaculately white. He, too, touched his cap and took Bob's bag. Red-face was touching his own again, and Harrison gave him half a dollar. Bob had lent him some money.

"You've got to do this thing right," he had said.

Gosh, Monteagle's yacht! Bob still had hope. All the family had hope now—even Harrison, a little one, but his was already sinking rapidly. The cruiser did not help to keep it afloat. He had acquired pecuniary consciousness while working for money out West. Extreme affluence weighed upon him more heavily than formerly.

"I had my chance at this sort of thing and threw it away."

There were two other guests aft, strangers, youngish middle-aged men, sprawled out in excessively comfortable wicker chairs, smoking. Like so many of the overaffluent, they lacked distinction, even in their clothes. They glanced up eagerly as Harrison came aboard, then seemed disappointed and resumed their conversation. They acted as if they owned the boat. Perhaps they merely owned other boats. Arrogant and assured. Harrison thought they had looked contemptuous. He hated them.

"Now if I had married her they wouldn't look at me that way. You bet they wouldn't!"

Red-face came aboard bearing other bags, well plastered with foreign labels. "Hotel de Pekin," Harrison read on an oval sticker. He wondered why it was spelled without the *g*. Four other strangers, all men, came up the gangplank. Harrison hurriedly stepped out of their way and tripped on a stanchion or something. He thought they were laughing at him. They were merely greeting the earlier arrivals.

"Well, how's the boy?"

Harrison sneered inwardly at that. "How's the boy?" He wanted to feel superior. They all seemed to know one another intimately. He was alone and out of it. He stood very erect by the gunwale amidships and looked critically out across the river. He would show them that he didn't give a damn. He glanced aft. They hadn't noticed it.

"Here they come," one of the strangers announced. Evelyn was descending the steps from the clubhouse, followed by Mr. Monteagle.

"There she is," thought Harrison, and his heart leaped. She was carrying many magazines and seemed to be listening to something amusing. She did not even glance toward the boat. So cool, so serene, so lovely and unattainable. His heart sank.

(Don't be an ass—what's the use?)

He jumped off to meet them. So did several of the others, but he was the first to reach her side. He hailed her joyously and seized the magazines. Such a comfort to speak to someone who knew him, to show the others that she liked him. He was as exuberant as a lonely American abroad when spying a friend from home.

Never before had he seemed so glad to see her. She wondered what it meant while greeting the others.

(Do you suppose he really cares? Probably not. I'll find out before Monday.) . . . "Why, they were right behind us," she was saying. "Oh, here they are!"

Lumbering along in the rear with two more men came Doctor Duke, talking as usual.

"Gosh!" thought Harrison. "This is great!"

"All here now," said Mr. Monteagle to Eve. They mounted the gangplank and gathered under the awning aft. Now came Eve's moment. She was introducing Harrison to her guests and watching the effect upon him. They were all members of Duke's staff—the distinguished scientists selected for the expedition to Mongolia.

Once, while still a little prep-school boy, on a visit to Bob at college, he had been led without warning into a room filled with members of the football squad. He had been allowed to shake each one of them by the hand. The present effect was like that. Their names, records and books were all well known to Harrison. They were his gods. He oozed awe and embarrassment.

The owner's flag was run up, the Diesel engines began to purr and the boat headed up the river into cool breezes.

Stewards were bringing out tea. Harrison was seated by Evelyn, but did not seem to know it.

"Well!" he said. "A whole week-end with these fellows! Why didn't you tell me?" It was almost a reproof.

"Oh, we often have scientific house parties nowadays," she said, with some swank. "Father and I are climbers, you know. Will you have your tea hot or iced?"

"Yes, thanks," he replied absent-mindedly. He wouldn't even look at her. "So that's Charles H. Berryman—the one leaning against the rail. H'm!" The famous geologist was not much taller than Harrison. He wondered if she noticed it. "Which is Chalmers?" he asked.

She laughed and wouldn't tell him. "You're only a child," she remarked, but he was not listening.

(Continued on Page 59)

There She Was! Furs and Violets and a Flashing Smile. She Was Surrounded by Friends and Adulation

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles, $4.00 the Year—52 issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela, $6.00 the Year—52 issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $10.00 the Year—52 issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 12, 1929

Underwriting Crime

PHILADELPHIA has been washing her dirty linen in public, much to the sorrow of her politicians and some smug critics in other cities. Some of these politicians seem to feel that it is better to cover up or to compromise with bad conditions rather than to undergo the publicity inseparable from cleaning them up.

Philadelphia is a very large city. Her geographical situation, which has helped to make her the Workshop of the Nation, has also done much to make her the center of a rum ring. The financial resources of this ring, as of similar organizations elsewhere, are large. The corruption of police forces is all a part of its day's work, a matter of routine business. The higher-ups of the bootleg industry are free-handed paymasters. When they want the police to go deaf, dumb and blind, they can always outbid municipal employers. When they require the active partnership of higher officials, they can afford to pay whatever it may cost. The human weakness for easy money and the blunted sense of civic right and wrong found in unintelligent persons in all walks of life play into their hands, and not uncommonly make it easy to buy an underpaid cop.

Penn's city has no monopoly on these conditions. Partnerships between police officials and politicians on one side, and bootleggers, gamblers, dope sellers and receivers of stolen goods on the other, exist in a number of our large cities. Insiders know conditions for what they are; the public has only an inkling of them. It requires real courage to break such a situation wide open and turn it inside out.

Any city, therefore, that has fearless judges and aggressive prosecutors; that can impanel reasonably honest grand juries with hard heads and a dash of fighting blood; that can go down the line producing the spectacular results that such a combination has brought about in Philadelphia, has as much to boast of as to be ashamed of. Some of our smug municipalities might, to their own everlasting honor and profit and civic health, take a leaf out of Philadelphia's book and do likewise.

It is worth noting that those who have most to lose have contributed most largely to present conditions in our cities. Every purchase of bootleg liquor carries a contribution to the criminal element and helps to supply it with unlimited funds with which to debauch those to whom is intrusted our defense against crime and criminals. Bootleg liquor comes high, but the cost of corruption and crime to those who buy it is mounting higher still. And the final bill has not yet been presented.

We must enforce the prohibition law or repeal it. The position of anyone who works for repeal while he obeys the law can command respect. But repeal before enforcement would be a confession that the bootlegger and the gunman are stronger than the Government.

Farm Debts in Germany

IT IS no consolation to farmers of one country to realize that their commercial disabilities are not peculiar to them but are suffered, to greater or less extent, by farmers in other countries. But such a fact broadens the scope of inquiry into agricultural conditions. The rapid increase in farm debt in the United States from 1910 to 1925 represents one of the outstanding facts in our agricultural situation. The annual interest payment is a heavy fixed charge against gross income.

During the war, landlords and peasants in Germany received relatively high prices for products, raised largely by old men, woman and children, and by prisoners of war. With the decline of the mark subsequent to the reëstablishment of peace, German landowners had the opportunity of paying off their debts with depreciated money. During the year of extreme depreciation of the mark, to a large extent the debts contracted in gold before the war were paid off with paper currency costing little more than the worth of the paper. It is gross exaggeration to say that all farm debts were then paid off, but a heavy liquidation occurred. Some of the liquidation with depreciated currency did not stick, however, because later, under revalorization by legislation, some landowners had to reassume a portion of their earlier debts. But all in all, with reëstablishment of the mark on the gold basis, German agriculture was thought to occupy a relatively favorable position, fairly free of debt.

Since that time heavy borrowings have been conducted for agricultural purposes. Most of these new farm debts are believed to have been for constructive purposes, though not always promising early returns. In part, however, landowners have borrowed in order to endeavor to keep abreast of the modern scale of living. Recent estimates of the agricultural debt of the country give a rather surprising indication of the present position.

Apparently, the total agricultural debt of Germany is in the neighborhood of three and a half billion dollars. This includes both mortgage debt and floating debt, and the latter ought to be included because it has been found that the floating debt of one year is likely to be funded during the following year. This suggests an agricultural debt of more than fifty dollars an acre. Considering the age of the indebtedness, this strikes one as a heavy figure. "The debt owed to the state bank and due under the revalorization arrangements bears interest at five per cent; but the balance of mortgages and floating debt bears interest at practically double that rate. According to a German estimate, the annual interest charges correspond to a tenth of the value of the crop. It is the obvious policy of Germany, within reasonable limits, so to expand the outturn of her agriculture as to lower her dependence on foreign supplies and reduce the imports that represent a serious burden on the international account. New investments in German agriculture are to be interpreted as means to this end. Apparently, however, the improvements are not being accomplished at a low cost.

Critics of the South American Trip

DURING recent years the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family have visited different parts of the British Empire. From the standpoint of both internal and external political relations, the inhabitants of Great Britain rightly have the feeling that the different parts of the Empire should be knit more closely together in sentiment, in thought and in policy. Under policy is properly included both political and economic policy. The indirect results of visits of members of the royal family to the far-flung parts of the British Empire may well be in the direction of Empire preference in trade. The surveys on the Economic Position and Prospects of Great Britain, issued by the Balfour Committee on Industry and Trade, illustrate the British approach to their problems of commerce. Empire preference has become an established policy; it is proper from the British point of view, and requires no defense. This is generally understood, and we do not recall that any conspicuous member of the American press stigmatized the royal visits abroad as of a commercial character.

Things seem to stand somewhat differently with the South American visit of the President-elect of the United States. Prominent members of the British press, particularly of Tory leanings, are not averse to giving expression to a rather sordidly commercial interpretation of the tour. It is implied that the ex-Secretary of Commerce is out gunning for more trade with South American countries; and it is feared that the acquisitions sought in trade will be at the expense of Great Britain. From such statements it is left to be inferred that our relations with the South American republics are not being cultivated on considerations of amity, but are motivated by the desire to expand our loans and enlarge our exports to the countries of the Western Hemisphere.

American trade in the Western Hemisphere is not a political incident but a natural development. We have developed our trade with Canada without the suggestion of political exploitation; the same holds true of the southern republics. If we were fearful of the prospects of our trade in South America, that fear would be directed not toward Great Britain but toward Germany.

The Urban Fallacy

CITY people and country people are not two separate classes. A large percentage of all city dwellers were born in the country and many city people spend their spare time on farms. Many farm owners and operators live in towns and cities. The automobile adds continuously to the intermingling of the two modes of life. It is superficial to the last degree to take for granted a sharp division between them. There are no doubt residents of the East Side of New York who have never been in the country, and so-called hicks who have never been in the city. But these are the comic-opera types; life is increasingly mobile, and men are not indentured to one estate, as in the Middle Ages.

The country grows more and more industrial, and with the change comes a progressive urbanization. Cities reach out and new towns spring up. But these urban dwellers search out the rustic spots in their automobiles. In mounting numbers they go hunting, fishing, canoeing, camping and mountain climbing. They welcome additions to the national, state and county park systems. They build cabins and country homes, and even buy up abandoned farms. Thousands join conservation movements and demand the protection of wild life. Patently, the city does not completely absorb them.

Writers speak glibly of a clash for control between the old rural America and the new industrial order. It is more to the point to guide development along orderly and seemly lines. All over the country the existing towns and cities are spreading out like the fingers of a hand. The development can be guided so that new additions to town and city will not repeat the mistakes of the old. With forethought and civic spirit we can have a convenient and beautiful progression. Why waste time in lamenting the growth of cities when the pressing problem is to direct that expansion along lines of usefulness and harmony?

Naturally, different occupations and industries have interests which clash at times. The producer and the consumer do not always see eye to eye. But agriculture is not a thing apart, stuck off in a remote waste. It is tied in with transportation, merchandising, warehouses, refrigerating plants, canneries, packing houses, by-product industries. It is as closely allied to city as to country. What use is the heart without tissues, and what use are tissues without a heart? There is no gain from discussing the cleavage between city and country; there can be no progress unless we understand how closely the twain are one.

THE TRICKY SCIENCE

By WILL PAYNE

SOMEBODY, by careful observation and profound thought, works out a scientific theory—Copernicus' theory that the earth goes round the sun, instead of the sun going round the earth as everyone had supposed; Harvey's theory of how the blood circulates; Einstein's theory. Then a host of other men check it up by their observations. Finally it is proved or disproved. That much is settled.

Economics has been described as the science of production of wealth, or how the world makes a living—a subject in which most people are acutely interested. It comes into everyday thought and talk more intimately than any other science. Young people especially are urged to study it. But they ought to bear in mind that there is no other secular subject on which it is so easy to theorize—very logically, too—forever without getting anywhere.

Physical sciences deal with facts that stay put. Once accurately observed, the observation is valid anywhere, any time. Moreover, the fact, or set of facts, that you want to observe may, so to speak, be lifted out of its context, taken into a laboratory and studied at leisure. But this business of the world making a living is in flux; the facts are always changing. It is almost impossible to lift anything out of the living web and be sure it is the same thing it would have been in the web.

Any Socialist in good standing can readily prove on paper that the United States would be much more prosperous under Socialism than it is now. You cannot absolutely disprove it. If an engineering theory is wrong the bridge will fall down, whether it is in China or Kansas, in the eighteenth century or the twentieth. The collapsed bridge is proof. But there is no collapsed bridge to show the Socialist. There never can be any. We adopt Socialism; production falls off; wealth diminishes; nobody in the United States has more than one shirt a year or two meals a day. "There!" say you. "Your Socialist theory is wrong. This proves it." But the Socialist answers blandly, "Not at all. This would have happened under capitalism, only worse. Read what Marx said about the future of capitalistic society. If you hadn't adopted Socialism when you did, practically nobody in the United States would have even one shirt now." The theoretical argument goes on forever.

Probably no topic in economics, or in any other field for that matter, has been more warmly and extensively debated in the past hundred and fifty years than protection and free trade. For more than a century our two chief political parties fought bitterly over it. A protective-tariff bill passed a hundred years ago inspired Democratic South Carolina to adopt an ordinance defying the Union. It might rather easily have caused civil war almost a generation before Sumter was fired on in quite another quarrel. This year the Democratic Party began its campaign by formally renouncing its traditional position and coming out squarely for protection—making it unanimous. As a practical matter this question seems to be settled in the United States. But the theory is no more settled than ever. The general question, "Which is best, protection or free trade?" is disputed as hotly as it was in the past century.

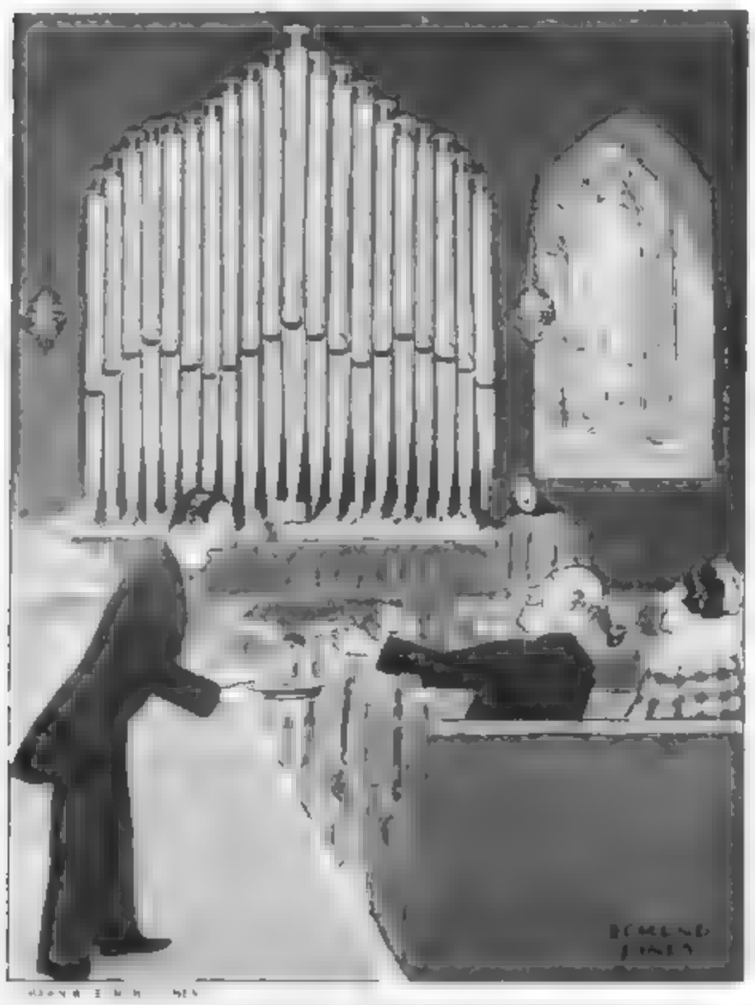
That question has been argued in England even longer and more copiously than in this country—dating back at least to Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, published in 1776. A general election is coming on there. Evidently protection and free trade is going to be one of the issues. Not that anyone in England advocates protection out loud. But they advocate safeguarding of industries, which is simply protection said in a whisper. Within a fortnight I have read two new, well-written English books on the subject, one upholding protection, the other free trade. Each author not only proves his case to his own satisfaction but pointedly intimates that anybody who disagrees with him is a blockhead. For a rough-and-ready analogy, that is as though doctors still wrangled over the question of bleeding their patients, whatever ailed them. But a hundred and fifty years ago all doctors did bleed their patients as a matter of course. Now, equally as a matter of course, no doctor does. In medicine that matter has been settled. But in economic theory the argument goes on forever and gets nowhere.

Young people are properly advised to give attention to economics. No secular subject is more important; for it is finally just an attempt to deal scientifically with this

(Continued on Page 105)

"Not While Those Fellows are Hanging Around"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



HIS WIFE MADE HIM GO
(Absently): "And Walter, Will You Ask the Orchestra Leader to Play the St. Louis Blues?"

The Fluttering Fan

MY HEART, that was so gay,
Is bruised and battered;
And all the world is drear
And dull and bleak.

I'm disillusioned,
All my dreams are shattered:
I've heard my favorite
Movie hero speak!
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

She Never Thought About Herself

SHE: Don't you think most people are always kind of thinking about themselves all the time.

HE: Oh, sure; of course they are.

SHE: I mean, they never can forget themselves for a minute.

HE: No, that's a fact.

SHE: Well, it's awfully funny, but I sort of do things spontaneously without ever thinking of myself.

HE: Well, that shows you're very unselfish.

SHE: I don't think I am at all, because, I mean, it isn't as if I delib'rately didn't think about myself. I mean it just never occurs to me to!

HE: Well, you're just naturally unselfish, I guess.

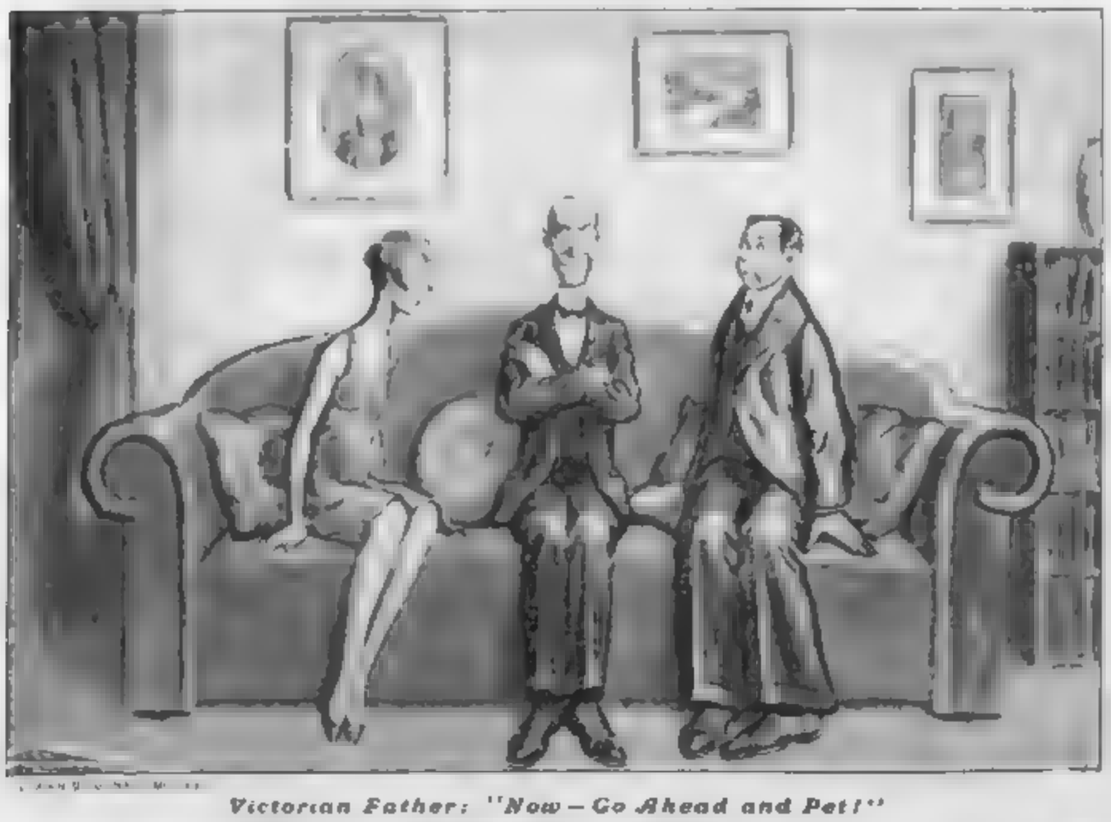
SHE: Oh, I don't think I am at all, because, I mean, I think it's just that I'm heaps more int'rested in other people than in myself.

HE: Well, that's certainly being unselfish.

SHE: Is it really? Well, I've always thought the whole reason I never thought about myself was because I was so unint'resting or something.

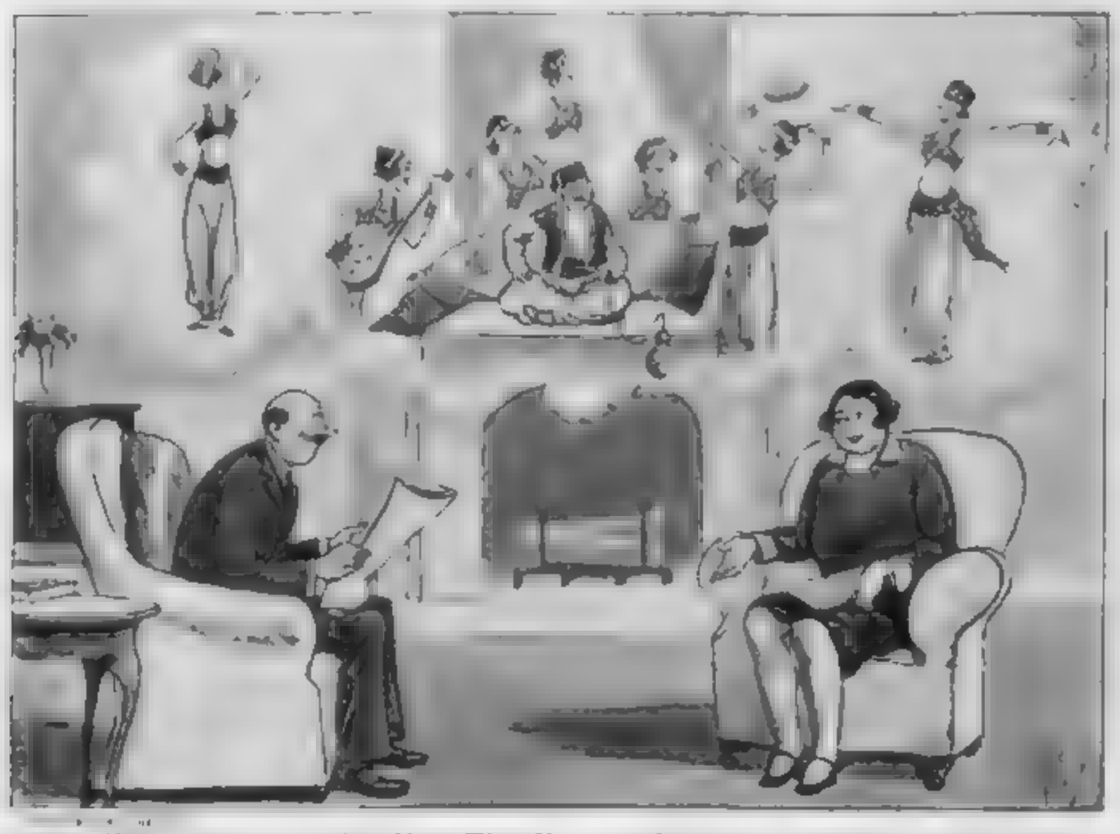
(Continued on Page 80)

First Movie Child: "Poor Old Jimmie, He's Certainly Showing His Age!"
Second Ditto: "Yes, it Won't be Long Now!"

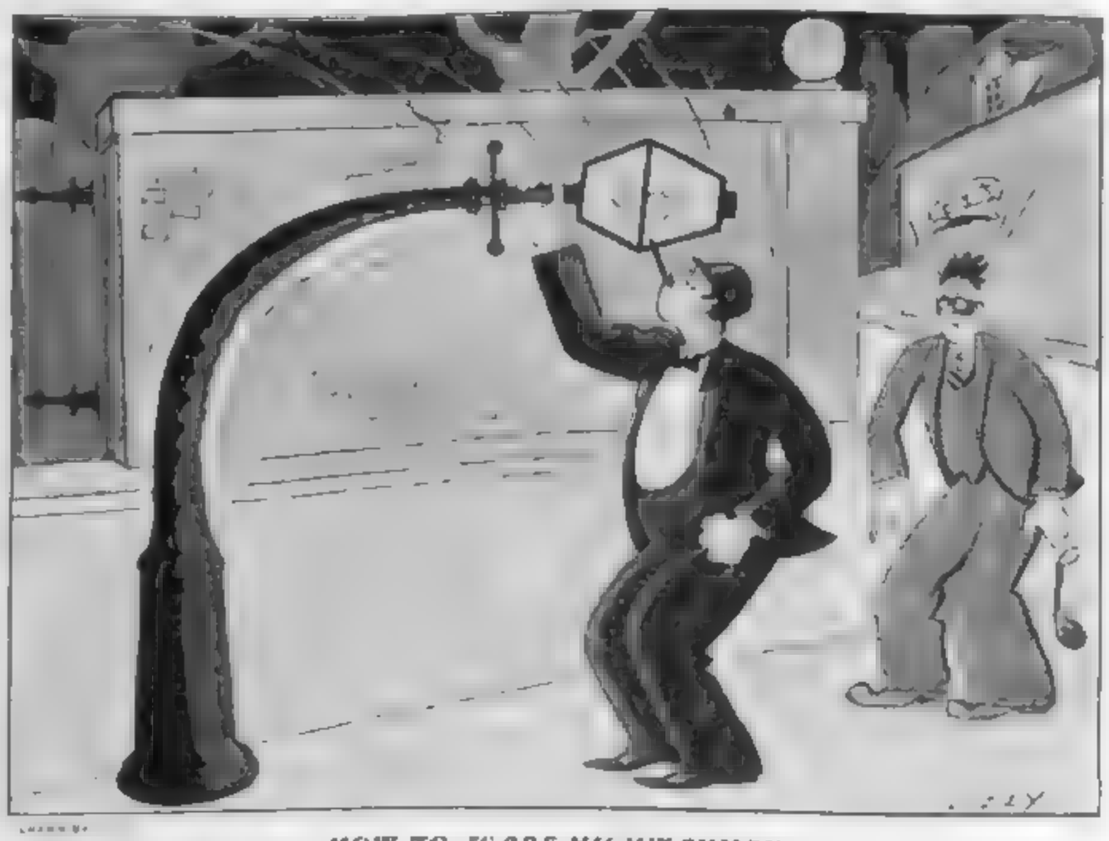


Victorian Father: "Now—Go Ahead and Pet!"

President of Corporation: "I'm Afraid the Office Boy is Going to Quit, Joe"
Manager: "Why, Bob?"
"He Has Stopped Calling Me by My First Name"



Wife: "Horace, I'm Glad to Hear That You are Absolutely Contented. Sometimes I've Fancied That You Have Dreamed of Another Lot in Life for Yourself"



HOW TO SCARE HIGHWAYMEN
Light Your Cigar in This Manner

Every family should eat Tomato Soup often!

DO YOU realize that every time you place tomato soup on the table, you are doing your family's health a real service? For tomatoes are now heralded on all sides as one of the most healthful and beneficial of foods. Science has proved they contain, in extraordinary richness, the wonderful "Health Givers" (Vitamins) that our bodies must have for normal growth and good condition.

* * * *

It is these magical "Health Givers," you know, that formed the most startling food discovery in modern times. Now this has been followed by another scientific triumph—the knowledge that one of our most popular and delicious foods—the tomato—offers these necessary substances in exceptional abundance. So it is easy to enjoy their benefits.

* * * *

Naturally, as this knowledge has spread with amazing rapidity, the use of Campbell's Tomato Soup has increased to meet the great new demand. This soup has for years been the world's favorite. But now people serve it for its healthfulness as well as their enjoyment. Millions of families have doubled or trebled the number of times they eat it. It has become a regular dish on the family table.

* * * *

For Campbell's Tomato Soup offers the famous health-giving benefits of tomatoes in their most delicious and convenient form. You, as the guardian and provider of the family's food supply, are seeking to include in every day's meals the food which furnishes the needed "Health Givers." Let Campbell's Tomato Soup be your constant aid in doing this.

* * * *

Often you will wish to serve it as a Cream of Tomato Soup. You simply mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk, stir while heating but do not boil. Serve immediately. Vary your menus, too, by frequent selections from the 20 other Campbell's soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

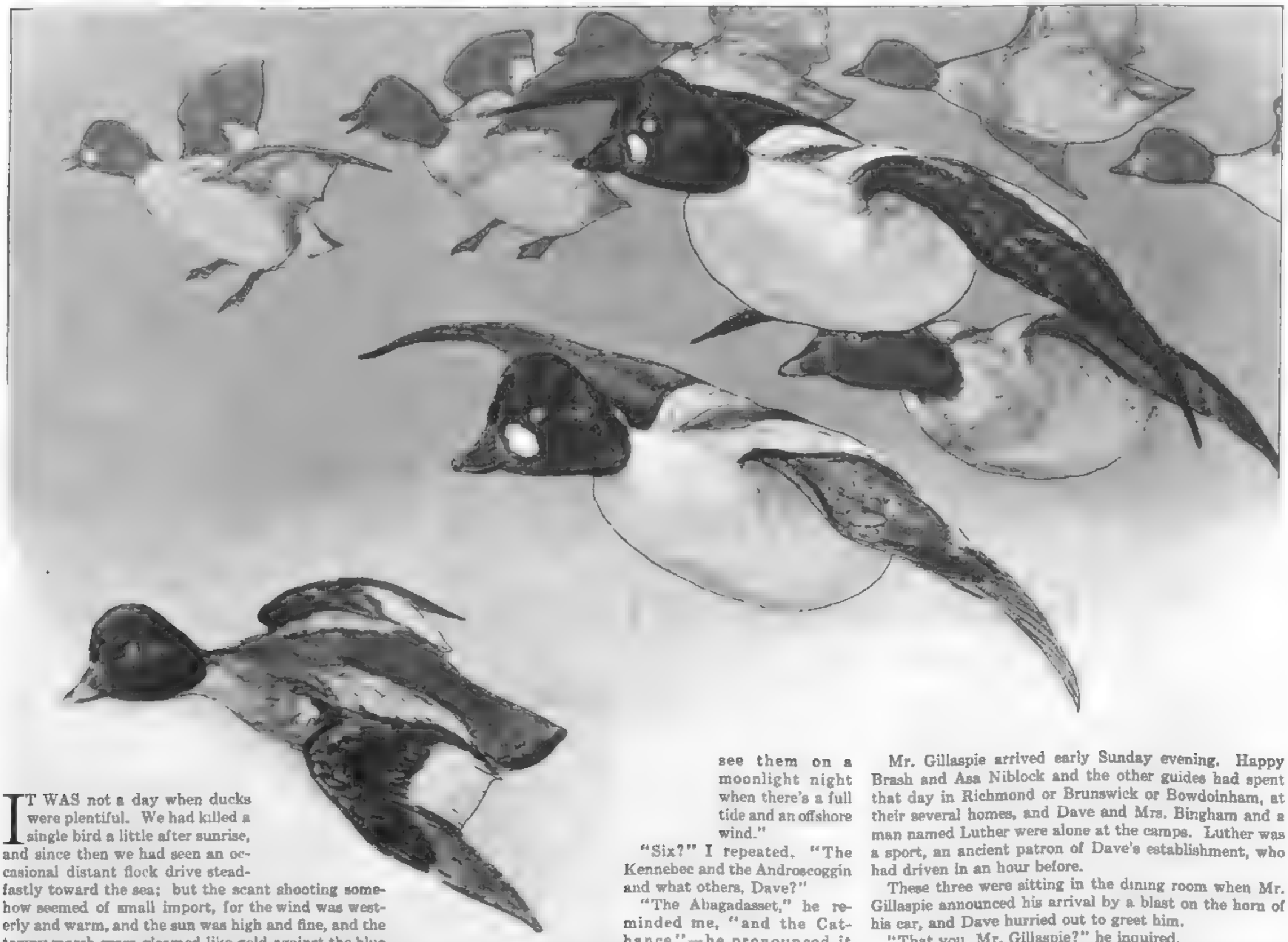
This can is most cheerful
In gay Red-and-White,
But give me what's in it
For my appetite!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

MERRYMEETING

By Ben Ames Williams

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



IT WAS not a day when ducks were plentiful. We had killed a single bird a little after sunrise, and since then we had seen an occasional distant flock drive steadfastly toward the sea; but the scant shooting somehow seemed of small import, for the wind was westerly and warm, and the sun was high and fine, and the tawny marsh grass gleamed like gold against the blue water that went rippling on beyond. Our decoys splashed in a pool in the marsh two or three hundred yards offshore and the duck boat masked in grass lay on the shingle at our feet, ready if a bird should alight for the stealthy approach that might bring us within shooting range before the rise. We sat as comfortably as possible and our eyes swept the empty skies. Now and then I had a momentary quickening of the pulse when some dot swam across my vision, but a closer glance always identified it as a distant crow tumbling in the wind, or a mosquito six inches from my eye or a leaf loosened by last night's early frost and driving now across the marsh.

The tide was running out and the wild rice and the other grasses stood a foot above the water. I thought I had never seen the marsh so golden; and the shores of the bay were bright with the flaming foliage of the oaks, the deeper hue of the beeches and the maples, the dark green of spruce and pine and the golden crests of birches here and there.

Dave and I, with no ducks to distract us, talked indolently. We sat on a squared log, astonishingly hard; and when it wearied us, we moved down on the gravel, with our backs against the log, or climbed the bank behind the shelter for a better view abroad across the marsh. To watch for ducks that do not come is a drowsy business. A man has time to fill his eyes with beauty, and easy talk is of a part with the still indolence of such a day.

By and by between Dave and me a silence fell, and it rested with us peacefully for minutes on end. I broke it at last, not so much questioning Dave as thinking aloud.

"Merrymeeting Bay," I murmured. "Merrymeeting. That's a curious old name. I suppose it was suggested by the fact that two or three rivers come together here."

"Six of them," Dave corrected. "They meet here in the bay." He chuckled. "My father used to say they had a dance together down in the Chops. It's certainly a sight to see them on a moonlight night when there's a full tide and an offshore wind."

"Six?" I repeated. "The Kennebec and the Androscoggin and what others, Dave?"

"The Abagadasset," he reminded me, "and the Cathance"—he pronounced it Cat-hance—"and the Eastern, and Muddy River makes the six of them."

"It's a fine old name," I repeated. "But the bay might be named after the ducks, too, Dave. They have right merry reunions here on their way south every fall. You can hear them talking together at night all over the marshes—old friends exchanging greetings and the news of the air highways."

Dave nodded, and after a moment he grinned and stirred as though at a sudden recollection.

"Speaking about old friends, and merry meetings and all, did ever I tell you about Mr. Gillaspie?" Dave inquired.

A distant speck against the blue caught my eye. "There's a duck," I said, and we watched it for a space; but the bird went upriver to the east of us, with no regard for our decoys, and I found a more comfortable seat against the log.

"No," I told Dave. "What about Mr. Gillaspie?"

"Happy Brash is rightly the one to tell it," Dave said, chuckling.

Happy was one of Dave's guides, but I would not see him till the evening return to camp. In the meantime, Dave was here ready to my hand, and I had not to press him over hard.

Mr. Gillaspie had come to Dave's camps one day in October two years before. He telephoned from Boston to ask whether he could be accommodated, and Dave reassured him and gave him directions as to the somewhat obscure road which led down to the shore. Dave was not pleasantly impressed with Mr. Gillaspie's telephone voice or manner, but he has learned to be impervious. He prepared to make the man welcome and give him what shooting the next few days might afford.

Mr. Gillaspie arrived early Sunday evening. Happy Brash and Asa Niblock and the other guides had spent that day in Richmond or Brunswick or Bowdoinham, at their several homes, and Dave and Mrs. Bingham and a man named Luther were alone at the camps. Luther was a sport, an ancient patron of Dave's establishment, who had driven in an hour before.

These three were sitting in the dining room when Mr. Gillaspie announced his arrival by a blast on the horn of his car, and Dave hurried out to greet him.

"That you, Mr. Gillaspie?" he inquired.

And the newcomer said explosively, "Of course! You Dave Bingham?"

"Yes," Dave assured him.

"What a place to find!" Gillaspie ejaculated. "I've tried every rotten road in ten miles of here. Your directions weren't so good, Dave." He climbed out of the car and he and Dave began to remove his dunnage from the tonneau. There was a good deal of it—a suitcase and a shell box and a canvas bag and two guns and a pair of rubber boots. Dave noticed that the boots were new, the gun cases all unsoiled. He picked up the heaviest part of the load and led the way toward the camp prepared for Mr. Gillaspie's accommodation.

"Here's your room," he explained. There was a fire in the small stove and the little camp was warm and snug. "How'd you go wrong?"

In the lamplight he had his first clear view of Mr. Gillaspie. He saw a big man, broad and a little flabby, with a closely barbered head and a clipped mustache and a certain sleekness about his heavy cheeks.

"Came just the way you told me," Mr. Gillaspie retorted. "Took the first left out of Bowdoinham, and the second right. That brought me into a farmyard and mighty near mired the car. After that, I asked questions, and got in worse every time."

"You take the left at the foot of the hill in Bowdoinham?" Dave inquired.

And Mr. Gillaspie retorted: "You said the top of the hill!"

"No, the foot," Dave corrected.

"Say," his guest insisted, "I guess I know what you said!" His tone was truculent.

Now Dave is not a particularly submissive man; but Mr. Gillaspie was not only a customer, he was a guest.

(Continued on Page 30)

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

Partial List of Fruits

Sliced Pineapple Crushed Pineapple
Peaches Pears Apricots Royal Anne Cherries
Maraschino Cherries Fruits for Salad Plums Apples
Apple Butter Berries Jellies Jams Prunes

A new and delicious Peach Salad: Stuff Libby's Peaches with prunes and top with cream cheese put through a tube. Make a garnish by stuffing green peppers with cream cheese. Chill, slice, and decorate with strips of pimiento. This is a salad you'll be proud to serve. Its perfection depends upon the rich flavor of Libby's Peaches—picked on the day of full ripeness in sunny California. A convenient way to buy Libby's California Peaches now is three cans at a time

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 28)

"Why, I'm sorry if I told you wrong," he replied. "It's the foot of the hill."

Mr. Gillaspie snorted. "Well, I got here anyway," he exclaimed. "How about supper? I could eat a cow."

"We'll find you some," Dave promised, and went back to the dining room. By the time Mrs. Bingham had supper ready, Mr. Gillaspie appeared. He had changed his clothes, put on a brand-new gunning coat and pants and his new boots. Dave introduced him to Mr. Luther, and Mrs. Bingham set the supper on. Mr. Gillaspie ate heartily; but he said the coffee was too weak and the pie crust too rich, and Mrs. Bingham fluttered about him in some distress at her own shortcomings.

Dave remarked by and by, with a contemplative glance at the immaculate garb the other wore:

"Mr. Gillaspie, I don't know whether you ever played this game the way we do here. It's strange to a lot of old gunners. You see ——"

But Mr. Gillaspie silenced him. He knew ducks, he declared—had gunned all his life. "More trap shooting than anything else," he confessed. "I broke ninety-six yesterday afternoon, just getting my eye right for this trip."

His tone was so arrogant that Dave forbore to press home his instruction; and Mr. Gillaspie seized upon the conversation, held it firm. He told them proudly that he had driven up from Boston in a remarkably short time.

"Made Bowdoinham in three hours and thirty-nine minutes," he declared. "A hundred and fifty-one miles from my house. That's traveling, I tell you."

"You must have come right along," Dave agreed.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Gillaspie assured them. "I passed everything on the road." He laughed jocosely. "These pleasure drivers out for a Sunday afternoon spin—I surely had them scattering. When they heard my horn, they got out of the way like a flock of hens." He went into details.

"Down on the Newburyport turnpike I made twenty-two miles in twenty-six minutes. I made twenty-four miles in that half hour. I did eight and eight-tenths miles in ten minutes, one stretch, where the traffic wasn't so bad. Just put my foot on the floor and let her sing."

He paused for breath and Dave asked politely, "Cops bother you?"

Mr. Gillaspie chuckled. "I didn't meet but one, and that was in traffic—and no cop ever caught me from behind."

"You must have a good car," Dave remarked, in a tone without any inflection whatever.

Mr. Gillaspie laughed robustly. "A good old boat," he agreed complacently. "Say, when I step on her, she jumps right off the ground. Once in a while some darn fool tries to race me, but he don't get far." And he added, with an unpleasant satisfaction: "There was one of them, two or three miles this side of Brunswick. You know, you come down a kind of narrow grade ——"

Outside, another automobile rolled into the yard. They heard its engine roaring unevenly and Dave's attention turned that way.

Mr. Gillaspie asked, "Who's that?"

"Some of the boys coming back," Dave explained.

"Well, I was telling you," Mr. Gillaspie began again, "about this fellow that tried to race me. I was coming down that grade ——"

He was interrupted momentarily when the door burst open and Happy Brash and Asa Niblock came in. Happy was a red-headed youngster in his early twenties, and the temper to which the color of his hair gave evidence was ablaze just now. Dave saw this at first glance—knew it as well by the covert amusement in Asa's eyes as by the flame in Happy's—and he wondered what had happened to arouse the guide's ire. But he had no time to inquire; for Mr. Gillaspie, who had given only a glance toward the men at their entrance, raised his voice a little to command attention and continued with his tale.

"—— down that grade this side of Brunswick," he repeated. "There's a bridge at the bottom of it, and it's too narrow for two cars to pass. When I started down the grade, I saw this other car two or three hundred yards ahead of me. I was going two feet to his one and I gave him the horn." He paused to chuckle hugely. "The fellow driving thought he could beat me to this bridge, I guess," he explained. "Anyway, he didn't pull out or slow down. So I kicked her wide open.

"Well, sir," he continued with a vast gusto, "she ran like a rabbit. I came up alongside this chap as if he was standing still. The road is rough along there and he was bouncing all over the place. I didn't try to pass him for a minute just hung at his rear wheel to see what he would do—and then I saw the bridge ahead and I saw it was too narrow for two cars. So when we got pretty close to it, I just gave the accelerator a kick and slid by him.

"He was so near the bridge by that time that when I cut in front of him he had to jam on his brakes. I heard them scream. He couldn't quite stop in time, and I saw one of his lights go out when he hit the end of the bridge. He was lucky he didn't go off the road."

There was a moment's silence, and Happy Brash muttered something.

Then Dave asked, "Hurt anybody, did it?" His tone was noncommittal.

Mr. Gillaspie made a large gesture. "I didn't stop to ask," he retorted. "A fool like that doesn't deserve any consideration. I came right along."

Dave shifted in his chair, but no comment seemed to be required. He turned to the guides. "Well, Mr. Gillaspie," he said, "this is Happy Brash—he'll take you out tomorrow—and this is Asa Niblock."

Mr. Gillaspie looked at the two men and nodded casually.

"I thought you'd take me yourself," he protested, in a discontented tone.

"No," Dave explained. "Mr. Luther engaged me. But Happy here will show you some shooting."

Happy ejaculated with a curious vehemence: "Shooting! I'll say so! You stick with me and you'll see enough shooting, mister."

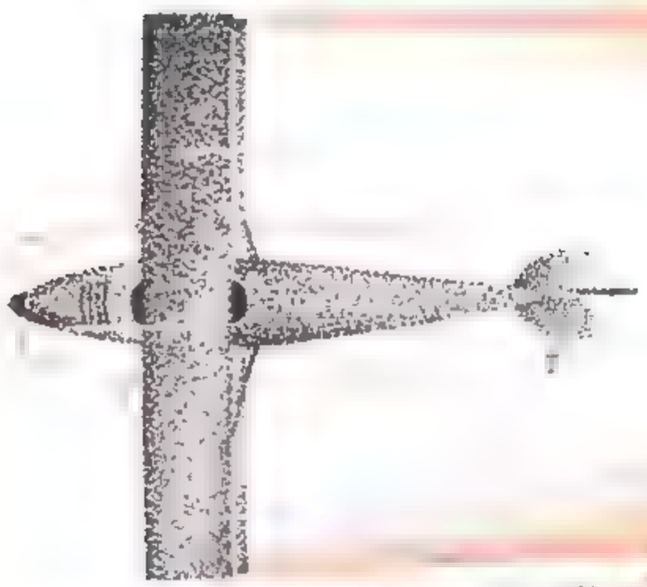
"I'd rather see a few ducks," Mr. Gillaspie replied.

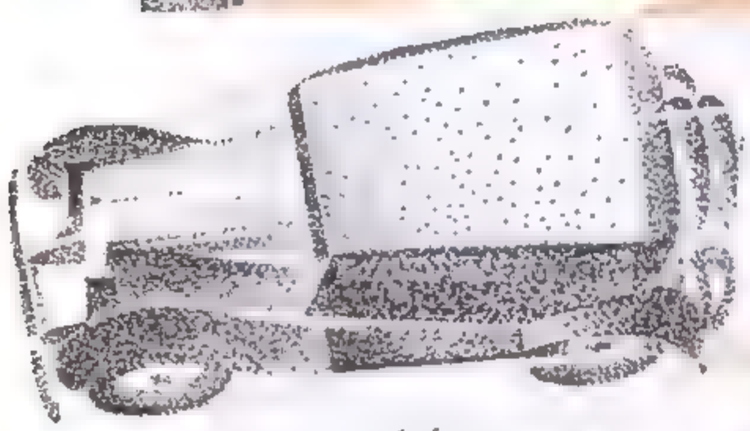
And Happy retorted: "Well, there'll be ducks enough to see."

Dave, watching the guide, thought there was an explosion dangerously near the surface and he looked from Happy to Mr. Gillaspie in some curiosity. But Happy said no more, so Dave rose.

"Well, we make an early start," he explained. "I'll have to get you up about quarter of four. Guess it's time we got to bed."

(Continued on Page 116)

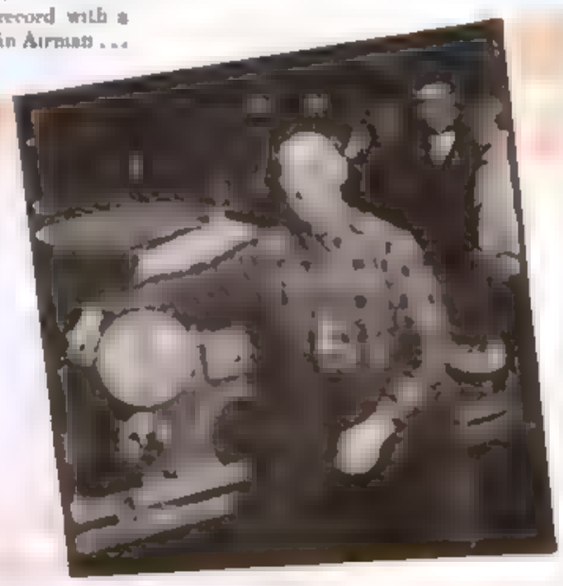




LADY LINDY, TOO! Like Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart chose Mobiloil to fly across the Atlantic.

OVER AFRICA'S Lincoln Highway: Gerry Bouwer drove a Mobiloil-lubricated Chrysler from Cape Town, S. A., to London and back without a single breakdown . . . *Rand Daily Mail Copyright.*

NO "OIL DRAG" HERE! Cannon Ball Baker cut 10 hours from the coast-to-coast and-return record with a Mobiloil-lubricated Franklin Airman . . . *Commercial Photographs*



"High Compression" but do you keep it? [*Oil's part in conserving power*]

"High compression" was built into your engine to give you an increase in horsepower for greater speed and quicker acceleration.

But you may easily sacrifice this advantage if you use an oil that is too light in body, or low in quality.

Such oils lack the rich, oily character needed to hold back the push of powerful expanding gases in high-compression engines. For every bit of force that is lost by gases tearing through the oil film, there is a corresponding loss in the power and pick-up of your car.

It may seem to you from this that the heavier the oil you use, the better compression you get.

Not so! . . . The fallacy there, is this: only a slight excess heaviness in an oil will cause the pistons to slow up. What you may gain in better compression with too-heavy an oil, you more than lose in "oil drag."

In studying your make of car, the Gargoyle Mobiloil engineers balanced a dozen fine engineering points like this against each other before they specified the grade of Mobiloil best suited to your needs.

Mobiloil lubrication means a great deal more than lubrication with the highest quality oil obtainable. It assures also a *balanced* lubrication based on a scientific study of the engine involved. Nothing is neglected. You are always sure with Mobiloil.

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928 Engine Summer	1928 Engine Winter	1927 Engine Summer	1927 Engine Winter	1926 Engine Summer	1926 Engine Winter	1925 Engine Summer	1925 Engine Winter
Auburn, 6-66	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" 6-cy. "	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
" other models	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Buick	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	A	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" open models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 6-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80	B	Arc	A	A	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" closed	A	Arc			A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Model A	A	Arc						
" Model T			A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models					A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lincoln	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" other models	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
					B	Arc	B	Arc
6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart—from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

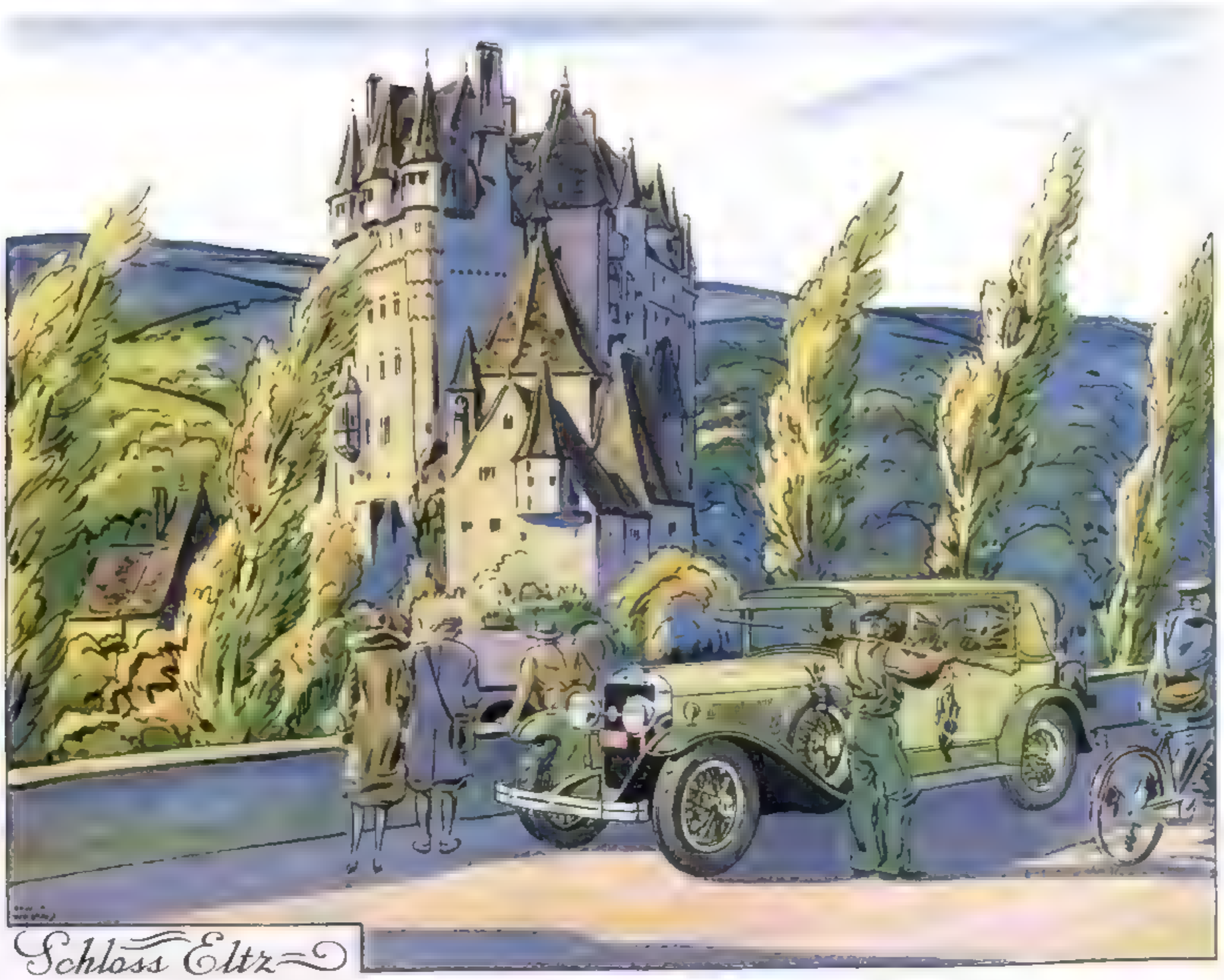
The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container



Only one other car in the world

provides

THESE VITAL SAFETY FACTORS

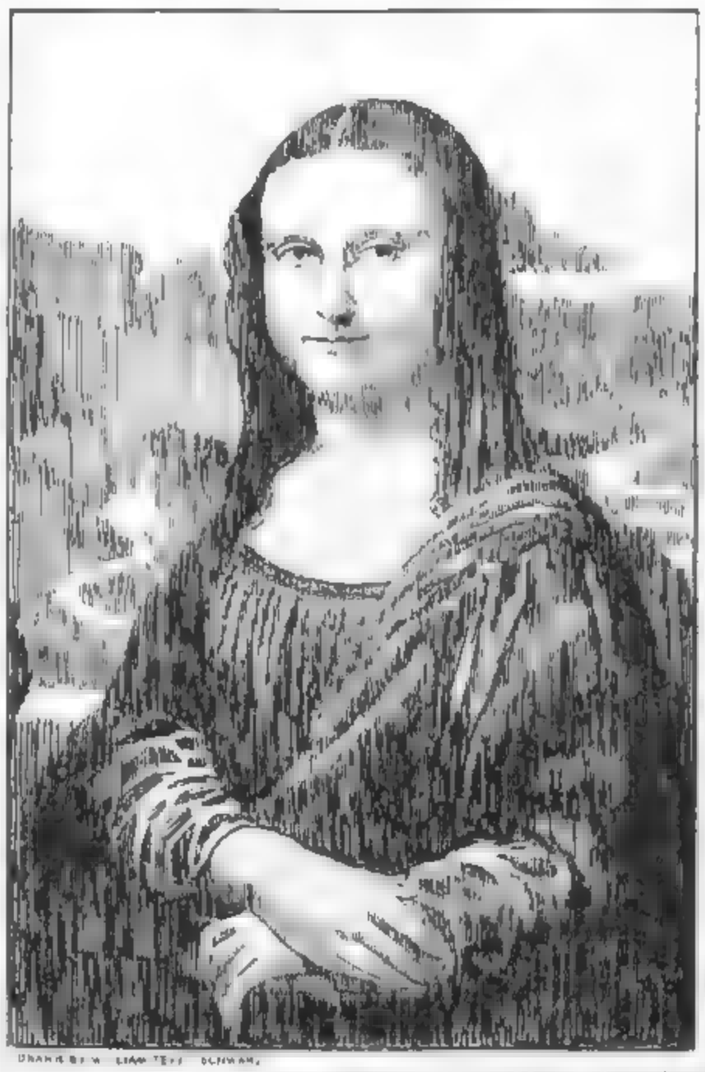
WITH the single exception of *Cadillac*, no other car in the world will afford you the degree of security attained by the new *La Salle* . . . ¶ For example, in time of emergency there is no more vital safety factor than the new Cadillac - La Salle Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission. This new transmission permits quiet, easy, instantaneous shifting of gears in the maze of city traffic or on mountain roads—at any speed—without pausing in neutral—and without the slightest suggestion of clashing . . . ¶ The second great safety feature is the Duplex-Mechanical System of Effortless Four-Wheel Brakes. No other cars have equal braking protection, because no other cars have brakes so powerful, so positive in action, so velvet-like in grip and so responsive to the slightest pedal pressure . . . ¶ The third rests in the fact that all windows, doors and windshields are equipped with Cadillac-La Salle Security-Plate Glass—so that you may forever dismiss from your mind any concern about being injured by flying glass fragments . . . ¶ Drive a new *La Salle* and you realize at once how vastly it differs from cars of other manufacture. Remarkable handling ease, perfection of control and a grateful sense of security advance it far beyond any motoring experience you have ever known.

La Salle is priced from $2295 to $2875 f. o. b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan. Enjoy the car now and pay out of income.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Division of General Motors
Detroit, Michigan Oshawa, Canada

LA SALLE
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE ART BOGY—By Gilbert Seldes



1504 *Mona Lisa (Leonardo da Vinci)* 1929

THE American business man, known in cultural circles as "that worm," has managed to put up a respectable fight against most of the attacks on his character. By definition, he is a thick-skinned animal -which is unusual in a worm and the thump of a critical brick on his hide is like the falling of a leaf. Let him be told that he does not know how to enjoy life or make his wife happy or bring up his children—he shrugs his shoulders and goes on his way. But he is vulnerable in one spot. Whisper in his ear "You hate art," and he breaks into unmanly sobs. Art is the mouse which sends this elephant into fits of impotent rage and shame.

It is an old reproach, and the American business man has answered it in many ways. He has wept and deplored his tone deafness; he has shyly crept out of his office to sit uncomfortably through recitals in the afternoons; he has walked eighteen holes in municipal art museums; he has attended teas. As prosperity came to him, he looked into art with a kindlier eye, bought some pictures, endowed a composer for a few years of study, commissioned a sculptor to make a bust of his daughter. And, turning pathetically on his accusers, he has hoped for a more gentle verdict.

"Pooh!" said the representatives of culture. "Bah! You think that you can compromise with art through your money. All wrong. You are merely doing all this as a means of self-advertisement, of exploiting your own personality. You do not appreciate art; you merely possess it."

It is open to suspicion that patrons of opera companies, backers of symphonies, contributors to museums, have often spent more time on these institutions of art and received more pleasure than their critics. But in the minds of the critics there remains the myth of the ancient patrons of art—the Lorenzos and the Can Grandes of the Renaissance, the courts of the French Louis; these are the only genuine article. Happily for themselves, these patrons are dead and not subject to social criticism. All we know of them is that their Cellinis and Leonardos complained bitterly of interference and insult, that popes and princes ordered their own heads or the heads of their favorites painted into sacred pictures in order to achieve a sort of immortality, and that rivalry and pride had a deal to do with the patrons' enthusiasm for art. In their own time the divine Pericles and the divine Phidias were both accused of pretty low motives; the golden age of the arts seems to have had a healthy respect for gold.

In the Dear Dead Past

BUT even if the American art patron is far below the integrity of the ancients, it is amazing that in all his efforts to cope with his accusers he has hardly ever said "Why not?" or "Suppose I do hate art?" or "Most of it's the bunk, anyway." It is clear from his actions that he has often felt these things. And what is more, he has been justified.

To the American business man, art has for a century been presented as something dead, foreign or remote from actual experience and reality; it has been hedged in behind social and moral barriers; for every time he has said of business: "You probably wouldn't understand it if I did explain," his wife and his daughter and their artistic friends have said a thousand times: "You'd never understand it. It's art." It seems at times as if the artists and their followers never really wanted the average man to understand them, that they deliberately were shrouding themselves in mystery, perhaps as a revenge on him. You seem to hear them say: "All right. You have your money and we can't get it. And we have art and we'll make pretty darn sure that you won't get it." And when, in the end, the average man didn't "get it" in every sense, the critics rounded on him and called him simply a worm.

Essentially art was offered to the American man as something dead. It existed in museums and was to be appreciated fully only after a careful study of a number of other dead things—languages especially. Art hung on walls or stood in statuary halls; there may have been a mysterious communication between one painting and another, or the plaster cast of the discus thrower may have danced with the bronze knife grinder at night after the custodian had left. Otherwise no sign of life existed in the lethal chambers of the museums. Voices dropped as people entered and children were told to tiptoe, because they were in the presence of the dead. If a man had shouted with terror at the sight of Michelangelo's Moses or with joy at his first glimpse of the Winged Victory, he would have been considered guilty of disrespect for the dead.

Secondly, art was remote in time, in space, in experience. What was done today could not by any chance be as worthy as what was done yesterday, and a painting three hundred years old was obviously better than one three weeks old. Once and for all time, there had been a great artistic civilization—in Greece. In Italy, some eighteen centuries later, a revival of Greek culture had produced the Renaissance. Everything else was dust and ashes. Patriots protested that the new American republic was at least as good as the old Athenian one; but no great artists rose, and people held to the idea that the past was the only appropriate setting for art. The past, of course, centered in Europe. All the good pictures were there, all the good statues; all the good music was composed and played there, and all the good books written and all the beautiful palaces built. It was useless for the American business man to pretend even to know what art was like until he had spent a few years in the museums and palaces and concert halls of the Continent.

And specifically, art had nothing to do with the American man's life. A senator in trousers was a politician; when he died he was modeled in marble, a toga was wrapped around him, and he became a statesman. For fifteen hundred years no one had worn a toga; no man in America had ever seen one worn; there were grave doubts as to how the Romans had worn them. Yet it was obligatory to put togas on statues—in order to prove that they were art by removing them from the experience of the common man. Individuals and communities might commission paintings to celebrate historic events, but everyone knew that these were only imitations of art and that true art had to be a picture of a *fête champêtre* or of Achilles being dipped in the Styx.

This was only a beginning. The business of shutting the business man off from any contact with art was enormously bolstered by the discovery that the artist was totally different from other human beings and that to appreciate art you had to make yourself different. Coleridge's words,

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise,

were applied to all artists, many of whom had fed on hashish and drunk the milk not of Paradise but of Champagne. The artist was isolated from common life, called a seer, a prophet, something sacred, and to be protected. He was not to be bothered with money affairs, nor with crass details of trains, food, clothes, barbers, servants, marriage vows, and the like. The justice and the propriety of all these claims for the artist may be admitted for the sake of argument; it would still remain true that the average business man was more and more shouldered out of the company of art. He had to catch suburban trains and quarrel with office help and make terms with labor unions and pay monthly bills by the tenth and eat cold meat if the cook left and be properly shaved every morning and get to bed fairly early to be fresh the next day. And if the artist lived in an entirely different set of circumstances, obviously there could be little communication between them. The artist was advertised as superior to common tasks, common morality, common intelligence; and then the advertisers of this superiority seemed surprised that the man of common tasks, common morals and common intelligence failed to appreciate his superior.

The Business Man's Revenge

IT WENT further. The common man was despised for not being an artist himself. The injustice of it ought to have made him laugh, but he cowered under the blow, and when he was told that his office furniture was ugly, got decorators to come in and make the filing room look like a boudoir. The barrier remained up. So long as he was interested in business, in getting on, in his family, his motor car, his golf, his politics—the whole complex of his life, in fact—he could not be an artist. So long as he was tired when he got home from the office at night, it was no use going to concerts. If his ears were accustomed to the slamming of elevator doors and to the rattle of riveters, if his eyes followed the course of freighters to Sumatra and round the Cape, if his hand could detect faults in the quality of a mainspring—his senses were everlastingly dulled to the perception of art. While he worked in an office through the hot summer days he had the pleasure of knowing that his wealth was doing some good, because three or four artists might be quartered on his estate by the shore.

One form of art the business man traditionally cared for—the theater. And it was promptly taken away from him. The common theater had to be transformed into the art theater before he could get any credit for liking it.

In a strange way the business man has had his revenge. For a century art was specifically a feminine interest in America; it meant to the average man a crowd of idle women clustering around a rather unkempt faker who gave them a sort of foolish thrill, either by talking about things they did not understand or by being mildly improper. And generation after generation the man stood aside and saw the things his women had praised go sliding down the chute to oblivion. Bulwer Lytton and Thaddeus of Warsaw and the Rogers groups and Mission furniture and Pre-Raphaelite painting and oozing leather for books have all been held up for admiration and have all disappeared. The slightly morbid art of the 1890's, the poets then called decadent—by

(Continued on Page 129)

As you rest in deep comfort in this pleasing living-room of Mr H. W. Prentis, Jr., you are conscious of the fine, old-fashioned charm of the Georgian period. Combined with this spirit of yesterday are many modern ideas you cannot so quickly sense. Walls, for example, are all insulated with Armstrong's Cork-board. Underfloors are concrete over steel beams, completely fireproof. And right at your feet is the most modern note of all—a quiet, springy, colorful floor of Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 89, laid with a two-toned border.

This Pennsylvania home depicts the Gracious Georgian Manner

Residence of Henning W. Prentis, Jr., Lancaster, Pa.
Frederick Houston, Architect, New York

NEAR the Lincoln Highway in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, is this fine example of Georgian architecture.

Stately in line and spacious, its white-painted brick exterior bespeaks Colonial days, gracious living, comfort.

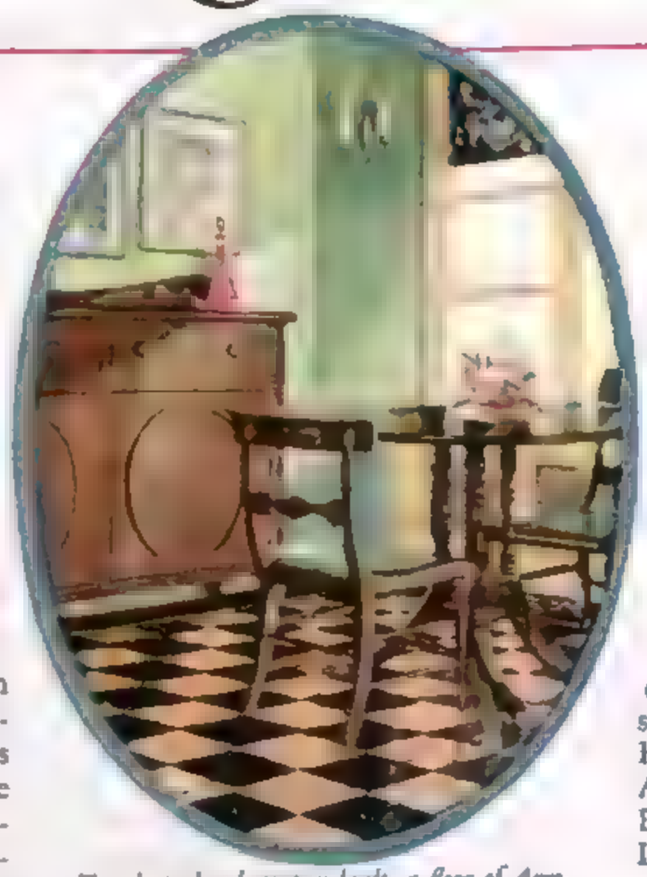
Yet with all its atmosphere of old-time charm, this pleasingly designed home represents the very last word in modern-day construction.

Particularly is this evident the moment you step into the welcoming foyer. The floor you walk on is not hard, unyielding, noisy. Rather it rests your footsteps, quiets them, conveys a sense of unexpected comfort.

You note, too, that this floor *looks* quite unlike the floors in the average home. It has a soft shimmer. It is unbroken by cracks, by seams. It simulates all the elegance of old French floors, its colors inlaid and hand-polished to a rich eggshell gloss.

As you go from room to room, a pleasing variation of floor color-tone and design meets your eye. But the same foot-easy quality is unchanged. Even the bathrooms, the closets, present a quiet, springy and delightfully colorful floor surface.

What is it? Certainly not linoleum as you used to think of it. But nevertheless linoleum—modern Armstrong's Linoleum, cemented in place the modern way over soft, builders' deadening felt. It's modern Armstrong's Linoleum laid over reinforced concrete underfloors to make a perfect, fireproof construction. It's Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum of the latest design, with colors inlaid to the burlap back so that they never scuff off, fade out, or need refinishing. It is the same Armstrong's



Trimly tailored, custom built, a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum should never need refinishing.

In the breakfast room of this Pennsylvania home the floor is Armstrong's Linoleum, Marble Inlaid Design No. 79.

* * *

Linoleum that is being used by decorators, architects, and home-lovers everywhere who strive for refreshing newness and spirit in the interiors they create.

You can see the new, exquisite designs in modern Armstrong's Linoleum Floors at stores near your home—department, furniture, and linoleum stores. And a letter to us enclosing 10c to cover mailing costs (in Canada 20c) brings you Hazel Dell Brown's new, 40-page book—a complete, color-illustrated story entitled, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 313 W. Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trademark on the burlap back

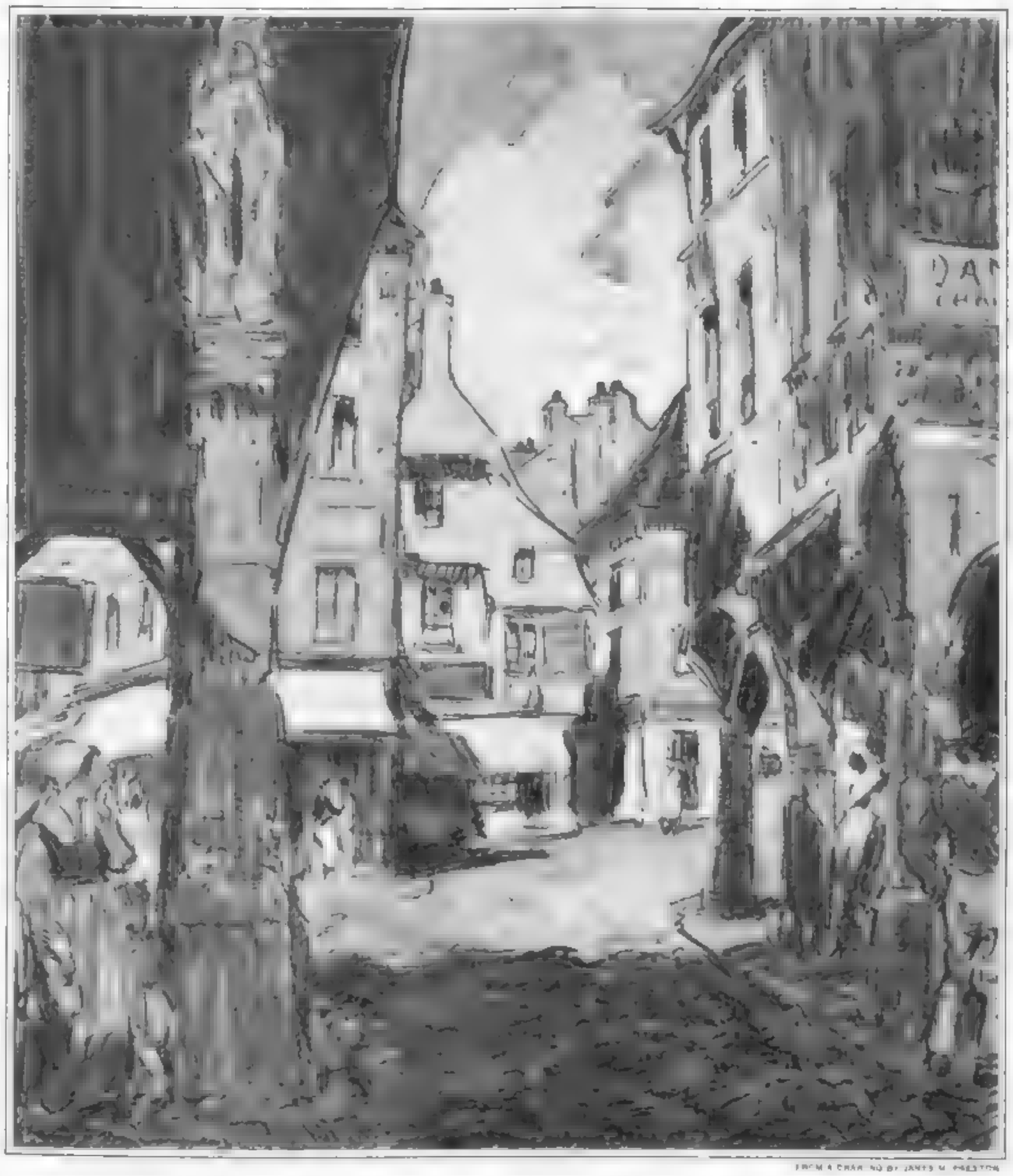
Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

My Old Blue Serge Goes Abroad

By Frank Parker Stockbridge



"BUY cash clo-o-o'!"

The raucous cry penetrated the closed windows of a whole block of Manhattan cliff dwellings, reducing all other sounds to mere whispers.

"Buy cash clo-o-o'!" Izzy Levitsky had begun his day's work and ruined mine.

"Where is that old suit you were going to send to the Authors League rummage sale?" I asked my wife.

"In the hall closet," she replied, muttering something about charity.

"Charity," I reminded her, "begins at home. We may need it, if I can't make that fellow pay me for time lost. How on earth can anybody write with that racket going on?"

It was no trick at all to catch Izzy Levitsky's eye. I merely opened a twelfth-story window. He was halfway down the block with his back turned toward me, but he saw my beckoning finger instantly. It proved to be a good deal of a trick, however, to pry the price of a typewriter ribbon from him in exchange for the highly polished blue serge suit which formed the basis of our negotiations.

"How much you want?" asked Izzy after a minute and critical inspection of the garments.

"Don't take a cent less than five dollars," called my wife from the dining room.

Izzy lifted his shoulders and extended his hands in a gesture of negation. "It wouldn't be worth taking away, gentleman," he protested, casting the suit disdainfully on a chair and turning toward the door. "Now, this coat, gentleman, I give you five dollars for that."

The overcoat which the open closet door had incautiously displayed had just set me back seventy-five legal-tender simoleons. It was my turn to be disdainful.

"Take your hands off that coat and make me an offer for this suit," I demanded, picking up the blue serge again.

"I give you seven dollars—for the overcoat," responded Izzy, waving my offer away. "That suit, now, I couldn't do nothin' with it at all. It ain't got no style to it. There ain't no market now for nothin' but high-grade stuff. I give you my word, gentleman, the only thing I could do with that suit would be for the export trade." He began to finger the overcoat again.

Catering to the Less Fastidious

"I TELL you, gentleman, I give you ten dollars for this coat," he persisted. He let go of it so reluctantly that the closet door pinched his fingers as I slammed it shut, leaving the blue serge outside.

"Make me an offer for the suit," I repeated, "and tell me what you mean by the 'export trade.'"

"There ain't nobody in this country would buy this suit, gentleman," replied Izzy. "They all got too much money. Even the colored fellows down South got it. That overcoat, now," he went on, with a covetous glance toward the closet door, "that's the kind of goods they buy up in Harlem an' down South. Nobody couldn't tell it from new. If you got a nice high-grade suit, now, maybe we could do business. All the rich gentlemen like you," he continued, ingratiatingly, "they don't wear their suits only two or three months. They look like they just came out of the store. That's the only things we got any market for now, outside the export trade. You got anything like that, I give you a good price."

"How much for this?" I demanded again, switching the conversation back to the blue serge. Izzy's shoulders went up again and his hands spread out appealingly.

"It's like I told you, gentleman," he said. "This suit ain't good enough for the American trade. The style ain't right. They ain't wearing 'em with vents in the back seam any more. It's no good only for export. I tell you what, gentleman, I give you thirty-five cents, and I lose money on it at that."

He thrust the garments from him with a gesture of finality.

"A dollar and a half?" I countered. Izzy, apparently convinced by now that the rest of my wardrobe was not for sale, raised his bid to half a dollar. I came down to a dollar, to the accompaniment of a snort from the dining room. My wife has never thought highly of my business ability. Izzy went up by nickels and I came down by dimes, until we closed the deal at seventy-five cents.

"I give you my card, gentleman," he said, beaming, as he shouldered the suit and opened the door. "You should have some fine clothes some day, you send for me. I treat you right."

In that fashion did my old blue serge suit become a commodity in the export trade of the United States. For I verified Izzy Levitsky's assertion that it was unmerchantable as an article of domestic commerce, and in doing so uncovered a trail which led not only to the least-known and most curious phase of international trade but also to the queerest commodity exchange in the world—the stock exchange of the old-clothes business.

You will not find the statistics of the over-sea traffic in old clothes under any such heading as "Blue serge suits, secondhand," but rather, if at all, under "Rags, bales." So far as the Commerce Reports and the Statistical Abstract of the United States go, it is an entirely unclassified business. But whereas government statistics credit the United States with the export in a single year of less than $700,000 worth of woolen wearing apparel, a single export house in New York in the same year shipped nearly $2,000,000 worth of old clothes to Eastern Europe, India, Africa, China, Japan and the Philippines.

That sum represents several times as many million garments The six bits which Izzy Levitsky paid me for my old blue serge suit is close to the average cost of such commodities to the exporter. Moreover, trousers are an inconsiderable item of the traffic. The poor, benighted Hindu of the well-known limerick still contrives to make his skin do for pants. The Egyptian fellah continues to rely upon the skirt of his caftan to cover his nether extremities, and a strip of gaudy print stuff suffices for trousers for the Kafir. But from the hips up the attire of a steadily increasing proportion of these and other inhabitants of the world's backwaters consists of the discarded coats and vests of the prosperous American citizenry which disdains to wear secondhand clothes unless they are practically new and in the height of fashion.

In a Sad State

THE state of the secondhand-clothes market may, indeed, be regarded as an index of national prosperity heretofore unconsidered by the economists. At present, in America, with surplus cash or credit in the hands of practically everybody, the supply of used garments is greater than ever; men and women alike discard them before they begin to wear out, following the slightest changes in the styles. At the same time the domestic demand is steadily declining, except for the very highest grades, practically indistinguishable from new. A few years ago the west side of Seventh Avenue in New York was practically lined with secondhand-clothing shops. In a stroll from Fourteenth Street to Forty-second along that thoroughfare the other day, I observed only one store which frankly announced its wares as secondhand, although an inspection of the stocks of several suggested that some of the merchandise hesitated on its way from manufacturer to retailer. Many of the same tenants are doing business at the same old stand, but their signs now read Merchant Tailor or merely Clothing, without the qualifying adjective of yore. And a comparison of the classified business directory of the New York Telephone Company for 1923 with that of 1928 proved equally illuminating: five years ago there were more than two pages of dealers listed under Clothing: Secondhand, as against only four names today under the same classification.

There are still outspoken secondhand-clothes shops and misfit-clothing parlors, but they are to be found chiefly in Southern centers of the Black Belt, in New York's Nigger Heaven above Central Park, on Chicago's steadily darkening South Side, and in the very poorest sections of the East Side tenement district. But even on the East Side the merchants' signs do not contain the word "secondhand." It does not take the newest immigrant long to acquire the current American repugnance to the idea of wearing someone else's clothes.

Motives of pride often fade before the urge of economy, however. It is not the pinch of poverty which sends the East Side to the secondhand-clothes mart so much as its

inhabitants' inherent sense of values. The business suit for which some stockbroker paid his Fifth Avenue tailor $175 and which its original owner wore perhaps a dozen times before his valet cashed in on it is a better piece of merchandise at forty dollars than the flashiest new two-pants suit in Jake Cohen's window at twenty-five dollars. But that sort of merchandise is the cream of the old-clothes trade. After it has been skimmed off as deeply as the American market will absorb it, there remains some 80 per cent of the nation's discarded garments, for which the only commercial outlets are the export trade and the shoddy mills. And eventually the other 20 per cent comes into those markets too.

The United States has been the center of the world's secondhand-clothing trade ever since the war. Up to 1914 London was the only export market, and much of the business done from this country is still financed through London. American bankers have not yet become sufficiently educated in this phase of foreign commerce to look kindly upon drafts upon obscure and unrated hole-in-the-wall merchants of Constantinople, Bombay, Capetown, Alexandria, Shanghai or Manila, especially when those drafts are against bills of lading for a commodity which, so far as official statistics go, is classified as so much junk. But London, with a couple of centuries of experience in the trade, looks at it differently. As every Butlerite knows, the business in which the hero of The Way of All Flesh embarked is a well-recognized and respectable one over there.

The outbreak of the war in 1914 put a stop not only to the collection of old clothes from all Europe for the London market but also to the shipments from London to the British colonies which were, and still are, the largest consumers. There was consternation among the secondhand-clothing dealers of South Africa as their stocks dwindled and the war dragged on. Without a continuing supply of merchandise, their business was ruined. They got together, from Capetown and Durban, Johannesburg and Kimberley and Pretoria, and delegated one of their number to go to America and see what he could scare up in the line of cast-off clothing. The man they picked was a young Russian Jew named Isador Sackstein, who had gone out to South Africa as a boy of seventeen in 1903. Sackstein came to New York in 1916, a forty-day voyage on a freighter from Port Elizabeth, dodging U-boats all the way, and America's export trade in secondhand clothes dates from the arrival of the young adventurer, who is still the principal factor in the business, though one or two others have since embarked in it upon a smaller scale.

"South Africa has to have secondhand clothes," Mr. Sackstein explained to me as he showed me through his five-story warehouse, packed literally from floor to ceiling with every imaginable kind of clothing in every possible state of cleanliness and repair and their opposites. "The natives go naked out on the veldt, but they are not permitted to enter the towns without clothes. They can't afford to buy new clothes, even if they wanted to. But they don't want them. They are highly superstitious, and believe that they may acquire some of the white man's juju by wearing garments which a white man has worn."

A Hard Test for Iron Hats

"SOUTH AFRICA wants light weights and bright colors," Mr. Sackstein went on, pausing before a machine which was compressing a pile of folded coats into a bale of the same general appearance as a bale of cotton, though smaller. "Coats and vests are all the natives buy, and they do not have to match. All our export garments are shipped separately, never as complete suits. The South African trade calls for coats which can be retailed over there for from twenty to fifty cents, vests which the natives can buy for sixpence. A bright red or gay plaid vest may bring as high as a shilling, and a prosperous native may wear two or three of them at a time. But nobody can make them wear pants. A piece of calico wrapped around to make a knee-length skirt is as far as they will go."

Frock coats are highly popular in South Africa, the exporter explained, but practically none get into the market any more In Central Africa there is a good market for old swallow-tail coats, one of which, with a silk topper and nothing else at all but the wearer's skin, makes a complete court costume for a chief of the Mountains of the Moon. These are not staples of the export trade, however. The secondhand plug hat is a perishable and almost non-shippable commodity, and the used derby almost as fragile, but the ordinary soft hat is standard and almost imperishable, even when baled.

"Manila and Constantinople are the principal ports to which used soft hats are shipped," said the exporter. "The Filipinos like the light grays and tans, the Turks and the people of the Balkan countries, for which Constantinople is the primary port of entry, prefer the darker hats. If the ribbon, binding or sweatband is so badly worn that a hat is not marketable, there is still a salvage value. We rip off all the trimming and sell them to the makers of women's hats, who dye and reshape them, and sell them as new to the feminine trade right here in New York. And when they are too far gone even for remaking, they go with old carpets and other coarse wool waste to the manufacturers of roofing felts."

The edict of Kemal Pasha abolishing Mohammedanism as the state religion of Turkey and adjuring all good Turks to adopt European dress and abandon the fez has greatly stimulated the demand in Turkey for America's cast-off clothes, as well as hats. The fez was the Turk's national headgear because every good Mohammedan is required to touch his forehead to the ground whenever he hears the muezzin sounding the call to prayer; a feat which is difficult in a fedora and impossible in a derby. So the best proof a Turk can give that he is an adherent of the new order is to wear a derby hat. For a time there was a considerable shipment of used and out-of-fashion derbies from America to Turkey, but now the Italians are supplying the Turks with new derbies more cheaply than they can be shipped from this country.

Individuality in Markets

CONSTANTINOPLE, Shanghai and Manila are almost the only ports to which secondhand trousers are shipped. "If they have holes in the knees they're no good," the exporter explained, "but a hole in the seat doesn't make so much difference; the coat will cover the patch." No effort is made at repairing old clothes before they are baled for shipment abroad. Needlework can be done much more cheaply in the country of ultimate destination, and the traffic would not stand the cost of American labor. When a coat has to be laid down in Bombay, carriage paid, for twenty cents, not much money can be spent at this end on conditioning it for shipment. A thorough cleaning is all that is attempted. On one floor of the export warehouse I saw piles of garments which had just come in, many of them filthier than I had imagined any clothes could be. On the other floors were similar garments which had been cleaned, and these lacked only pressing to make them presentable anywhere. A steam-laundry plant in the basement of the warehouse takes care of the dirtiest; the rest are run through a benzine bath. And before going on shipboard as cargo each bale goes through the disinfecting plant at the Bush Terminal, where all imported merchandise which is likely to carry diseases of animals or plants is also treated.

"The New York Board of Health regards the danger of infection from old clothes as negligible," said the exporter, "and so does not require them to be disinfected. Men and women work in the dust-laden atmosphere of the warehouses and cellars where they are first collected, and I have never heard of a case of illness from that occupation. But every country in the world except India forbids their importation without a certificate of disinfection; so we run them all through the works."

Half a dozen men were inspecting and sorting the cleaned garments, classifying them by weight, color and state of repair. The bales were stenciled with such inscriptions as Vests, No. 1; Jackets, No. 2; and the like.

"Sorting and grading is the most important part of this business," the exporter explained. "Single-breasted jackets are separated from double-breasted, for example; light weights and colors are packed for certain markets, darker and heavier goods to others. The quantity shipped in a single bale varies, too, according to the destination."

He pointed to a number of small bales, each marked 100 Vests, No. 1.

"Those small packages go to India," he said. "Dealers there cannot handle larger quantities at one time. Those 100 vests, worth in Bombay about ten cents each, delivered—perhaps thirty rupees for the bale—may absorb the entire liquid capital of the merchant who buys them. This is a business in which pennies count heavily. In Constantinople the secondhand-clothing merchants operate on a larger scale, and we ship larger bales to that market, to Egypt, South Africa and the Philippines."

"Do you do any business with South America?" I asked.

"Not in secondhand clothes," the exporter replied. "The Indians wear only blankets, and the mestizos have too much Spanish pride to wear them. They are like the Germans and French; those countries don't buy secondhand clothes, nor do the people of any other part of Western Europe. Only in the Balkans and in Russia is there any European market, and we can't get into Russia.

"Sometimes I get hold of job lots of out-of-style garments that have never been worn, and those sell in South America if the price is right; I am just shipping ten thousand light-weight suits to Venezuela. They cost the manufacturer from eight to twelve dollars a suit, but Americans won't buy them because of the narrow trousers; I am laying them down in Caracas at $2.25 a suit. A couple of years ago I gathered up all the left-over jazz suits to be found in America. You remember the style with slanting pockets and pinched-in backs? They represented a loss to the makers as much, in some cases, as forty dollars a suit. I shipped most of them to India, where they retailed readily for around fifteen shillings a suit, and everybody made a profit. But you can't always tell. South Africa would hardly touch them."

The African buyers of secondhand clothes are becoming critical of styles, he explained. The American movie films are largely responsible for that. After the Kaffir has seen a few pictures representing American business men wearing coats without vents in the back, he won't buy a vented jacket until the local dealer has had the seam sewed up. When the films show long coats the natives want them long; the recent trend toward the shorter jackets, my informant said, has cost the old-clothes men of Durban and Capetown a lot of money, cutting off the longer coats in their stocks to meet the change in fashion.

Military overcoats are in great demand in South Africa, said the exporter, but they must be long, heavy and double-breasted. "The native police love to wear them, whatever the temperature," he explained. On his desk was an announcement of a forthcoming auction sale of left-over military clothing by the War Department; a million and a half pairs of khaki breeches, corresponding quantities of overcoats, both the long ones and the short trench coats. And lying beside the document there was a cablegram from a dealer in Durban to whom the exporter had wired for a bid on these goods: "Forty-five cents for long coats; can't use short coats or breeches at any price."

Part of one floor of the warehouse was piled high with women's garments. "That's another tricky part of the business," said the exporter. "The foreign markets won't buy even brand-new women's skirts, but they will take used tailored suits and coats, no matter what the style. I bought up a lot of fine white woolen skirts a few years ago, when they were beginning to wear them shorter. Would any of these foreign countries buy them? Not for twenty-five cents apiece.

"Shoes are another tricky item. We can sell men's secondhand shoes in the Constantinople market, from which they go into the Balkans; they do their own cobbling. But they are making good shoes so cheaply in Europe now that there isn't much demand any more. Did you know that a manufacturer in Prague, using the Henry Ford methods of quantity production, is making high-grade men's shoes by the million and even shipping them to this country? Good shoes in every way, laid down in New York at a price which enables the retailer to sell them for less than four dollars a pair."

Wall Street for Old-Clothes Brokers

"THERE are literally millions of pairs of women's high laced shoes boxed and in the warehouses of the shoe manufacturers of America, with no market for them anywhere in the world. I took a flyer in that line a while ago. I didn't see how I could lose on 10,000 pairs at twenty-five cents a pair. I finally had to let them go to India for fifteen cents a pair delivered. The freight was eight cents a pair."

"Don't the freight charges eat up a pretty high proportion of the costs on clothing too?" I asked.

"Not so much as you'd think," he replied. "For forty-five cents I can send a hundred-pound bale from New York to Port Elizabeth, South Africa. It costs more than three times that to bring the same bale from Chicago to New York. The railroads used to charge only forty-five cents a hundred between those two points, which is the rate on rags. When they found that my goods were being resold as clothing they jumped the rate to $1.75, which is higher than the rate on new clothing. I've got the matter up now with the Interstate Commerce Commission. The new rate has almost cut off the Chicago supply of old clothes from the export trade. We have to rely now mainly on the supply from the North Atlantic seaboard."

"How does the stuff get to you?" I inquired. "Who does the first sorting out of the high-grade goods too expensive for the export traffic?"

"It comes to me from the wholesalers of old clothes, who buy from the street collectors," said Mr. Sackstein. "Sometimes I go into the market myself to buy. That's the Old Clothes Exchange, over on Elizabeth Street. Come on; I'll show you."

We hailed a taxi at the Broadway corner and rolled down to the most curious of all New York's commodity exchanges. Where Elizabeth Street ends at Bayard, just east of the notorious Five Points, a block off the Bowery and right around the corner from Chinatown, is the center of America's secondhand clothing traffic. It has its stock exchange, its curb market and its brokers' offices in close proximity, precisely like the great securities mart at Wall

(Continued on Page 141)

The next step forward in motion pictures

PARAMOUNT
ALL-TALKING PICTURES

QUALITY *is the word!*

PARAMOUNT speaks—and now you get the *last word* in All-Talking Pictures—so far ahead of anything you have seen and heard there is no comparison! But it is only what you would expect of Paramount, and there is no wonder in it or mystery about it when you realize that Paramount's *way of doing things* makes such a result inevitable. ¶ With "Interference" for example, Paramount took a great story (the play ran nearly a year in New York) gave it a finished, polished cast of stage trained stars (Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook, William Powell, Doris Kenyon) and direction by the man who first put sound in a modern motion picture (Roy J. Pomeroy). It simply *had* to be the best All-Talking Picture and it is! ¶ Watch for announcements of Paramount All-Talking SHOWS. With "Interference" you see and hear, in addition, quality singing and talking Short Features with Eddie Cantor and Ruth Etting. ¶ Silent, sound or dialog, *"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"*

PARAMOUNT ALL-TALKING SHOWS

consist of feature length All-Talking Picture, garnished with singing and talking Short Features, made in the quality Paramount manner. Watch for announcements of:

"The Doctor's Secret"

All-talking picturization of Sir James M. Barrie's stage success "Half an Hour" with Ruth Chatterton, H. B. Warner. *Complete Show* includes Elinor Glyn revealing what is "IT" and playlet, "One Word," by Joseph Santley.

Jeanne Eagles in "The Letter"

All-Talking adaptation of the stage success by W. Somerset Maugham. With O. P. Heggie and Reginald Owen. *Complete Show* includes Borrah Minnevitch and his Musical Rascals and Ruth Etting.

"Night Club"

All-talking, all-singing, all-wonderful production with Fannie Brice, Ann Pennington, Bobbe Arnst, Minnie Dupree, Pat Rooney, etc. *Complete Show* includes "The Pusher-in-the-Face" and The Giersdorf Sisters.

"Abie's Irish Rose"

With talking, singing and sound effects! Victor Fleming Production of the wonder play by Anne Nichols with Jean Hersholt, Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll. "Silent" or with Sound, a picture not to be missed.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.

Delco

Starting Motor

Keeping pace

with the automotive industry

Remy

All Delco-Remy products are serviced through the nationwide organization of United Motors

and keeping faith

The good reputation so firmly founded years ago by the Delco-Remy self-starter has been maintained and carried to worldwide fame through the development and manufacture of other Delco-Remy products for motor cars.

Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers brought about a revolutionary improvement in motor car riding comfort. Like Delco-Remy Starting, Lighting and Ignition they have been adopted as standard equipment by the majority of American manufacturers. Klaxon Horns have been known for twenty years as the safest, surest type of warning signal. The Dual Lock, the Delco Battery, and Delco-Remy Guide Lamps, all introduced within the past two years, already are recognized as important contributions to the industry.

Delco-Remy has kept pace throughout the industry's development by co-operating in every way with motor car builders. Delco-Remy engineers, working shoulder to shoulder with the manufacturer's engineering department, designed and re-designed Delco-Remy equipment to fit a given space and to perform a given job.

At the same time, Delco-Remy has always kept faith, with both manufacturers and public, by maintaining the most exacting standards of quality, precision and workmanship.

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, IND.

CARTOON AND COMEDY

"Alonzo! Stop Foolin' With Those Birds and Come Along! We're Late Now"

The One at the Pan: "Hold Him Right There, Kitty! My Admiration for Cats is Increasing Every Minute"

"Good Heavens, My Dear! Whatever Has Happened to Your Legs?"
"Oh, These Short Dresses Were So Embarrassing I Had to Have My Knees Lifted"

Professional Humorist: "What! You Don't Have to Operate? But, Doctor, I've Just Made a Contract to Write It Up"

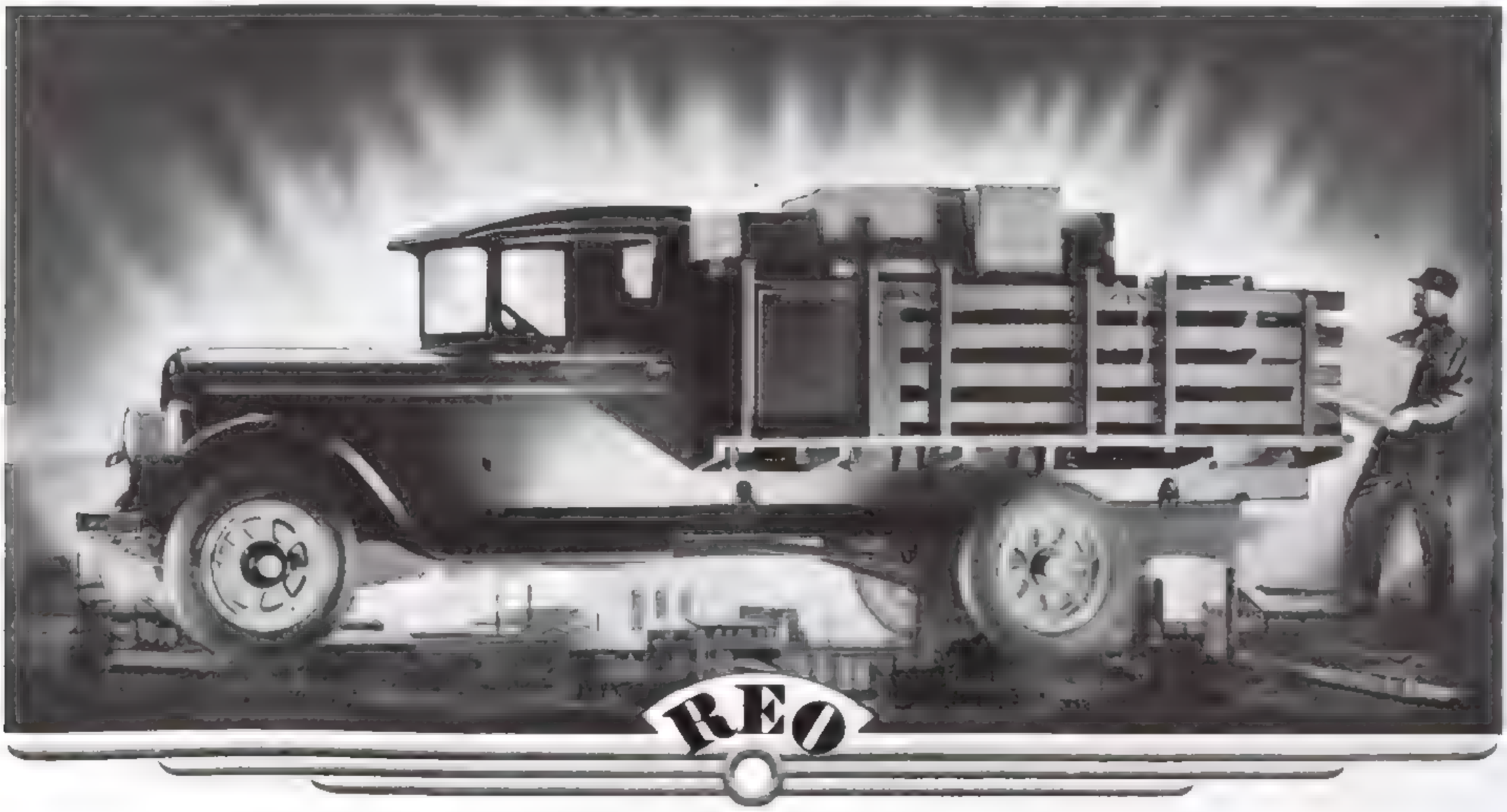
Do This Before You Buy

Check for These Three Points Which Experts Say Govern Hauling and Delivery Costs

1 Ample power for weight—for swift acceleration—ability to meet all traffic needs.

2 Hydraulic 4-wheel internal brakes—for safety to public, driver, owner, merchandise.

3 Low unsprung weight for greater tire mileage, easier riding and protection to load.



Only Reo Speed Wagons Offer All Three So Highly Developed

"Three basic things to look for," say Speed Wagon owners. "They govern operating and maintenance costs." We suggest this: Before you buy trucks, look for these three qualities. Make sure they are present to a generous degree.

Ample Power for Weight. Reo engineers have done more than provide powerful motors. Dead, useless weight is scientifically eliminated—so pay loads can be increased. Weight is matched with horse-power. The result is an utterly new kind of performance. For swift acceleration in traffic, in hill-climbing and above all in ability to move smoothly away under their loads without wearing strain. Thus Reo Speed Wagons last longer—make fewer visits to the repair shop. Speed Wagons perform like pleasure cars. So they hold to faster schedules, enlarge delivery or hauling radius and increase business.

Hydraulic Brakes. Keen competition requires fast service—with safety.

Speed Wagons offer the needed swiftness for service. In addition they offer the full protection of quick acting 4-Wheel Hydraulic Brakes for driver, public and merchandise. Light pressure on the brake pedal brings you *smoothly* to an instant stop.

Easy Riding for Load and Driver. The amount of weight below the springs is called "unsprung" weight. It largely controls riding ease—freedom from road shocks that wear out driver and damage loads.

Speed Wagons are Low Hung. Springs are long and wide. So drivers find unjolted comfort. Repair bills are reduced. Longer life is assured. Tire mileage is increased and damage to merchandise is minimized.

Whatever your problems in delivering and hauling, there is a wheel-base size and tonnage capacity in the Speed Wagon Line that will meet 93% of trucking requirements—13 wheel base sizes and 5 tonnage capacities from ½ to 3 tons. Prices $895.00 to $2150.00.

Accept This Offer. A Speed Wagon delivery and hauling expert will gladly call and discuss your problems. He will show you facts and figures on costs and service.

He will demonstrate how Reo Speed Wagons measure up to the three features that govern operating costs. He will let you put a Speed Wagon to your own tests. Start it! Step on it! Park it! Stop it!

Telephone the Reo dealer today.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Lansing, Michigan

SPEED REO WAGON

VALHALLA

By A. W. SOMERVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

AS I UNDERSTAND it, Valhalla is a sort of heaven for battlers, for fighters. They tell me the old Norse sea kings and rovers—the vikings—believed it was a sort of home terminal; that there they would get a written agreement guaranteeing them twenty-four hours each day of fighting, drinking, eating and raising sand. So I've titled this story Valhalla, partly because the place where most of the following happened was shown on the time card as Valhalla and partly because the story seems to fit the meaning of the word. At least, it seems that way to me.

Some of the following I took part in personally—meagerly would be a better word. But Johnny Griswold, a freight conductor, really made the yarn.

He told me details I didn't know, showed me what the continuity should be, painted the picture. Griswold was the man who, so to speak, tied the tale up in a neat package and handed it to me on a platter. About all I've done is punctuate it.

Johnny was a freight conductor, as noted. Also, he was a walking personal-record book for everyone connected with the railroad: also, of how things happened, and why. He knew how to connect personalities and incidents together until you could visualize, as you would watch a movie, the effect of certain men on the progress of certain events. Only he got under your hide a lot deeper than any movie I've ever seen, for his stories had the bitterness and the strength of reality in them, and a splendor which was crude, perhaps, but never artificial.

Everybody on the railroad knew how Burden, an oil chief, tried to cross our main line at Valhalla. Everybody knew, too, of the part Old Man Knuckles and his mutt played in the final scene. It was interesting, but it was just an incident, or, at most, a couple of incidents. Griswold linked things together—things that most of us hardly guessed at—and he made me see the background for that last scene; made me understand that the territory Old Man Knuckles and his mutt battled for amounted to an empire; if the area north of Valhalla had been a second Kimberley it wouldn't have been much richer.

Have you ever seen a sunset block out the Continental Divide? You can imagine it, if you care to; the greatest monument in America belittled in height, outdone in majesty, overcome in splendor by a background. That's all—just a background. Griswold gave me a little of this when he told me the yarn. Here you are:

Old Man Knuckles was the division superintendent; he was also the toughest guy on the railroad, hard as a boot heel, tempered like tool steel. He never backed down from a fight; in fact, he was always bearing down on one. Not picking fights, understand, simply not avoiding them. I guess he liked to fight.

Fundamentally, right down to the bone, he was a fighter. It redeemed any other of his qualities that required redemption. These were legion. I don't mean to imply that he was dishonest, for Knuckles shot square with those who shot square with him. Treachery, of course, was utterly foreign to the man. But don't get the impression that he would do to model children after; it just wouldn't do. The virtues consistent with a certain type of manhood—the kind of hard-headed, hard-fisted manhood that put this country on the map—these virtues he had in abundance. With ingrown virtues he held no traffic. As Griswold put it, he would have made a damn good pirate.

There Undoubtedly Was Some Bond Between the Two—Admiration on the Part of the Man, Utter and Unquestioning Loyalty on the Part of the Dog. And Something More—They Were Both Fighters

Between two and three years before the climax to this story—Johnny told me the exact date, but I fail to remember it—it seems that Knuckles met No. 23 at Alamore. He happened to walk past the baggage car and he heard something going on inside that didn't sound favorable to his ears. He climbed inside and this is what he saw: The baggage-smasher was having a little sport at the expense of a young police dog—a German shepherd dog. The pooch was tied up and the baggage-smasher had a pole. The man would prod the dog with the pole until the pup worked himself into a sweat and would snap and snarl and try to get at his tormentor. When the dog quieted down, the man would prod him again. Old Man Knuckles didn't do a thing to the baggage-smasher except nearly break his neck and remodel his face.

Knuckles was the superintendent, but from Alamore to Cowtown he smashed baggage and enjoyed it. He said afterward it was the only job on the railroad he hadn't tried his hand at, and that now his education was complete. When they came to Cowtown and pulled into the terminal, the owner of the dog came up to see how the pooch was getting along. Knuckles had delegated the baggage busting to others more initiated and was leaning up against the car getting pointers on handling trunks with no handles.

"I'd like to get my dog," explained the man to Knuckles, after the Old Man gruffly asked him if he was trying to get run over by a truck.

"Police pup?" asks the Old Man.

The man described the mutt, gave the name on the tag.

Knuckles climbed over a couple of trucks and a ton or so of baggage, got the dog, crawled back over the trucks and the trunks with the dog in his arms.

"You're not the man I turned this pup over to," said the owner. "I told that baggageman I'd give him a couple of bucks for taking care of him."

"That guy got sick," said Knuckles. "I'm the guy that took care of him." The man wanted to give Knuckles money. Knuckles took it and grinned. He asked the man what he was going to do with the mutt.

"Well," said the man, "I'm going to turn him over to a friend here in Cowtown. I'm going to try to make a show dog out of him."

"A what?" asks Knuckles.

"A show dog," explained the man. "Show him at dog shows. He's got good points, got fine papers. If he knocks off some blue ribbons I can clean up by putting him out at stud."

"Oh," says Knuckles.

The two men and the dog were standing close in to the car, waiting for the trucks to clear away. The man took the leash and started to lead the dog off. The dog spread his legs and nuzzled up against Knuckles' knees.

"You took good care of him," observed the man. "He knows better than to make up to strangers."

Knuckles gave the dog a couple of pats that were more like wallops. Just then the baggage-smasher with the ruined face came out of hiding. The man that owned the dog recognized him. The dog recognized him too; he crouched and snarled.

Somehow this man, the owner of the dog, suspected what had happened. He knew dogs, I suppose. He asked point-blank if the baggageman had been teasing the pup. Knuckles admitted that such was the case.

"And you beat him up for it," says this fellow.

"Don't mention it," says Knuckles. "It was a privilege."

"You work for the express company?"

"I work for the railroad," answered the Old Man.

"Tell you what," says this man. "I appreciate what you've done. I'd like to send a letter to the management; tell them about this. You give me your name and what you do, and I'll sure tell them about this."

Old Man Knuckles grinned. "That's a good idea," he said.

"What's your name?" asked the man.

"Jonathan Lowell Knuckles," says the Old Man.

"What do you do?"

"I'm superintendent, Prairie Division," says the Old Man.

"No joking," says the man; "what do you do?"

"That's what I do," says Knuckles.

The Old Man had to give him his card before the man was convinced.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he says. He introduced himself, said his name was Carlysle. Thanked the Old Man enthusiastically.

"I suppose this is your business car?" says Carlysle, meaning the baggage.

"It's better'n the one I got," says the Old Man.

Carlysle finally started to leave. The dog didn't want to go.

"He sure likes you," says Carlysle.

"He's a smart mutt," says the Old Man—"smart as a whip. He's a fighter, too; that baggage-smasher didn't have him bluffed."

(Continued on Page 44)

$1895

New, Different, Distinctive

PEOPLE are the most important thing in the automobile business. Automobiles themselves are but means to an end. People are changing. Therefore cars must be better. People demand more of automobiles in ease of handling, room and comfort, efficient performance and greater durability. In short, people want more value for less cost. At the same time the standards of living have risen, and people want finer cars. The test of any automobile then, is not what its builder thinks of it, but what the public of today (not yesterday) thinks of it. That Auburn has accurately sensed the changes in public requirements is evidenced by the widespread reception accorded the complete line of new Auburn series. They DO give unheard of values for less. Sensationally less! They DO offer more room, comfort, power, and durability. Decidedly more! That is why Auburn simply asks you to COMPARE and if Auburn does not sell itself you will not be asked to buy.

SIX $995
120" wheelbase

Straight Eight $1395
125" wheelbase

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of Aviation is vital to American progress.

6-80 Sedan $1095; 6-80 Sport Sedan $995; 6-80 Cabriolet $1095; 6-80 Victoria $1095; 8-90 Sedan $1495; 8-90 Sport Sedan $1395; 8-90 Speedster $1495; 8-90 Phaeton Sedan $1695; 8-90 Cabriolet $1495; 8-90 Victoria $1495; 8-90 7-Passenger Sedan $1595; 120 Sedan $1895; 120 Sport Sedan $1795; 120 Speedster $1895; 120 Phaeton Sedan $2095; 120 Cabriolet $1895; 120 Victoria $1895. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. *Freight and Equipment Extra.*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 42)

"Like to own one like him?" asked Carlysle.

"I'd like to own him," says Knuckles. "What'll you take for him?"

"I've got some puppies with the same papers," says Carlysle. "I'll give you one of them."

"Thanks," says Knuckles. "I'd just as soon not. I'll buy this dog offa you, though. What'll you take for him?"

Carlysle studied a while.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said finally: "You keep him. He's yours."

"How much you want?" asked the Old Man.

"I won't sell him," said Carlysle. "He's yours."

"My Lord, man," says Knuckles, "he's worth something. Tell me what you'll take for him."

"He's worth a whole lot," replied Carlysle. "I raise these dogs out on my ranch; it's a sort of hobby with me. I've got three of them that have won blue ribbons almost everywhere I've shown them, and I've made good money by putting them out at stud. But I don't sell them—not as a rule. I've never yet had a dog of mine make up to a stranger like this one has to you. He's yours. Let's not argue about it." He handed Knuckles the leash. "I think you'll do a lot better by him than I would," he concluded.

That's how Knuckles came to have the dog. He asked Carlysle what the pup was named.

"Cherubim," says Carlysle.

"Cherubim!" says Knuckles. "Now if that ain't one hell of a name for a good dog!"

"He's not too old to have his name changed," says Carlysle.

"His name's Bum from now on," declared the Old Man.

Knuckles took the dog home. As soon as he had left Carlysle he said to the dog, patting him: "One thing I'll promise you, old war horse: You'll never see the inside of a dog show."

Griswold told me that he thought one of the main reasons why Knuckles wanted the dog was because the idea of a fighting dog winning blue ribbons and rubbing noses with lap dogs, maybe competing with them for prizes, gave him a most acute pain. Knuckles knew nothing about dog shows; he probably thought Mexican hairless, Pomeranians, and other deliberate incubations and female toys of the dog kingdom actually competed with real dogs.

Bum was the dog's name from that date on. Knuckles lived in a new subdivision of town; he had a big yard, so the dog was pretty well fixed. He got plenty of exercise, because Knuckles was crazy about him and liked to play with him. J. L. Knuckles' idea of play would hardly have found favor with a lap dog, but it suited Bum perfectly; in fact, Bum thrived on it.

It was play to Knuckles, but it was training for Bum. One thing led to another. The Old Man was always figuring out something for the dog to do. Carlysle helped him; told him what methods to use. You know, of course, that two-thirds of a dog's training is over when the dog believes in the man that is training him. This dog believed in Knuckles, wanted to please him; Bum's one aim in life was to win the approbation of the Old Man.

It wasn't long before the dog had a vocabulary. I expect he knew the meaning of some fifty or sixty words—maybe more. He had a fine head; he looked smart; he was fearless and intelligent. He was proud as an Arab stallion and his muscles were whalebone. Knuckles had a reputation for maintaining discipline among the hired hands, making them live up to the agreements, to the letter of the Book of Rules. Bum was trained and disciplined along parallel lines: he was held to the letter of the law. He must do exactly what he was taught to do—do it quickly, to the best of his ability. If he failed in any way Knuckles disciplined him. Like this:

"Wadda you mean, you blankety-blank son of a so-and-so?" the Old Man would bellow. "Five times already I've stuck both my thumbs in the air an' I've walked you back to your shanty, and I've explained it to you, you blankety-blank flathead, in words of one syllable! When I close my fists and hold up my thumbs, it means 'Tie up! Crawl in your barrel; we're through for the day; we quit!' I'll give you a twenty-four-hour lay-off for dumbness. If you make another bust I'll give you forty-eight. Nothin' to eat either. Git!"

Bum would retire to his kennel as near tears as dogs ever get. He didn't slink, but he wouldn't hold his head very high and his tail didn't wag. He would go to his kennel and the little fenced-in yard, and there he stayed. He wouldn't come out until Knuckles told him to come out. Don't ever let anyone tell you that dogs can't think. This one could. When Knuckles let him out at the end of twenty-four hours, the pooch generally had figured out what he had done or hadn't done. Griswold was there when Knuckles let him out after the incident mentioned. Johnny handled some of the local grievances for the Brotherhood. He said Knuckles let the dog out and led him out to the middle of the yard. Bum walked along as proud as Lucifer.

"I'll give yuh another chance," says Knuckles. "Heads up, Bum!"

The dog cocked his head to one side, pointed his ears, watched the Old Man closely. Knuckles stretched his arms straight in front of him, closed his fists, let his thumbs stick straight up. Then the Old Man led him back to the kennel, made him lie down. Then he brought him out in the middle of the yard again.

"He'll do it this time by himself," Knuckles told Griswold.

"He's been in that kennel a day and a night with nothin' to eat?" asked Johnny.

"Yeah," says the Old Man.

"I bet he won't do it," said Griswold.

"You better save your money," answered the Old Man.

Knuckles said, "Heads up, Bum!"

Then he stuck his thumbs up. The dog looked at him for a minute, thinking, then he turned and went back in the kennel and stretched out. Knuckles walked back to the kennel, patted him, brought him out in the yard, and the dog did it again. Knuckles patted him, talked to him, made him do it again. After that he gave him a whale of a good feed.

I've said the dog had a vocabulary. Most police dogs are trained in German, but Bum was trained in railroad talk. If the pair were out walking and Knuckles said "Couple up," the dog would heel—walk close behind—and stay close behind until the Old Man would say "Pull the pin." Then Bum was free to range around.

The roof of Knuckles' front porch was almost twenty feet from the ground, but Bum could get on that roof. The Old Man would stand near the porch and point up, and say "Climb high!" The dog would get a start in the front yard and up on that roof he would go. For a long time, though, when Bum was learning to jump, he couldn't make the roof, and after he'd come slithering down—generally ending up on his nose—the Old Man would pat him, buddy up to him, and end up by telling him that if he was going to make the ruling grade he'd have to get up a little more steam. One Sunday afternoon Knuckles was telling a couple of friends about Bum not having the steam to get over this ruling grade, and Bum heard the talk. Knuckles heard the dog barking out in front a few minutes later, and he went around the house—they'd all been out in the back yard—and there was Bum up on top of the porch. He'd made the grade all right and he wanted the Old Man to know it. Don't tell me that dog couldn't understand words or couldn't think.

Griswold said he has one very distinct recollection of Bum's training. He had gone out to see the Old Man one Sunday to try to get him to put a brother conductor back to work; to put in a good word for a man who had been laid off. The Old Man was out in the back yard with Bum.

"You're just the guy I'm lookin' for," says the Old Man.

"Want me to do something?" asked the conductor.

"Yeah," says the Old Man; "put these fightin' clothes on. I just got 'em yesterday; haven't tried Bum with 'em yet."

Johnny said the clothes were a big coat and a bigger pair of pants, made out of heavy burlap and padded with pressed cotton. They weighed thirty or forty pounds, they

(Continued on Page 46)

Bum Didn't Fight as a Bulldog Would Fight; He Fought as the Wolves That Sired Him Would Fight

In modern life, the HUPMOBILE has made its own place . . . at Pierre's . . . at the dock of the Ile de France . . . before the cubist towers of downtown. For the HUPMOBILE took twenty years of mechanical supremacy and topped it with an idea that rocked the motoring world to its foundation . . . the idea that a motor car must be more than comfortable, more than handsome, even more than beautiful . . . it must be *smart*.

So, under the smartness of the New HUPMOBILE, you find the irresistible thrust of a magnificent engine sheathed in a velvet cloak of silence . . . Beneath its chic, the steely stamina of a chassis that takes the years as it takes the hills . . . in its stride . . . And back of its sparkling aura of modernity, a generation of integrity that admits of no compromise with worth; that allows no margin of chance to edge its excellence.

The Six $1345 to $1645 . . . . . The Eight $1825 to $2625 . . . . . Prices F. O. B. Factory Equipment, other than standard, extra

· *THE NEW* ·

HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

(Continued from Page 44)

were padded so thickly. Johnny wanted to please the Old Man, and Knuckles swore he wouldn't get hurt, so he put them on. Bum was watching all this with his head cocked over to one side, his ears shoved forward, and he looked as wise as a dog can look. Knuckles found a baseball mask and a pair of heavy leather gloves and a stick.

"Now," says the Old Man, "you go around the corner of the house there, an' all of a sudden you run at me like you was goin' to crock me. Don't let that mask get loose, 'cause I'd hate to have you look any worse than you do."

"Wait a minute," says Griswold. "Does that mutt know what he's supposed to do? I can't run very long with all this tonnage."

"Sure he knows," says the Old Man. "I had my wife fix up a suit something like this an' I hired a guy to wear it. Bum—he tore that suit up in no time."

"You better get that guy back," says Griswold. "He'd be able to do it better than me. Besides, the dog's used to him."

"He quit," says Knuckles, patting Bum.

"Did he, now?" says Johnny.

"Yeah," says the Old Man. "He wasn't hurt bad, neither."

"The hell he wasn't," says Griswold.

Johnny said he had misgivings, but he figured it would look bad if he backed down. Also, he figured the Old Man was trying to get his goat. He took the precaution of seeing that the mask was tied on good and tight, made sure the coat was padded all over, also the pants. Then he rushed around the corner of the house and ran at Knuckles as though he were going to cold-crock him.

Knuckles turned toward him and shouted to Bum: "Get him!"

Griswold swore that the dog was more than fifteen feet away, but that he is positive the mutt jumped the entire distance. Bum was more than a year old. If he had lived on a diet of nails he wouldn't have been any harder. He was big and he knew his business. He hit the conductor in the chest like a projectile and his jaws closed on the hand that held the stick. Griswold was knocked down. The dog came at him so fast he was caught off balance and the mask came off. Griswold said that if Knuckles hadn't called the dog off, the mutt would probably have bitten his head off. Bum let loose and trotted back to Knuckles, and the Old Man swatted him a couple of times and buddied up to him. Johnny says he got out of those clothes a lot faster than he got into them.

"Don't take 'em off," says the Old Man. "We'll try it again."

"Like hell we will!" says Griswold.

Johnny checked himself up to see how many times he'd been bitten, and found that the dog had put his teeth right through one of the heavy gloves.

"We'll put some iodine on it," says Knuckles. "It's just a scratch."

The two men went inside the house and painted the so-called scratch.

"I'm gonna make him gunproof next week," says Knuckles. "He ain't afraid of a knife or a club now, an' if I tell him not to be afraid of a gun, he won't be afraid of it, neither. That dog's as smart as a man; he whipped two collies an' one hound that I know of, yesterday."

"They're fightin' dogs," says Johnny. "I'm speakin' from experience."

"He ain't mean, though," says Knuckles. "He's just as friendly with people I tell him is all right. He don't buddy up to no one, though. He's all right until someone does something he knows ain't supposed to be done, an' then he plays general hell."

"You let him run around loose?" asked Johnny.

"Sure," says the Old Man. "He's a trained dog. I don't tie him up. He knows he's supposed to stay around the house when I'm not here. He stays inside the house when I'm out on the road. He won't eat unless either me or the wife feeds him. He won't leave this place when I'm not here, unless it's to run a dog off. All the dogs around here know better'n to bother him now. He's had some damn good fights."

"Ain't he liable to follow someone an' get stolen?" asked Griswold.

"Haw, haw!" says the Old Man.

Griswold said he then brought up the subject of the conductor who had been laid off. Knuckles said no, he wouldn't put him back to work. Knuckles then thanked him for the help, said he was sorry about the bite. Griswold left.

The next time Johnny remembers seeing Bum was at Valhalla during the boom. Valhalla was just a wide place in the road—just a flag stop—when they found oil, you might say, right on the station platform. It was the first oil found along our right of way; it was one of the first big fields in our section of the country.

Overnight, almost, there was a demand for industrial tracks, for loading and unloading facilities, for switch engines and a good-sized yard. Temporary spurs were laid down, storage tracks built, a freight house erected—everything was done in a hurry. Things got in such a mess that Knuckles sent his wife to visit some friends and he came down to Valhalla and made it his headquarters. Had his dinky little business car spotted out of the way and lived there. He brought Bum with him.

A boom town such as Valhalla is not an ideal location for studying sweet innocence and purity, but Knuckles had never been particularly interested in either. He came to Valhalla to get some sort of order out of insanity and too much money, and he did it. A week after his arrival the oil men only had to pay switchmen fifty dollars to get a car spotted, where before they had paid from one to two hundred, and a real effort was made to spot the cars within a week after they were promised. Two weeks after he got there the cars didn't cost the consignee anything to get spotted and they were spotted the day they were promised. Old Man Knuckles did a good many things; in fact, he worked wonders. Sometimes he did it with his fists.

He'd walked uptown one day with Bum and he was coming back through the yard. He saw a scissorbill throw a wooden chuck under a wheel instead of climbing up and setting the hand brake.

"Hey, you!" he shouted. "Climb high!"

"That wheel's scotched," says the switchman.

"You climb high!" says the Old Man, walking over toward him. "We don't railroad like that around here."

The switchman was a boomer. "That's good enough for this place," he said.

"It's not good enough for me," says Knuckles. "Up on top with you!"

"You go to hell," says the switchman contemptuously.

The Old Man turned to Bum. Bum was growling and the scruff of his neck was up.

"Go tie up!" says Knuckles to Bum, holding his thumbs up.

The pooch growled but trotted off. He stopped about fifteen car lengths away and watched Knuckles knock the boomer down four times before the boomer decided the best thing to do was to set the hand brakes. Then Bum went on to the business car.

When the switchman came down from the roof, he says, "I quit!"

"Whadd'ya wanta quit for?" demanded Knuckles.

"I ain't no punchin' bag," mumbled the man.

"Aw, you don't wanta let a little fight get your goat," says the Old Man. "Say, if I couldn't have a fight every so often I'd quit myself!"

That was a sample of how Knuckles got order at Valhalla. Occasionally he went uptown, and when he did Bum was always at his heels. Knuckles was offered as high as five hundred dollars for the dog more than once, but the Old Man would as soon have parted with an arm. Some oil men tried to get Knuckles to let Bum fight a bulldog for them—a regular fight; betting, and so on—but Knuckles wouldn't consider it. However, when Bum met this same bulldog uptown one sweet day, and said bulldog was quarrelsome, Knuckles didn't hold Bum back. Bum was some two years old then, a smart fighter. The bull was in ribbons when the men stopped the fight. Knuckles didn't stop it.

Bum was a dignified mutt, in a way. He was marked from fighting—both his ears were shredded and he bore some honorable scars—but he was a dignified-looking pooch just the same. Griswold said he often wondered what the dog thought of Valhalla in those first wild days—the girls in five-thousand-dollar fur coats, rubber hip boots, and nothing else; of the man who came running down the street with his clothes dripping oil, who waded across the street instead of waiting on the sledge, and disappeared toward the telegraph office shouting and dancing; of the time when hijackers bisected two men, with sawed-off shotguns, at noon in front of the one hotel; of the open sewers and the general moral rottenness; of the gusher in the graveyard; of the nitro wagon that blew up and knocked down all the tents and most of the shanties when a drunk used it for target practice. Bum went through it all as dignified and unexcited as the best men there. He went through it all with his ears cocked forward and his head up, following his master and tending strictly to business. Once a half-drunk topman kicked him off the sidewalk and Bum tore the sleeve off the man's coat. Knuckles made the dog lie down and then he gave the derrick worker what the derrick worker deserved. Knuckles and his dog proceeded down the sidewalk with dignity and left the derrick man where he had tried to put Bum.

Bum was Old Man Knuckles' dog, and as the man kept his head through it all, so also did the dog. As the man never sought trouble, yet never drew back from it, so also did the dog. A dog undoubtedly has likes and dislikes, and he somehow knows what the master expects. In a case like Bum's, it was what the master required. Griswold said that Bum had his master's principles all doped out, and that instinctively he modeled himself along those lines; that Bum didn't think this out as he did other things; that it was a part of his nature. There undoubtedly was some bond between the two—admiration on the part of the man, utter and unquestioning loyalty on the part of the dog. And something more—they were both fighters.

Shortly after the Valhalla field opened up there was an oil strike to the north, at a place called Honey Wells. The Honey Wells field didn't open up or assume the proportions of the Valhalla strike, because it was almost one hundred miles from our right of way and we were by far the closest railroad. The one road in was a cattle trail, and rain made it impassable for heavy hauling for the first three months. A little later a wildcat came in near Dotard, forty miles south of Honey Wells. Then came other gushers—all wildcats—all due north of Valhalla, all in a line. There was talk of another railroad—a branch of our system from Valhalla to Honey Wells.

It soon became obvious that the rumor would be substantiated; the railroad was an assured fact. Burden, an independent operator, an oil Croesus, was to back it. His leases, mineral rights, north all the way to Honey Wells, formed a regular chain. The system—the railroad—agreed to build north six miles to Luna, to put a roundhouse at Valhalla, to enlarge the yard at Valhalla and build a station. There was some financial arrangement, also, and the railroad commission approved the new road as a subsidiary of our system.

The yard was enlarged at Valhalla, the station was well on its way to completion, our six miles of track to the north was laid and ballasted. That six miles alone was a gold mine; we set out more than five hundred cars every day for loading—tank cars. There was more oil than the pipe lines could carry. The only trouble we had was in getting enough empty tankers to move the oil. Burden was pushing his rails north as fast as he could bolt the joints together; without an exaggeration, the empties were shoved out to the end of rail and loaded.

I don't know exactly what caused the bust-up between our system and Burden. I do know that the territory was rightfully ours to exploit; that we had spent money for improvements based on expectations of the development of the land to the north. Burden knew what he was doing; it was obvious from later developments that he held cards up his sleeve all the time.

To the south of our tracks, sixty miles south, was a feeder line—a branch line—that was subsidiary to one of our competitors. Burden bought this little railroad, lock, stock and barrel. No one knew that he owned it; he bought it on a gamble and kept quiet about it—acquired it through agents. Then he began to buy a right of way north from this little railroad to Valhalla. He already had tremendous holdings through this section—leases. So his operations in this section weren't discovered, didn't become known, for some little time. When they did become known, Burden declared that he was only protecting our mutual interests; that should a field open up to the south everything was jake. But when Burden applied for a crossing privilege—asked for the right to cross our main line—he didn't get it. The railroad commission refused to authorize such a crossing; refused to compel our system to give it to him.

Oil came in to the south—came in with a bang. Griswold said that Burden was either the smartest man the oil game had ever produced, or the luckiest gambler. I think he was both.

The railroad—our system—ran a two-mile spur south to where Burden's right of way began, and he built south from there. As soon as the spur was in and enough ties and rail to keep him going, Burden began building north from the feeder line he owned, sixty miles to the south of us. The cat was out of the bag then; it was all as plain as the nose on a man's face. Burden had almost one hundred miles of rail from Honey Wells to Valhalla. He had a right of way and he'd soon have rail from Valhalla south to Red Hills, the northern point of the feeder line. That amounted, in all, to one hundred and sixty miles of new railroad. The feeder line was twenty-three miles long and the traffic from almost two hundred miles of rail went to our competitor—most of it from what was our territory. It would be downright robbery if Burden got away with it, but it would be perfectly legal.

I don't know how Burden pulled the wool over the eyes of the railroad commission, but he must have done it somehow. Probably claimed he was developing a new country. In a sense this was true. He had no reason to do it at our expense, however, except his greediness. He must have thought he was another Harriman or Gould.

The manner in which Burden got his permit of convenience and necessity—the permit to build—from the Interstate Commerce Commission was neat but not gaudy. Our railroad didn't protest because at that time they supposed Burden was building it as a subsidiary. The state gave him a charter, of course, prior to the time he filed his application with the I. C. C.

When it became obvious as to what Burden was doing, the state railroad commission came out with a statement that this new railroad should remain subsidiary to our system and should not divert traffic to our competitor. But Burden got a more favorable ruling from the I. C. C., on the grounds that he was not diverting traffic but was opening up a new territory. There were two ways of looking at the squabble. It depended entirely on what side of the fence a man sat as to what his decision would be.

Things went deeper than appearances indicated. Burden and his associates were working for a merger; this dinky little one hundred and sixty miles of new railroad wasn't a drop in the bucket. The Interstate Commerce Commission wanted this merger to take place. The state railroad commission didn't want it to take place; didn't favor it. Burden wanted to bring his new railroad into the merger; the state

(Continued on Page 48)

Here is some common sense about toothpaste

Read what this authority says on a subject that has become confused in many minds.

> "The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in many . . . dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."
>
> From an article in "Hygeia"
> —the health magazine of the American Medical Association.

DENTISTS and physicians recommend a dentifrice for one purpose only—*to clean teeth safely.*

That is the one thing *you* can do for your teeth. If you think your mouth needs treatment, see your dentist at once—that is *his* job. Don't rely on a dentifrice to correct conditions of teeth or gums—its function is simply to *clean.*

Teeth kept thoroughly clean are likely to be healthy teeth in a healthy mouth. And healthy teeth are apt to be pretty teeth.

This is directly in line with modern thought. Today leading authorities on the care of skin, hair, teeth advise that the most effective means of safeguarding natural beauty lies through utter cleanliness.

For that one purpose—to clean—Colgate's was designed, on a formula suggested by members of the dental profession.

Made as Dentists Advised

Before we decided upon this formula, we went to the dentists and asked the question: "What kind of dentifrice would be best for dental health and beauty?" Their answer was: "Make a toothpaste that really cleans. If a dentifrice cleans thoroughly, it does not need to do anything else. Drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

Upon this fundamental principle, we created a dentifrice of maximum cleansing power—yet so mild and pure that it cannot harm even the most delicate teeth.

So scientifically correct has this formula proved that more dentists now recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. As a result of their expert advice to patients, Colgate's is today the largest selling dentifrice in the world.

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form . . . combined with calcium carbonate and aromatic oils.

As you brush Colgate's upon your teeth, the cleansing agent forms a bubbling, sparkling foam. This cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaches inaccessible surfaces, purifies and stimulates the gums . . . the entire mouth.

And carried by this searching, foaming wave, the fine calcium carbonate powder helps to clean away mucin and food deposits . . . polishes tooth enamel to shining smoothness . . . sweetens all the mouth surfaces. The mildly antiseptic aromatic oils add refreshing action to the thorough cleansing.

Constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream!

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to this enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard *quality.* And, as far as we have been able to find out, Colgate puts *more* dentifrice into the famous 25c tube than is found in any other make priced at a quarter. That's *value!*

Try it—FREE

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the teeth and mouth.

Colgate, Dept. B 3626, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the booklet "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream free.

Name

Address

Mothers For many years, Colgate has been permitted to help in the splendid efforts of dentists, physicians, educators and health officials to teach the children in the schools to brush teeth regularly. The results of this work—in promoting the general bodily health of children—have been outstanding.

It is natural that Colgate should cooperate in this work, because Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the ideal dentifrice for children—safe, pleasant-tasting, free from drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives.

If you are interested in helping this great health movement in your own community, write us for full information.

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S AND MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S

(Continued from Page 46)

railroad commission objected. The state railroad commission held no powers that could prevent the oil man from doing what the I. C. C. had passed on, except in one particular. The commission had control over railroad crossings—absolute control.

The law of our commonwealth delegates the state railroad commission with power to permit one railroad to cross another, or not to permit it. One of our laws says that. Another law says that a railroad crossing is legal when it is completed. In other words, if you tear up a couple of rails and slap a crossing frog down, having knocked the local track foreman on the head, you have complied with the law, and that particular piece of right of way is as much yours as it is the railroad's. It's a swell law. If you take a photograph of the crossing, you can go to court and make the railroad admit that it's joint property.

That's what Burden planned to do. He couldn't get a permit to cross on the grade level and he most assuredly didn't want to build an overhead. Partly because he was the most contentious cuss in creation, and partly because of the police powers of the railroad commission. Then, too, there was the little item of expense and the fact that an overhead would cut him out of some very profitable industrial tracks. There was also this possibility: The commission, because of its police powers, might legally prevent the building of such a structure, and if not that, force him to spend unreasonable sums of money. At any rate, Burden was afraid of an overhead crossing. He applied to our railroad for permission to cross our property on the grade line, and needless to relate, he didn't get it. He talked to the president, and Old Man Knuckles was there at the talk.

"Nothing doing," said the president. "You could have worked with us when you started. You didn't choose to. I don't feel like Santy Claus today. You can wait till the commission acts."

"You're preventing the development of the country," said Burden.

"I'm going to keep what belongs to me," retorted the president.

"You watch," sneered Burden. "I'll have that crossing in and I'll be runnin' trains over it inside of a month."

"You might get hurt playin' around that way," said Knuckles.

"You'll get hurt if you get in the way," retorted Burden angrily.

Knuckles reached out and grabbed Burden. "How'd you like to start now?" he demanded savagely.

They would have had it out right there if the president hadn't got between them.

"We won't have any fighting here," he told the fractious pair. "I gotta lot of valuable furniture and I don't want it all broken up."

Knuckles told Burden that he didn't think he was man enough to put the crossing in, and Burden told Knuckles profanely that he was going to put it in. They had words.

By this time Valhalla had assumed the proportions of a good-sized city and there was talk of making it division headquarters. Mostly because of the threatened crossing, Knuckles moved there, and as before, he took Bum with him. All this was more than a year after the boom began.

Burden intended to cross. There wasn't any doubt about that, and no question, either, but what there would be a battle royal over it. He brought four crossing frogs up to the edge of our right of way, about a quarter of a mile between each one. He had another one on a tractor. He didn't bring his railroad up to ours; he stopped construction and waited to see where he could force the crossing. You could see his new dump plainly from our right of way; he was on both sides of us, about a mile and a half to the north, about a mile to the south. He had a track gang and about thirty of the toughest thugs in the oil field. A little thing like a murder was nothing to them. Burden let it be known that there wouldn't be any shooting, but that the crossing was going in if he had to break every head on the railroad pay roll.

Knuckles took a light engine, hooked a bunk car, a flat car and a caboose behind it and patrolled the track. There were twenty-five of us—mostly young bucks—all of us railroad men; none of us had a lick of sense. The danger zone was about a mile in length, just west of the yard-limit board. There were some five logical places for Burden to try to cross, governed by the local ground contour.

Twenty-four hours a day we paraded up and down, up and down. We'd dodge a train or take fuel and water, but these were the only variations. We had two big searchlights mounted on the caboose roof on swivels, and at night we had three men out with fusees all the time. The fusee was to be lit if anything suspicious was noted, such as having a ball bat bent over your head. I never envied the men that went out at night with a fusee, a switch club and a prayer. The whole business was like sitting on top of dynamite with the fuse spluttering.

We had two engine crews and two train crews. Picked men, every one. Griswold was one of the conductors. We called our train the Suicide Unlimited and we were called Knuckles' Knob Knockers. The second day we put another bunk car behind, and a car to eat in. No one had the slightest idea how long we would be parading up and down.

Knuckles had Bum aboard; kept him in the caboose. When the Old Man wasn't in the caboose with Griswold and Bum, he was walking up and down the right of way. In the daytime he wouldn't let the dog out because he was afraid someone would potshot him, but at night Bum went with the Old Man.

Knuckles wouldn't let us keep any guns aboard the train, but there were enough pick handles and switch clubs to have kept the Germans out of Belgium. There were two gangs stringing wire—heavy wire; the kind you see used to fence industrial plants—along the threatened right of way. It was to be twelve feet high. When completed, it would be a first-class defense. The railroad was trying to get an injunction—a restraining order—from the Federal Court. If we got such an order we could put United States marshals on our property.

Knuckles said he hoped they wouldn't get an injunction; at least until he got one good crack at Burden.

About noon of the third day business picked up. We'd pulled in the clear on a little spur track the switchmen called the Glad to Come; a freight train was passing. It was all done so slick that if it hadn't been for Griswold and Knuckles, Burden would have slapped that crossing in and it would have been all over.

As the freight came into Valhalla, having almost cleared us, Burden's men cut four air hose. When an air hose breaks, or is cut, the train stops—right now. And it won't go on until the pumps on the engine can pump the brakes off, and the pumps can't do any good until new hose is applied. Or you can bleed each car off separately and release the brakes in that way. We knew that the engineer hadn't stopped because he wanted to; engine crews were under orders to clear the patrol train with all possible dispatch. There were twelve cars that blocked us—eleven cars and a caboose.

We were headed out of the Glad to Come—that's railroad talk meaning the engine was first. Knuckles ran up alongside the tank with Griswold, and they grabbed the push pole off the side of the tank and headed for the freight train. We had a smart bunch; every man was on his toes. No one had to be told what to do; there wasn't time for explanations. A brakeman named Jenkins pulled the pin on the last car to clear us. Knuckles and Griswold shoved the push pole into the socket of the first car—the car on the spur switch. Our engineer moved our train up and the two men fitted the heavy pole into the socket on the pilot beam. There were twelve cars to move and every car had a man bleeding off air so the brakes would release.

When you simply have to do a thing the chances are in your favor that you'll do it. We pushed those cars in the clear without a hitch; we threw the switch, and our own train followed the twelve cars down the main line. Knuckles and Griswold dropped the push pole and we coupled up and bore down on Burden and his men. They had one rail out, but we shoved the caboose and two cars over their proposed crossing and broke all their teacups and pie plates. Burden's men beat it when the caboose and two cars derailed on top of them.

We were all swelled up over what we'd done. We'd won so easily that if we hadn't been excited we would have been suspicious. Burden wasn't the kind of man who gave up easily—not that easily. The real gang came out a half mile beyond us, using another frog. Burden was with this gang. He even had a couple of photographers to take pictures of the new crossing, to make his claim valid in a state court. Knuckles was the first of us to see what was coming off. He lit out down the track without waiting for anybody.

Burden himself walked up the track to meet Knuckles, and he was backed up by at least twenty men. We afterward figured there must have been more. Every one of them carried a shillalah; one or two carried guns openly. Not a one of us had a gun.

"Get off my track!" yells Knuckles.

"You go to hell," says Burden.

I guess Burden figured he could bluff the Old Man with all those thugs at his back. If he did he sure thought wrong. Knuckles was ahead of us—fully a hundred yards ahead—but when he hit Burden with his club every one of us heard it. And he was making right smart progress with Burden's gang before we got there to help him; in fact, to parcel out the credit fairly, it has to be admitted that Knuckles had that mob half licked before any of us even arrived.

The Old Man said afterward that it was the best fight he'd ever taken part in up to that time, and he certainly could be considered an authority on fighting. It didn't last long, but while it lasted there was plenty of business. If Knuckles hadn't laid Burden out to begin with, we might have lost, because we were outnumbered. But with their leader tucked away in the daisies they didn't have the heart for fighting, and there wasn't any shooting, because it was daylight and they were trespassers. They had no legal right on our dump until the crossing was in; if any of us were killed it was murder. Burden had told the two photographers that regardless of what happened they must keep right on taking pictures, and they did. If I had to kill a man—shoot him—I'd prefer not to have the job photographed. I believe I could get along without any such testimonials. Burden's safe crackers felt the same way about it.

There was only one gun pulled, and the man was using it for a club. Somebody carefully smacked him over the knuckles and he dropped the gun, and then someone else socked him behind the ear with a pick handle and the lights ceased to shine for him. I picked the gun up and I've still got it; it has a barrel six and a half inches long, carved bone handles—.45 caliber.

There were two main battle fronts: One of them was where Knuckles had coldcrocked Burden; the other was where they were trying to put the crossing frog in. It was tough going at the crossing; Burden's lead man was as big as the side of a house and as mean as a bobcat; there wasn't any getting along with him. If he hadn't tripped over his own crossing frog at a crucial moment I don't know how many heads he might have caved in with his spike sledge. Everything was so mixed up for a few minutes, everybody cursing and shouting and swatting, then it was all over. The only active enemy remaining were the two photographers; they were still taking pictures!

If I live to rival Methuselah I'll never forget Knuckles and the cameras, and the operators of the cameras. One of them was an anæmic soul with popeyes. Knuckles took him by the collar and dragged him out on the right of way. The Old Man beat the brains out of the camera and busted the plates, and told the poor defenseless soul that he was going to do the same to him. The fellow closed his popeyes and began to tremble. It certainly was a tough day for art. The other photographer was a sullen one; he bleated a couple of times about his valuable instrument. Knuckles told him to shut up or he'd make him eat it, and the guy shut up.

We were ahead two crossing frogs—new ones—six prisoners we had to turn over to the local constabulary, and Burden. Burden took a light form of brain concussion to the hospital; the Old Man hit him right hard. We had seven or eight of our men somewhat the worse for wear; one of them with a broken arm. The six men arrested under a technical charge of trespassing and destroying company property were bailed out and five of them jumped their bail. The sixth one didn't, because he just wasn't in shape to jump anything. We spiked the two rails that were torn up back in place, frogged the two derailed cars and the caboose off the ground, loaded the two crossings on one of our flat cars and resumed parading up and down.

Bum had been in the caboose during the fight. Griswold said that when the Old Man came in from the battle he told the dog that he'd missed the best fight since the World War, but for Bum to stick around and maybe they could arrange another one. The Old Man was a holy show. His nose was busted and his lips were all swelled up; he had ten or twelve black-and-blue places on him. They lamed him up pretty good.

We patrolled the track for another week, day in and day out. It began to look as though Burden was going to take his medicine like a little man. The fence was almost completed. This fence gave a feeling of security to all of us. Griswold said he began to believe it was all over but signing a treaty. It wasn't though.

Bum couldn't go out in the daytime because too many held grudges against the Old Man. Griswold asked the chief one day why he didn't send Bum home. Knuckles looked at it this way: The dog knew better than to take food from strangers, he was obedient, never made up to strangers; there was no real danger unless the dog was allowed to run around in the daytime. As for nighttime ——

"I feel sorry for anyone that starts anything with him at night," said Knuckles.

The Old Man and Bum used to walk down the main line almost every night—just the two of them. They'd drop off somewheres near the end and we'd pick them up later. Sometimes we'd make as many as three and four round trips before they came back on board. It all depended on how Knuckles felt; if he wanted to walk he kept right on walking.

The railroad must have got fed up on the state of affairs in Valhalla, because one night—rather, one evening—Knuckles got a wire. It was to the effect that at noon tomorrow a Federal injunction was to be granted against Burden, for the protection of railroad property.

Knuckles called us all together and told us what it meant. At noon the following day United States marshals would take the place of the patrol train. He warned us to be more alert than ever, because this was the last chance Burden would have, and that Burden probably knew it.

Knuckles went uptown early that night and two of us went with him. We met two Federal men in the hotel and Knuckles told them that he expected Burden would try to force a crossing that night. Burden was desperate, explained Knuckles; the talk around town was that the crossing was going in with the help of sawed-off shotguns. Knuckles said he wasn't afraid of Burden and he was going to stop him, and he wanted the law to know that he wasn't responsible for any killing.

(Continued on Page 50)

In Many Baskets

BUSINESS is poor in Clinkertown, but booming in Detroit. . . . It's quiet in the coal fields, but not in Omaha. The Middle West is prosperous. Out on the Coast they're doing well. The East is buying, the Lake Cities hum . . . the Mississippi lands are coming back.

So it goes. In this incredibly vast industrial democracy which is America, the tides of prosperity rise sectionally and sectionally fall. In one place, economic and natural forces combine to impede the processes of business. In another, perhaps thousands of miles away, the most intense activity prevails.

It is an understanding of this fact which has led the life insurance companies of this country to invest $16,000,000,000 in useful enterprises scattered over every state of the Union. It is this circumstance that lies back of the tremendous development of national markets, the rise of nationally organized industries and products. The most astute minds in American business have perceived in diversification of markets the best solution to the problem of continued security and well-being.

The success of this policy is everywhere apparent. The foremost industrial names in this country are those that are equally familiar north, south, east and west . . . names that have outgrown local markets and local limitations . . . names that have acquired uncomputable prestige through strong and consistent national advertising. Nothing short of a country-wide disaster can affect such names. Their well-being is founded on the whole nation.

N. W. Ayer & Son *Advertising Headquarters*
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 48)

One of the law said he didn't believe Burden would go that far. He warned Knuckles, though, not to take any chances personally, because several of Burden's men weren't as much interested in putting the crossing in as they were in bumping the Old Man off.

"Let 'em try it!" says Knuckles.

The law told the Old Man that Burden was still in the hospital, and that, although no doubt he would give orders for his men to try again, the oil man wouldn't be a party to any killing. Both men promised, however, to be down around the tracks, and in case there was any shooting, they agreed to take a hand. Beyond that they wouldn't commit themselves.

"That's all I want," said Knuckles.

The patrol train picked us up about eight o'clock, and about nine Knuckles got off with Bum at the west end. We came to Valhalla and stopped. I was up on the caboose roof handling the lights; Griswold was sitting in the door of the caboose, watching. We were backing up. We both saw the derail—saw it just a fraction too late. Griswold knocked the air in the big hole, but the brakes didn't bite fast enough. The leading trucks rode up and over, dropped off the rail. It had only taken a minute to spike the derail to a tie; the men who had done it were gone.

When we hit the ground the gang unloaded off the bunk cars and the flat cars. They started up the track in a hurry. Griswold was working before the rest of us realized what had happened. He was spiking two frogs under the truck almost before we were off. In less than a minute and a half he was pouring oil on the frogs so the wheels would slip back on; he'd given the back-up signal with his lantern and the caboose was rerailed.

Griswold and I were the only two who had to stay with the train in a case such as this. I handled the searchlights we had mounted on the roof; Johnny handled the train. As we started west I had an almost uncontrollable desire to get back to the comparative safety of the cupola. All this talk about sawed-off shotguns and killings had got under my skin; I felt like an invitation, squatting up there on the roof.

We passed a couple of our men, and they caught grab irons and we took them along. The searchlights were turned on and we came down on the crossing forcers at a pretty fair rate of speed. It was like a show. They were fighting. Most of our men were already there, but everybody scattered when we drove down on them. They had both rails out and they would have had that crossing in if we hadn't derailed on top of them and blocked everything. We broke the trucks—the lead trucks—off the caboose when we hit, and plowed up lots of good ballast, and the impact knocked me off the roof. There really wasn't much of a fight; they lacked a leader. They couldn't get the crossing in because it was pinned under the derailed cars. What fighting they did was only half-hearted.

No one noticed that Knuckles wasn't with us. We were counting noses and checking up in the darkness when Griswold asked if anyone had seen the Old Man. I'd climbed back up on the roof and was trying to turn the lights down on the ground so we could check up the job of rerailing, and Griswold had just scratched a fusee and was holding it up and calling for the Old Man, when we saw the flashes toward the west and heard the shooting. I turned the lights west and came down off the roof.

I'll have to go back to Old Man Knuckles and Bum now. Knuckles told us that he and Bum were walking along the dump, coming east, when the dog stopped and barked. The Old Man said he stopped and looked, but he didn't see anything. They went about ten steps farther and Bum barked again, and Knuckles says he looked over toward the fence and thought he saw a figure move. He wasn't real sure about it. Then they came to the cut.

Knuckles says that three of them slid down the bank and that two more came around the edge of the cut.

Knuckles says, "Get 'em!"

This was about a quarter mile west of where they tried to put the crossing in. A sort of an independent operation, it afterward developed. I don't suppose the lads figured the dog for much. Their calculations were slightly in error. Bum was trained to fight under just such circumstances. He was on the first man before they could close on Knuckles, and neither Knuckles nor the dog waited any at all. Bum almost tore the face off the first man he hit, stripped his right hand to the bone, and was after the next one. Bum didn't fight as a bulldog would fight; he fought as the wolves that sired him would fight. He was in and out like a moving piston, and one slash of his jaws tore through flesh like a butcher's cleaver. The five that were out to put Knuckles to rest wanted to do it quietly; they wanted to get it over with and be gone. There were eight slashes on Bum when we got there—knife work. Knuckles said that he broke an arm on the first man he met up with—that he heard the bone pop—and that he heard the man that Bum hit first sort of scream and curse. Then the other three were on him and he never was able to say exactly what happened. These men had ball bats, and one of them—probably all of them—had knives. Up till the time a ball bat lit on the back of the Old Man's skull, I guess he had the time of his life and gave a good account of himself. After that it was up to Bum.

A smart fighter and a loyal dog, this Bum—a great fighter, I should say. Knuckles had probably shaken up more than one of the three with his switch club before he passed out of the picture. The dog had this in his favor—the darkness and his own ability. That was all.

These men were out to kill Knuckles. They would have killed him had it not been for Bum. They shot him as a last resort. We found that pistol; Knuckles still has it. There was blood all over it, and all of it wasn't dog blood. Bum wasn't gun-shy. Had it been daylight I don't suppose the dog would have lasted any time at all, but it was pitch dark. The element of terror played a certain part, I feel sure. Bum would be in and slash, and be out and gone before a man could stab or club. No sound. One of their mob already laid out by one of those knifelike teeth. If those jaws ever closed on a throat, out came a jugular. You can readily see that a person wouldn't feel comfortable.

Knuckles must have come to and got back in the fight, for he was shot twice, and there was no angle to the bullet holes. They were made on a level, as one man would be shot by another, both standing. Bad enough to put him out, not bad enough to kill him. He was a tough old battler.

The law—the two Federal men—got there before we did. The five men who had tackled the Old Man and Bum got away, but they got all five later on. Bum had marked them so they were pretty easy to trail. The marshals killed one for resisting arrest; they jugged the other four.

The next day at noon ten of us were sworn in as deputy United States marshals and it was all over but signing the treaty.

Some months later I rode in with Griswold; was up in the cupola with him. We got to chewing the fat and I told Griswold how I thought the fight between Knuckles and his mutt and the five men could be reconstructed and would be, in the main, a pretty accurate version. He said probably it was correct—pretty close, at least.

"There ain't no doubt," said Griswold, "but what Bum thought the law was after Knuckles, too, and when they come up he just done what he'd been taught to do—went for 'em. You can't blame the marshal for putting a .45 slug through the dog, and you can't blame the dog for going for the marshal. The part I can't understand is how Bum had the strength to tie into the law. You remember how he was cut?"

I remembered very well; too well, in fact.

"Knuckles set a lot of store by that mutt," said Griswold. "You'd never know it, but he did. He's got a heart like a marble slab, you'd think—he's that hard-boiled—but I bet you he thinks about what that mutt did for him every once in a while."

We sat silent for a moment.

"Funny thing," said Griswold suddenly. "You figure this out for yourself. I run into this guy Carlysle—you remember me tellin' you about him—run into him out on the west end last week. He asked me about the fight—seems he hasn't seen Knuckles. I told him what I knew about it, and how Bum was killed, and do you know what he said when I got done?"

I shook my head.

"Well," said Johnny, "he says, 'I told Knuckles when I gave him the dog that he'd do a lot better by him than I ever would.'"

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Let the Seller Beware!

YOU don't have to sit very long in an active purchasing agent's office to hear a salesman say:

"Yes, sir, you can absolutely depend on our equipment to reduce your fuel and power costs 20 per cent"; or: "I assure you that it will sustain any weight up to fifteen hundred pounds"; or: "It will positively last longer and give better service than any you have ever used."

Innocent enough those statements seem—just the ordinary run of sales talk. Yet there's a potential lawsuit in each of them and in every similar sentence uttered by one who is trying to make a sale. Take a specific case:

Back in pre-automobile days in Massachusetts a man named Smith undertook to sell an old buggy to a neighbor named Hale. When the prospective buyer expressed some doubt about the strength of the springs, Smith assured him that they would bear up under a certain weight. Satisfied with that, Hale traded a cow for the buggy. Some months later one of the springs broke under a less weight than Smith had named, and Hale demanded his cow back in exchange for the now decrepit vehicle. Smith refused; whereupon Hale went to Smith's place and took the cow. Of course there followed the inevitable "going to law"—with the result that the court decided that Hale was within his rights. All because the spring did not perform in accordance with Smith's assurance!

Unfair? Unreasonable? Perhaps, but that was the law in Massachusetts then, and is the law in most states today. True, the old doctrine of *caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware—is still effective within limits, but in the matter of making fancy promises and definite statements of fact, the legal shoe is on the other foot. Then, says the law, let the seller beware.

It's the legal principle of warranty that makes the trouble for the seller. If the sales arguments made at the time of the sale embody what the law defines as warranties, the seller's liability and responsibility may become well-nigh boundless. Indeed, the number of binding warranties that an enthusiastic salesman may easily give his customer in the course of a sales talk is truly appalling. Not without reason did one manufacturer—caught for a pretty penny because of a salesman's thoughtless phrase—declare with emphasis that a thorough course in the law of warranty should be part and parcel of every salesman's equipment.

Just what is a warranty? The definition set forth in the Uniform Sales Act, which has been adopted by the legislatures of many states, runs like this:

"Any affirmation of fact or any promise by the seller relating to the goods is an express warranty if the natural tendency of such affirmation or promise is to induce the buyer to purchase the goods, and if the buyer purchases the goods relying thereon."

Broad in its application and sometimes startlingly disastrous in its effects is this legal doctrine of warranties. Many a business man may be honestly willing to stand behind the statements he makes to his customers, but he may in all good faith feel that he is being held to an unreasonable accountability when the law of warranties begins to operate against him. He may be required to make good to an extent far greater than he intended.

The seller's difficulties begin when a breach of the warranty occurs—that is, when merchandise that a customer bought on the strength of the assurances given him, falls short of those representations in actual performance. The buyer's remedies under such a condition vary in kind and in method of enforcement in different states, but in most American jurisdictions today he would in all probability be permitted to repudiate the purchase and recover the money paid. Progressive business houses would of course be likely to refund the money voluntarily rather than keep it at the sacrifice of goodwill.

But suppose, in the case of the buggy for a cow, that Hale, as a result of the giving way of the warranted spring, had been thrown to the roadside and seriously injured. Would Smith have been obliged under the law to compensate Hale for his injuries, besides returning the cow? Though some of the courts are in conflict on this question, the most widely accepted ruling holds that if the buyer repudiates the sale and gets back his money, or whatever he gave for the unsatisfactory article, he cannot thereafter force the seller to pay him for any damages he may have suffered as a result of the breach of the warranty. If the buyer chooses, however, he may allow the seller to retain the purchase money and hold him to his liability on the warranty. In practice, that means that the seller may become liable to pay for all the damages and losses which the buyer may sustain through the failure of the goods to make good the warranty.

Of course not every statement that a seller makes about his wares will be taken by the law as a binding warranty. If the seller merely states his opinion concerning certain features of the goods, no liability arises if later on the goods do not justify that opinion. Yet, even here, the seller must be on the alert to make clear that what he is saying represents merely an opinion, for the line between expressions of opinion and specific statements of fact is sometimes finely drawn. In the end, if the buyer sues for an alleged breach of warranty, the jury will have to decide whether the questioned utterances were opinions or representations. That's when a sales policy of understating instead of exaggerating proves to be a present help in time of need. —CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.

RCA

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

POWEL CROSLEY, Jr.

President, THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION, says:

"Exhaustive tests have demonstrated that RCA Radiotrons materially improve the reception of Crosley Radio sets. We consider them the highest attainment of vacuum tube effieiency."

Powel Crosley Jr

RCA Radiotrons are used exclusively in the laboratory tests of manufacturers of quality receiving sets. The leading radio engineers recommend them for initial equipment and for replacement. When one or more vacuum tubes are worn, better results will be obtained if you put new tubes in every socket. Once a year at least it is wise to replace all of your tubes with RCA Radiotrons.

RCA RADIOTRON

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • *New York* • *Chicago* • *Atlanta* • *Dallas* • *San Francisco*

The drink that belongs beside a big, easy chair

©The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IF anything could be more inviting than a minute's pause for a refreshing drink on a busy day at your office or workshop—it is the drink that belongs beside a big, easy chair at home or at your club, where there is leisure to enjoy refreshment and be refreshed for enjoyment. ▼ ▼ Coca-Cola—the drink with that tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment—is the most convenient of all drinks to serve at home. Order a case from your grocer, just as you order groceries. Keep a few bottles ready in your ice-box. ▼ ▼ The great thing about it is that it is wholesome refreshment—a pure drink of natural flavors, prepared with a care that makes it pure as sunlight.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

SMOLDERING ILLINI

(Continued from Page 13)

fraternity members speak with unbounded contempt of the food that is served in all fraternity houses except their own. As living places, therefore, they are of marked assistance to the university which, like so many American universities, has followed the policy of providing means for obtaining an education, but no place for the students to eat and sleep while they are getting it. This policy might be compared with that of a government which arranges a nice war and raises a large army, but provides its soldiers with no rations, blankets or tents.

In the matter of growth, apparently the fraternities have a slight advantage over the university; for while there seems to be no limit to the number of fraternities that Illinois may have, there appears to be a limit to the number of undergraduates who can attend the institution. This number, as I understand it, is in the neighborhood of 30,000. Unless I have been misinformed, traffic experts have figured that if more than 30,000 students attempt to acquire knowledge at Illinois at any one time, the resulting traffic jams between classes will tend to nullify the educational advantages.

Back and forth along the elm-shaded streets, then, pass the undergraduates; the freshmen set apart from the other undergraduates by green caps with buttons of various colors, even though the freshwomen are indistinguishable from the rest of the student body by outward garb or stigmata. Why this should be so is not known to Illinois undergraduates. Neither is there any revolt against this apparent discrimination. If revolt were fashionable at Illinois one might expect to find the freshmen squawking violently at the fate which condemns them to wear green caps, but permits freshwomen to dress as their fancy dictates. One might expect them to demand passionately that all freshwomen be obliged to wear green stockings with large spots on the knees to indicate the colleges to which they belong: White spots for Liberal Arts and Sciences; purple spots for Agriculture; red spots for Engineering; yellow spots for Commerce. Here is a situation that almost demands revolt, and the fact that there is none should be fraught with meaning to the statisticians.

There is a certain fascination to the stranger in this passing back and forth of undergraduates, not only because a large percentage of the coeds seem to be, and in fact are, excessively good-looking but also because occasional couples stroll slowly along the street, hand in hand, gazing dreamily into each other's eyes and constantly getting under the feet of their brisker and less lovesick college pals. In each of the latter cases the young lady, or coed, wears upon the northeasternmost section of her frock, dress, blouse or whatever it is that coeds wear, a fraternity pin—the fraternity pin of the young man who gazes so soulfully into her eyes; a Theta Iona Pew pin, perchance, or an Epsilon Alfalfa Delinquent pin. This pin, in Illinois parlance, is known as a necktie. Why it is known as a necktie will probably be apparent to the most unsophisticated of Americans, even without the aid of a chart or diagram.

In the Refreshment Parlors

Of those who pass up and down the street between classes and after classes, large numbers drift in and out of certain refreshment parlors or food emporia for the purpose of indulging in a little serious conversation, or of staying the inner man or woman with a whipped-cream-tipped confection that will carry them through the arduous collegiate labors of the next few hours. These refreshment parlors have one peculiarity in common: They are divided into little booths whose partitions are shoulder high or thereabouts; and into each booth four people can crowd. One of them, entered through a portal no different from that of any small candy store, is particularly conducive to undergraduate romance. A pale moon gleams down from a tropical sky; vines drip from surrounding balconies; an orchestra throbs dreamily beside a fountain containing real fish; the exotic aura that emanates from Spanish architecture and dim lights hovers around the undergraduates, who huddle cozily together in their booths over beakers filled with conglomerations known as College Widows or Little Bits of Heaven. A Little Bit of Heaven is built with angel cake, two sorts of ice cream, strawberries in season, whipped cream, pecans and a cherry.

Another of these refreshment parlors will hold 200 undergraduates at a given time. It is particularly popular, according to reliable sources of information, because the partitions between the booths are not too high to prevent those in them from seeing and being seen by everybody else, and just high enough to permit the undergraduate occupants to sneak a smooch, if they are so inclined, with the coeds whom they are escorting. To sneak a smooch, in Illinois argot, is to indulge in a bit of undercover loving.

The earnest seeker after statistics might do much worse, at Illinois, than to plunge headlong into one of these refreshment parlors. One of the first things that he would learn from the habitués would be that everybody goes into them twice a day. If he is at all clever at mathematics, the statistician will soon sense that something is wrong with this statement. It may be correct in the sense that the Englishman is correct when he says that everybody leaves London in August, but otherwise it is largely piffle, as are practically all generalities about all undergraduates everywhere. With more than 10,000 undergraduates in daily attendance at Illinois University, and with the popular refreshment parlors of Urbana holding some 400 at any one time, the number of undergraduates who neglect to enter them each day, either because of lack of money, lack of time, lack of interest or press of other duties, runs well over 9000. Thus the statistician will learn a valuable lesson at the outset.

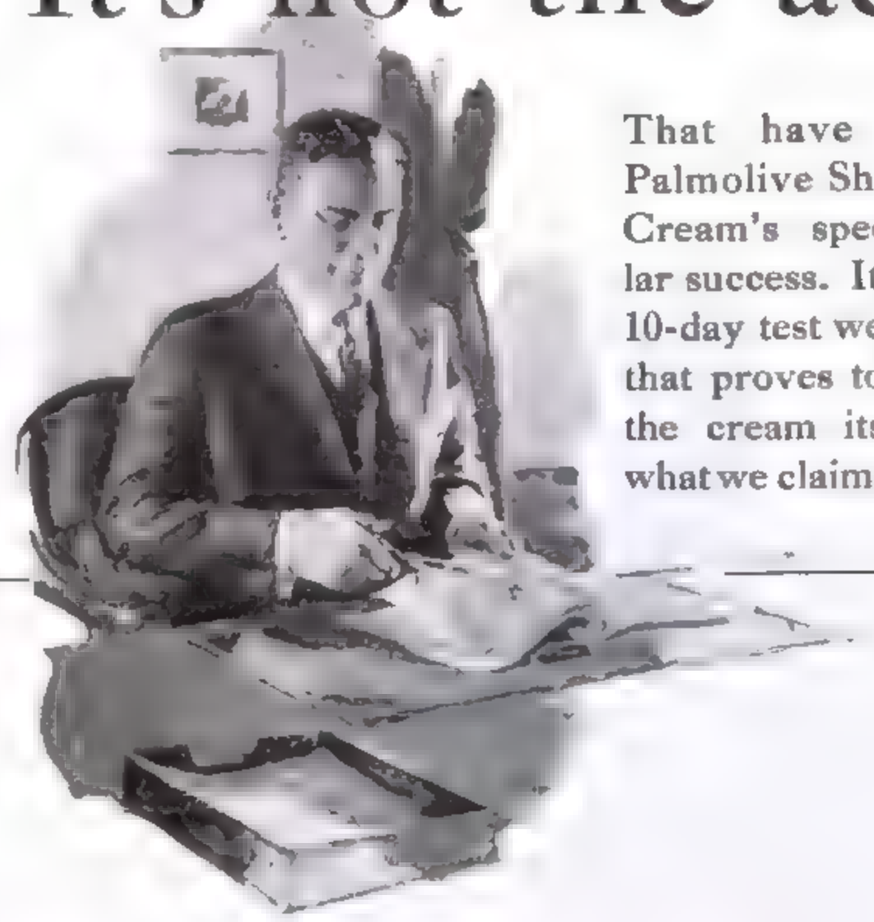
Revolts in Embryo

At the refreshment parlors, however, he will be given a large earful concerning such peculiar Illinois customs as hot-boxing, couthing, uncouthing, rating, concentrating and dating, and will collect a more or less valuable mass of data on such forms of revolt as exist in Illinois—the revolt, for example, against drill, the revolt against the automobile rule, the revolt against the rule that prevents coeds from frequenting the south campus at night, the revolt against professors who are thought to be incapable of pumping their students full of ideas and inspiration, and the revolt against the theoretical spy system of Thomas Arkle Clark, dean of men.

These revolts, it should be understood, are not great, burning causes, and as far as I know, there is no form of undergraduate revolt at Illinois for which any undergraduate or group of undergraduates would lay down his life or even give up so much as one Little Bit of Heaven. If I were a statistician—which I am not—I would put the Illinois revolt business into statistics in the following manner:

Per cent of those examined who were unable, when first questioned, to think of anything against which to revolt	100
Per cent who, when pressed, are willing to revolt against something	41
Per cent who think that the dean of men has a spy system	18
Per cent who think that the situation calls for some sort of revolt	7
Per cent who are willing to be in revolt against compulsory drill	3
Per cent who are in revolt against the automobile rule so far as it affects themselves	16
Per cent who are willing to revolt against an automobile rule for everybody	2
Per cent of men students in revolt against methods of dating in use among popular coeds	13

It's not the ads



That have won Palmolive Shaving Cream's spectacular success. It's the 10-day test we offer that proves to men the cream itself is what we claim for it.

GENTLEMEN:

You can't shave with beautiful advertising, and no ad can succeed with a product that is not right itself.

So, when we first told you of the remarkable delights of Palmolive Shaving Cream, we advanced our claims modestly, leaving it to the product itself to "sell" you.

We told you, "Don't buy—yet." We asked you first to let us prove our case at *our* expense.

To the hundreds of thousands of men who mailed the coupon in, we sent a 10-day test of the shaving cream as its own best ad.

Once won, men have boosted it

The big majority of men, we find, who once give Palmolive Shaving Cream a trial, become wedded to it.

When we decided to create a new shaving product we first found out just where other creams were lacking—what men desired in a shaving preparation. 1000 men told us their wishes, and we set out to fill them.

When, after 129 failures, we found the formula, we exceeded the four things they asked, by adding a fifth. Our vast laboratories, skilled for generations in soapmaking, developed a shaving cream that men tell us is truly remarkable in its action and effect.

These 5 unique features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hair erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience—to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9 30 to 10 30 p. m., eastern time; 8.30 to 9.30 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

'236

35c With the new unbreakable Bakelite top

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept B-1591, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

IN MY estimation, every man, woman and child in this country should see "Uncle Tom's Cabin," whether they are movie fans or not. This American epic had much to do with the stirring events of the 60's and is unquestionably American history, allied with beauty and romance. It is, to say the least, a highly entertaining drama which occurred during the administration of Abraham Lincoln when our country was torn with conflicting emotions and opinions. I was freely advised against producing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the ground that it was too old to prove successful. But I have always found that events of the ante-bellum days arouse as much interest as modern plays. Every American is vitally interested. The truth is, that this picture has been crowding the theatres of this and foreign countries, and in hundreds of cases a return engagement has been demanded. This, for your information. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the best of all the truly American plays.

—C. L.

George Stegmann as Simon Legree

Virginia Grey as Little Eva

When production of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great story was contemplated, it was evident that nothing short of real magnificence, a great cast of unquestioned talent and absolute authenticity would do. And so the cast was most carefully selected, as follows:

Eliza	MARGARITA FISCHER
Uncle Tom	JAMES B. LOWE
Little Eva	VIRGINIA GREY
Simon Legree	GEORGE SIEGMANN
Marks, the Lawyer	LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD
George Harris	ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW
Mr. Shelby	JACK MOWER
Mrs. Shelby	VIVIEN OAKLAND
Tom Loker	J. GORDON RUSSELL
George Harris (slave owner)	SEYMOUR ZELIFF
Little Harry	LASSIE LOU AHERN
Topsy	MONA RAY
Miss Ophelia	AILEEN MANNING
Mr. Haley	ADOLPHE MILAR
Cassie	EULALIE JENSEN

For accuracy and authenticity, the picture, instead of being produced in a studio far remote from the Sunny South, was actually made where the action of the story was laid.

Margarita Fischer as Eliza

Universal even went so far as to buy a stern wheel steamer, quartered the company in its many cabins, visited and camped at all the points described in the story and had the warm and enthusiastic assistance of the Southern people

We "carry you back to Old Virginny" and give you the atmosphere of the Sunny South previous to the Civil War. You simply must see it—all of you.

Carl Laemmle, President

Do you want to be on our mailing list? Just say the word.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Per cent who are in revolt because the Christmas vacation ends on a Friday	3
Per cent who are in revolt because they don't belong to fraternities or sororities	11
Per cent who are in revolt because nonfraternity men dare to be in revolt	4
Per cent who are in revolt against the south-campus rule	25

There are other even less vital forms of revolt at the University of Illinois, but the above examples should be sufficient to show that the undergraduate body is in no immediate danger of disruption because of the violence of the revolts which take place.

It should be remarked in passing that any statistician who wishes to become a victim of writer's cramp, fog-headedness and general melancholia can easily do so by attempting to determine the reasons which lead Illinois undergraduates to come to college. Exhaustive researches among the student body will leave him with a large bundle of notes showing that, among those examined, the following reasons for coming are most prominent:

MEN

Because a man told him it was a swell place.
Because his father, mother, sister, brother, uncle or cousin went there.
Because he wanted to get away from home.
Because his father wanted him to go.
Because he knew another boy who was going there.
Because he wanted to meet a lot of people.
Because it would help him to earn more money.
Because he had heard that a lot of pretty girls went there.
Because his best girl was going there.
Because he had to go somewhere, and this was nearest.
Because everybody ought to go to college.
Because he wanted to improve his mind.
Because it had a good football team.
Because it didn't cost much money.
Because you can get a job quicker if you have a university degree than if you don't.

WOMEN

Because a woman ought to do something.
Because the Illinois men are nice to the coeds.
Because it's easier to get engaged there than at home.
Because you get a chance to look around and see what sort of man you want to marry.
Because she wanted to be educated.
Because you learn how to be a successful wife.
Because she knew a man who was going there.
Because there wasn't anything to do at home.
Because she had a father or a brother who went there.
Because her mother wanted her to go.
Because she might get married.
Because she knew it would teach her to talk about art and things like that.
Because it would teach her how to control her husband after she got married.
Because it didn't cost much money.
Just because.

In other words, the reasons that lead undergraduates to come to college today are strikingly similar to the reasons that led them to come to college a generation or so ago. As to whether the undergraduates of today are, as some deep thinkers claim, infinitely wiser and wilder and ruder and more materialistic than they were a generation or two ago, I am unable to produce statistics to disprove their claims, just as the deep thinkers are unable to produce statistics to prove them; but it is my fixed impression that the deep thinkers who make these claims are, to put it as mildly as possible, completely cockeyed.

As Colleges Grow

Returning to the business of revolt, it should again be borne in mind that the enormous increase, of late years, in the numbers of undergraduates that have descended on American universities and colleges is mixed up with revolt and everything else in a most inextricable and misleading manner. In 1906 there were just under 150,000 undergraduates in American colleges and universities. Twenty years later, in 1926, there were more than 750,000 undergraduates in American colleges and universities. This, being an increase of 500 per cent, is considerable of an increase to take place in twenty years' time, as one can readily understand if he thinks of a girl who weighs ninety-five pounds when she is twenty years old and 475 pounds when she is forty. In 1896 there were little more than 800 undergraduates in Urbana. In 1906 there were slightly more than 3000; in 1928 there were nearly 11,000.

I have listened with flapping ears to the tales of Illinois alumni concerning the good old days when there were between fourteen and twenty saloons in Champaign, which is Urbana's sister city, separated from her by an imaginary line down the middle of the street. In those good old days there was passionate and enthusiastic drinking on the part of the student body; and when the freshmen gave what was known as a social, the sophomores considered it their sacred duty to become violently stewed and beat the freshmen to a pulp, showering them with ancient eggs and nasty-smelling chemicals by way of light diversion.

Painting the Town Various Colors

In 1895 the university expelled nine students for slugging, drunkenness, rowdyism and general cussedness at the sophomore raid on the freshmen social, and at that probably missed several flagrant cases of drunkenness, acid-throwing, gouging and biting in the clinches. If this same percentage of expulsions should mark a present-day party at the University of Illinois, approximately 120 undergraduates would be bounced out of its cloistered halls on their shell-like ears at one fell bounce, and the resulting news dispatches would set all the statisticians and deep thinkers to predicting the total collapse of civilization by five P.M. next Thursday, and to howling about undergraduate problems at the top of their lungs.

A clear-thinking old inhabitant of Urbana assured me that if the present student body of the University of Illinois ever cut loose in the way that the 400 undergraduates of 1890 were given to cutting loose, there wouldn't be one stone of Illinois University left standing on another at the end of one jolly evening of prankishness and good, clean fun. At any rate, the present student body never does cut loose in that way; and from my own observation it has no desire to cut loose in that way, being content with an occasional tot of needled beer or a slug or two of good old alcohol and water, which was also the favorite undergraduate tipple in some of the dear old state of Maine colleges as far back as 1885. If it had the desire, however—and you never can tell what ten to eleven thousand young men and women may take it into their heads to do—it would find itself boxed, blocked and hamstrung by Thomas Arkle Clark, dean of men, better known to Illinois undergraduates and alumni as Tommy Arkle, and by a large number of concise, searching and paternalistic laws that permit Tommy Arkle to summon an undergraduate before him if he so much as looks cross-eyed at himself, and to read him a soft-voiced but skin-blistering lecture that will make him think seriously of taking out a large block of hurricane insurance.

Somehow or other, when undergraduates venture in forbidden automobiles, or dally with the illegal hop, or cuss when they shouldn't, or smoke on the campus, or sneak out of sorority houses when all good little girls are supposed to be in bed, or are guilty of attending unchaperoned dances or doing any of the many things that are viewed with suspicion, not to say loathing, at Illinois, Tommy Arkle finds it out.

His batting average, of course, is not 1000. Nor, for that matter, is Mr. Ruth's batting average, or Mr. Cobb's, or Mr. Speaker's, or Mr. Gehrig's. But since Tommy Arkle is a very astute gentleman, with a marked ability to make young men and young women tell him about six times as much as they realize they are revealing, his average is far ahead of Mr. Ruth's; and it is this fact that fills sundry Illinois undergraduates with the belief that Tommy Arkle has a spy system. Nobody, in the many years that Tommy Arkle has been deaning at the University of Illinois, has ever discovered one of his spies, but most of those who have been summoned to his office are certain that he has them and that he pays them; and against any such state of affairs as this they are ready to revolt. The revolt, it must be understood, is purely vocal, but not too vocal, lest one of Tommy Arkle's spies hear it and start Tommy Arkle on the warpath after the revolter.

Since, however, a great many thousand undergraduates at Illinois never do anything that would necessitate Tommy Arkle's speaking to them in any except the kindliest tones, this particular form of revolt is not widespread. In fact, it is highly probable that if anybody undertook to organize an open revolution against Tommy Arkle's spy system, he would have to explain the situation endlessly to wide-eyed youths who would have difficulty in understanding that a spy system had nothing to do with Northern Spy apples, so that he would probably die of old age before the revolution could be launched.

The revolt against military drill appears to be an even milder form of revolt than the revolt against Tommy Arkle's spy system. A great deal of the revolt seems to be based on the fact that the uniforms are itchy, although a certain amount of it hinges on the belief that the warlike appearance of the cadet brigade, with its well-drilled and excellently equipped infantry regiment, field-artillery regiment, cavalry regiment, engineer regiment, signal corps regiment, air-service-observation group and military band, is apt to fill otherwise peaceable undergraduates with an almost ungovernable desire to start a war. This may or may not be a justifiable belief; but if it is, there might also be reason in thinking that membership in the university band might fill the participant with a desire to buy an opera house.

Among the Worthy Few

As for the revolt against the university ruling which decrees that undergraduates shall not have automobiles without special permission, it seems to have something in common with the attitude of the man who thinks that prohibition should apply to everyone except himself and his friends. A composite interview with Illinois undergraduates who object to the automobile ruling runs about as follows:

Q. What do you think they ought to do about the car ruling?

A. Well, gee, they ought to cut it out! It's terrible! You can't go any place without an automobile. Where can you take a girl around this town, anyway, unless you got a car? It's unhealthy, too, the way it keeps you cooped up here without any way to get places.

Q. You could walk, couldn't you?

A. (*blankly*) Walk where?

Q. The places you want to go.

A. I wouldn't want to go anywhere that I had to walk.

Q. But after all, the car ruling is pretty good for some people, isn't it—freshmen and people that want to raise hell?

A. Oh, sure; but I've been here a long time and the faculty could trust me all right.

Q. But if they let you have one, they'd have to let two or three thousand others have them, wouldn't they?

A. Oh, no; just a few upperclassmen that they could trust.

Q. How would they know whom they could trust, and wouldn't the others be sore?

A. (*vaguely*) Well, you could take cars away from freshmen and sophomores, then, and let upperclassmen have them.

Q. Wouldn't that make it very easy for anyone to break the rule?

A. Well, I suppose it would.

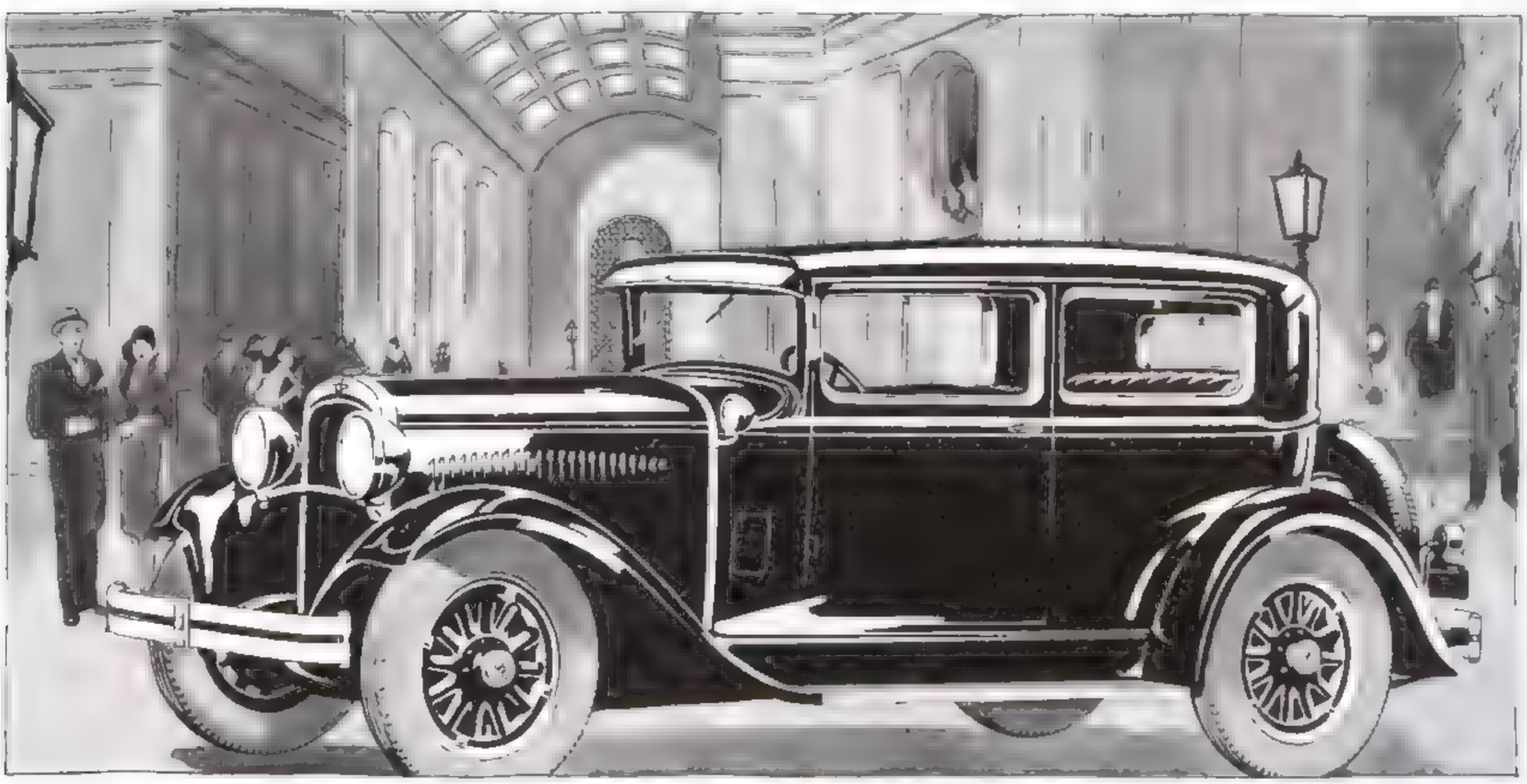
Q. Then isn't it for the greatest good for the greatest number of people for everybody to be forbidden to have a car, just as it is now?

A. Sure, I suppose it is, but they know they can trust me, and I certainly ought to have a car.

(Continued on Page 56)

New Dodge Brothers Six

BY WALTER P. CHRYSLER



(*Four-Passenger Victoria*)

Exclusive Mono-piece Body Revolutionizes Motor Car Design

Dodge Brothers Six *Mono-piece Body* is the most sensational development among the recent new-car features.

Built inflexibly onto the wide chassis, the *Mono-piece Body* has that *inherent* rigidity which only single-piece construction can give. For the *Mono-piece Body* is literally one piece. There is not a seam from front to rear. Body sills, door openings, window apertures—all are fashioned from a single piece of metal.

There simply are *no joints to squeak* in this amazing *Mono-piece Body*. Tens of thousands of miles of hardest usage—continuous travel over the roughest roads—changing weather conditions—leave the Dodge Brothers Six body as firm, as solid and as free of structural noises as when new. Perfect balance—exceptional riding steadiness—safety under every driving circumstance—are assured through the employment of *Mono-piece Body* design. And finally—no space is wasted within the car. Exceptional roominess is achieved with a new degree of grace. Doors and windows are extra wide. There is ample head, leg and elbow room.

It will well repay you to visit the nearest Dodge Dealer and examine *Mono-piece* construction. He has a special unfinished section of a *Mono-piece Body* which instantly reveals the reasons for its superior strength, its perfect rigidity, and why it will not develop squeaks and rattles.

Then ride in and drive the new Dodge Brothers Six. Learn what extraordinary performance, comfort, beauty and quality are possible in a car of so low a price. When you have compared these remarkable cars with any other values at or near their prices, we know you too will say the new Dodge Brothers Six—presented by Walter P. Chrysler—is the most important development in Dodge Brothers history.

EIGHT DISTINCTIVE BODY STYLES—ALL WITH DODGE BROTHERS MONO-PIECE BODIES

(Continued from Page 54)

In addition to these sporadic cases of revolt, one occasionally encounters, among Illinois undergraduates, a vague dissatisfaction at the large number of students who attend the university, and a hazy feeling that graduates are turned out in bulk with a stereotyped amount of education. They make occasional references to mass production, and intimate rather helplessly that there is a certain amount of failure on the part of the university's teaching staff to come in constant contact with all their pupils, stimulating them to higher endeavor and more earnest purposes. Not being an educator, I know little about such matters, and the opinions which the Illinois undergraduates hold concerning them are so sketchy and fragmentary that one finds trouble in getting at the bottom of their distress, if any. After a prolonged hunt, for example, one catches an undergraduate who is bitten with this embryonic aversion to mass production, and questions him about it:

Q. What do you think of this mass-production business?

A. Well, it's not so good. It's just like a factory. Everybody comes out the same way, all on the same level.

Q. I suppose there may be a few boys with brilliant minds who won't develop until they've been out of college a few years?

A. Oh, sure.

Q. What do you think ought to be done about it?

A. Well, I don't know.

Q. Would it be better if only three or four thousand students were allowed to come here instead of ten or twelve thousand?

A. Well, I guess it would. Yeah, that would help.

Q. But it wouldn't be possible to do that, would it, since Illinois is a state university and is supposed to furnish an education to everybody that wants it?

A. No, I suppose it wouldn't.

Q. Don't you think that if a man really wants a better education than most people have, he'll succeed in getting it, even though his professors refuse to hold his hand and let him cry on their chests?

A. Oh, sure he will!

Q. Maybe you've heard the theory that a large percentage of those who achieve distinction in arts and science and letters and finance are the sons of college graduates.

A. Yes, that's what I heard.

Q. Then isn't it better to give a fairly good education to as many people as possible, so that more and more people, in coming generations, may have parents who were college graduates, and so have an opportunity to achieve distinction in letters and science and finance and the arts?

A. Yes, I guess it would.

Q. Then you'd say that this mass-production business isn't such a bad thing after all?

A. Oh, sure; it's a fine thing!

Q. Under the circumstances, it's about the best that can be done?

A. Well, I guess it is.

The More Modern Safety Valve

Undergraduate arguments at Illinois, in other words, are strikingly similar to undergraduate arguments at Harvard in 1680 or Yale in 1740 or Princeton in 1810 or any other college or university at any other period in history; they are apt to get nowhere with dispatch, thoroughness and precision.

It may even be that the gentle art of footless argument, so prevalent in all colleges and universities during the college days of the present so-called older generation, has fallen slightly into disuse at the University of Illinois because of the increased amount of time that Illinois undergraduates devote to activities—not including dancing, dating and the movies—outside of their university work. I am not certain about this, but it seemed to me that the Illinois undergraduate is no longer willing to emulate the Illinoisans of 1908 by arguing from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M. over some big, important subject such as whether Queen Elizabeth was a nice girl, and winding up the argument with a fight in which two tables and a chiffonier are ruined.

The well-loved and highly respected G. Huff, director of physical welfare at Illinois, who pulled the chandelier from the ceiling of University Hall during the celebrated class rush of 1891, has gradually built up a system of intramural sports at Illinois, in which, each year, nearly 9000 undergraduates utilize their surplus energies by engaging with one another in almost every form of contest except chandelier pulling, which seems to have fallen into disfavor around 1891. During the 1927–8 season, 177 basket-ball teams played 570 games before a championship was achieved, and seventy-six baseball teams kept 918 players spitting in their gloves and heckling umpires through more than 600 games. When a modern young man has indulged in a few hours of basketball and dallied lightly with his lessons for the succeeding day, he seems to weary of sappy arguments in two or three hours' time and rolls off to bed. This may be a sign that the modern undergraduate is becoming decadent and that civilization is crumbling, but somehow it doesn't seem so to me.

More Fun for Less Money

There are a number of other year-round activities in which Illinois undergraduates persistently busy themselves—managerships, the Illinois Union, varsity football, track, baseball and other sports, major and minor publications, the Y. M. C. A., church foundations, glee clubs, bands, woman's league, the Y. W. C. A. and what not; and despite all recent works of fact and fiction which represent modern undergraduates as living in a state of constant alcoholization, the few—comparatively speaking—Illinois undergraduates who can afford to buy bootleg gin seem remarkably free from the inclination to do so.

As a matter of fact, one of the pet theories of Mr. Robert Zuppke, the astute gentleman who coaches the Illinois football teams when not engaged in painting landscapes that make the most colorful products of the Santa Fé school look pale and wan, is that if you could get every undergraduate working at some sort of outside activity, you would practically eliminate undergraduate obstreperousness. It is probable, however, that if such a state of affairs could be achieved it would start a real revolt at almost any university.

Whatever the reason, at any rate one hears little talk of revolt and Freud and escape and urges and suchlike junk at the University of Illinois, but a great deal of talk of rating and dating, and so on. The business of dating at Illinois, unless I am greatly mistaken, is a very serious one in many circles; and it is inextricably mixed up with the business of rating. When a young lady comes to the University of Illinois and becomes a member of a sorority, her upperclass sisters hastily telephone their friends in various fraternity houses and arrange blind dates for her on Friday and Saturday nights, which are the heavy dating nights, so that she may appear to be popular even though she is not, and not get the early reputation of being a cellar sister—a cellar sister being a young lady who is either not social or not favored with dates.

Likewise, at the end of the sorority rushing season, when the year's crop of freshwomen have been kissed and taken into the mystic bonds of the Kappa Divans or the Alfalfa Fluffs, the fraternities send delegations to sorority houses and request that the freshwomen be trotted out. Thereupon the freshwomen are trotted out, and the fraternity delegates look them over with skilled eyes, and report back to the anxiously waiting brothers.

"The Kappa Divans," they report, "have got four pippins, and the other three aren't so bad; but wait until you see that brown-haired baby from California! Oh, boy!"

Thereupon the brothers step hurriedly to the telephone, call hoarsely for the Kappa Divan house and attempt to date the brown-haired baby from California. Failing in this, they take a chance on any member of the freshman delegation. Freshwomen, it appears, are always more favored with dates than upperclasswomen. This, according to the coeds, is because the upperclasswomen are a known quantity and because gentlemen prefer the lure of the unknown even more than they prefer blondes.

It should be remarked in passing that there may be favored spots on this terrestrial globe where a young man may shower every available form of entertainment on a young woman at a smaller expenditure of money than is required for such a proceeding at Illinois, but to date it has failed to come to my notice. The largest possible evening at Illinois may be had by purchasing tickets to the movies at twenty-five cents a throw, admission to one of three dance halls at the modest price of a dollar and a half, and an occasional between-dance confection, such as a Little Bit of Heaven, costing another twenty-five cents at the outside. Thus for three dollars an Illinois undergraduate can give the girl of his heart a perfectly rousing time. For this sum, moreover, he enjoys a monopoly; for cutting in is discountenanced at Illinois dances, and anybody in Urbana can tell you that when a guy drags a girl to a dance he dances with her and he doesn't mean maybe.

The old alumnus, on entering one of these dimly lighted dance halls and seeing the men and girls sitting around tables between dances, lapping up brimming beakers of sarsaparilla or ocher crush, bemoans the good old days when a Friday-night party consisted of forty or fifty men sitting around a table, lapping up beer and roaring jolly college songs with twenty-seven singing barytone, one singing a sour bass and the remainder singing whisky tenor. The modern undergraduate agrees politely that it must have been nice, but it is obvious that he prefers the more fragrant and refined aura of the dance hall.

Coeds are permitted to be out until 12:30 on Friday and Saturday nights; and their escorts bring them back to their houses with about three minutes to spare, galloping down the streets with them so violently that Urbana sounds as though it were being raided by several cavalry regiments with coconut shells tied to their horses' hoofs. Strangely enough, there is no revolt against the unseasonable earliness of this hour—possibly because the occasional young lady who wishes to stay out until a later hour is familiar with several methods of accomplishing her purpose, provided she is willing to risk discovery by those two supersleuths, Tommy Arkle and Maria Leonard, dean of women.

No Rate, No Date

As for the business of rating, one quickly learns at Illinois that there are certain things that rate and certain things that don't rate. Certain college honors are said to rate—to be generally desirable—while others don't rate. Memberships on teams, managerships, positions on university publications—these things rate according to Illinois undergraduates. What is more intricate and baffling, in this university that prides itself on its democracy, is the apparent fact that some fraternities don't rate with some sororities and that some sororities don't rate with some fraternities. If a young man who doesn't, as the saying goes, rate, telephones to a sorority member and craves the privilege of a date, he won't get the date because he doesn't rate. The young lady will, in the patois of Illinois, uncouth him—she will give him, in other words, the more or less ladylike raspberry. And theoretically, if a coed belongs to a sorority that doesn't rate with a certain fraternity, no member of that fraternity will attempt to date her.

These theories of rating and dating are, to put it conservatively, somewhat wearying, not to say distressing, to many of the undergraduates who belong to no fraternity or sorority. Since 60 per cent of them do not, there are a great many Illinois undergraduates, just as there are at every university, who get about as much pleasure and fun and companionship out of their four collegiate years as they would get from four years on a coal barge. The university provides no dormitories for them, which might and again might not bring them together in a defensive alliance.

Another Sign of the Changing Times

Within the past year the nonfraternity men themselves have made a beginning at bettering their lot by the formation of the Nonfraternity Council, which will attempt to organize the activities of the nonfraternity men in the same way that the fraternities organize the activities of their members. As at other universities, however, such efforts are apt to be futile until the state of Illinois decides to tax her citizens an extra dollar or two so that her sons and daughters can be housed in residential halls that will be fitting architectural accompaniments to its $2,000,000 memorial stadium, its gigantic armory and its $100,000 fraternity houses.

Even among the fraternity men, however, is arising a dim, faint feeling that something is wrong—a feeling that possibly prospective members should be judged on their inner qualities rather than on their externals. In recent years, say Illinois fraternity men, the fraternities have been emphasizing the social side of undergraduate members. They observe and comment on the fact that the slightly rough egg from the heart of the Corn Belt is regarded with some doubts as fraternity material, whereas the slick-haired boy from Chicago is accepted without question. Is this, they wonder, wise? Here again is a sign for the statistician—a sign that undergraduates, in one more way, are exactly what they have always been.

An indignant man was selling books in the coöp. "Do they buy books?" he asked fretfully; "of course, they buy books—more'n they ever bought! Best boys and girls in the world! Makes me sick, these books they write about 'em nowadays, making 'em out to act like a lot of animals! Yeah, and when I go to book-buyers conventions, book buyers say, 'Well, well! So you live in a college town! Well, it must be horrible, the carryings on! You wouldn't think any father'd let his children go to college!' Sure, that's what they say! All on account of these books! Let me tell you something: I've got a boy and a girl of my own, and the first thing I do, as soon as they get to be the right age, is to shoot 'em in to the University of Illinois as fast as I can! Yes, sir!"

What do they get out of it—these undergraduates of 1928—out of the crowded Broadwalk and the soft Illinois haze over the elms; out of the voices up the street singing:

"The blue of her eyes and the gold of her hair
Are a blend of the western sky;
And the moonlight beams on the girl of my dreams:
She's the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi!"

What do they get out of the Little Bits of Heaven, and the crowded bleachers, and the thud of rifle butts on the south campus as the brigade grounds arms; out of the stunt shows and Dad's Day and pep meetings and crowded tennis courts and intramural sports and cheering crowds in the stadium and May fêtes and fraternity rushing and rating and dating and all the rest of it? The answer is simple, but cannot be given in statistics: They get the same things that the members of the class of 1908 and 1898 got out of their various colleges and universities—things that they can't quite describe, even though they've had twenty or thirty years in which to think them over.

20,000! 40,000! 60,000 miles!

'Big mileage' becomes more than long service with the new General *Dual*-Balloon "8." It gives you a superlative kind of mileage—greater than it was ever thought possible to build into a tire—yet you travel all the way on regular balloon low-pressure. ~ ~ Only the *Dual*-Balloon principle makes this possible. The thicker, longer-lasting tread prevents the dangers of premature "baldness" in tires; in fact, it assures you of non-skid safety, season after season. It goes still further in the direction of uninterrupted mileage by reducing the chance of a puncture to the vanishing point. With the new *Dual*-Balloon "8" you are master of your mileage.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by the General Tire and Rubber Co.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

–goes a long way to make friends

What good is the Cork... If it Doesn't fit the Bottle?

IT may be the finest cork in the world . . . but what happens if it doesn't fit the bottle? There's a leak—seepage—waste!

The same thing happens when your motor oil doesn't fit the degree of wear in your car's engine. It may be good motor oil, but if it is not the right body or grade to fit and seal that space between pistons and cylinder walls, then your power blows by—there's a leak—seepage, waste!

To seal the power in your engine at every degree of wear—to give you this *extra service* from Motor Oil—Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is made and applied in several different grades—according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication*.

There's a grade for your car when it is new and the pistons fit snugly. There's a grade for your car at 2,000 miles—and at 12,000 miles—when the space between pistons and cylinder walls has increased, due to wear.

There is a correct grade of Opaline to seal this space and prevent your power from blowing by, both before and after pistons are refitted or new rings installed.

To get *precision* in your lubrication tell your Authorized Opaline Dealer your mileage. He will consult the Sinclair Recommendation Index and give you the grade of Opaline that your car requires right now!

Opaline is all that a good motor oil should be to meet the demands of the present-day engine, and does what you have a right to expect from a good motor oil.

The right *grade* of motor oil is just as important as the *right* quality. It is the responsibility of the Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get both—to prevent your power from blowing by!

30¢ a quart is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk (slightly higher in the Far West).

**The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power.*

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Seals power at every degree of wear

SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC. NEW YORK ATLANTA BOSTON CHICAGO DETROIT HOUSTON KANSAS CITY OMAHA

Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines

©1928 S.R.C.

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

Continued from Page 23

"Say, Eve," Harrison whispered presently, "do you think I ought to apologize to Clark and Doctor Hutchings?"

"What are you talking about?" She was misled by his solemn tone.

"Before you came aboard," he replied, with a grin, "I took them for merely a pair of railroad presidents. Don't give me away, will you?"

She only laughed. "I don't think much of the way this party is starting out," she said to herself. Well, each had given the other a surprise.

XXIII

THE week-end continued to supply surprises for them. The very first evening at dinner Harrison was disillusioned in regard to his special god, Doctor Duke. To be sure, he still remained a great scientist, but he proved to be a great sybarite too. Not in the least ascetic, as Harrison thought true scientists should be.

Mr. Monteagle had said, "Dick, I understand that you are a Madeira drinker. I've brought something up this evening that may interest you."

When the celebrated palæontologist beheld the faded label he reached out for the old bottle and handled it as reverently as though it were the Holy Grail, or even a dinosaur's egg.

"Where did you get it, Harry?" he asked in awed tones. "Where did you get it? I didn't know there was any of this left in the world."

It transpired that the Madeira in its early days, while still in the cask, had traveled in the hold of a clipper ship, in order to mature in the right way. After which it had lain for years in a cellar in Atlanta, Georgia. Georgia, it seems, provided a great climate for perfecting Madeira.

Then followed a long discussion of various wines and vintages—Château Yquem, 1847, and Grande Champagne, 1830, "the rarest liqueur in the world today," according to the scientist.

"All this fuss over a drink," said Harrison to himself. He didn't think it of Duke. The voluble scientist had relapsed into an almost solemn silence when his glass was first filled. He kept gazing at it, but would not touch it. . . . (Well, if he's so crazy about alcohol, why doesn't he drink it?) Then, after the action of the air had had some effect or other, he raised the precious fluid and for some time went through foolish motions with it under his nose before he brought it to his lips. Then he took a sip, looked soulfully at his host, and almost wept. Ridiculous!

The young man had anticipated having the time of his life listening to these big fellows discuss scientific problems, but they all seemed to be out for a good time and wanted him to make up a set of doubles with them. That was an honor, and he served gently to Berryman, but they wouldn't even talk about the object of their being brought together out here—namely, their final plans and arrangements. So often the way when a congenial group of coworkers gets together. They postponed bringing the matter up and drifted along on the current of casual subjects until too late to accomplish much of anything.

Harrison had read everything that had been published about expeditions to Mongolia. He knew that there was plenty of room for new ones there in that isolated heart of a vast continent. He knew that throughout an area larger than from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains there wasn't a single railroad and very few roads of any kind. And yet they were going to travel by motor cars. Roy Chapman Andrews had done it.

"In that way he could accomplish ten years' work in five months," Duke told Harrison.

Once as he entered the library, where some of them were smoking and talking, he heard Clark say, "But, you see, on the way to the Tsing-ling Mountains the captain and I had to dodge a war going on in Si-gan-Fu." Harrison knew that Si-gan-Fu was an ancient capital of China, and he wanted to hear the rest of the story, but Clark only said, "Oh, well, we finally reached our destination."

Clark was full of good things, only he wouldn't let them come out. Harrison heard him telling Evelyn at dinner that no rifle that had killed a man was good for game hunting, according to the natives, unless it was first treated with appropriate incantations. Harrison had read about this superstition, but he wanted to hear Clark's version. Just as the explorer was reaching the most interesting part, someone interrupted and the subject was changed to shotguns and duck shooting at Currituck, North Carolina. This was no way for noted scientists to behave.

To Eve, this scientific house party was equally disillusioning, for another reason.

"Look at him," she said to herself. "So perfectly absorbed that he's utterly oblivious of everyone else"—meaning herself. In all her experience she had never met a man who made her feel so unimportant to him. She told herself that it was amusing, but, back of the smile, she knew that she was dismayed. The one time she had him alone for a moment she began to guy him for being a hero worshiper—a terrible accusation for a member of the bunkless generation.

Even that did not change his policy of sitting at the feet of her other guests to pick up crumbs of their conversation. He paused only long enough to scold her.

"You don't appreciate your opportunities," he said. This was on Sunday, while they were waiting for luncheon to be announced. "You have some of the biggest men in the world right here under your own roof, and you treat them as casually as if they were ordinary week-end guests. Why don't you lead 'em around to talking about worthwhile things? You're a hell of a hostess!"

He was not appreciating his own opportunities. He was treating her as if she were an ordinary week-end hostess—a middle-aged one who did the entertaining without getting much entertainment out of it. His manner seemed to say, "Yes, yes, I'll pay you plenty of attention as soon as the others leave, but I'm busy now. Run along."

She had planned suggesting to Doctor Duke that some kind of a place be made for Harrison on the expedition, but if he were going to ignore her, what was the use? She wouldn't waste any more time on him. She would leave him behind—go out to the Gobi and make a name for herself. Then perhaps he would appreciate her. She did not want to marry him. She was sure of that. But she was piqued that he didn't want to marry her. All her carefully prepared campaign was fizzling out at the very start of the attack. She had been beautified, had learned to run the typewriter, had taken courses at Columbia and had put in three months of real work in the Bad Lands. Look at the result.

"The joke's on you again, my dear," she said, facing herself in the mirror as she put on the pearls for dinner. "You bought some cheap prettiness and lost every bit of your 'distinction.' You look like a silly little motion-picture actress with sex appeal for the masses. You were a fool to think you could get him that way. He despises artificiality. . . . Father is right. You want something you can't have."

That was why she told herself that she didn't want him. He was selfish, opinionated, arrogant and entirely too small. But he was a darling, all the same, and he needed that trip to the Gobi more than she did. She ought to let him have that, at least. It meant his career. He loved his work. It was puzzling to her how men love their work. She had often watched her father in times of great stress and responsibility and wondered why he would keep on inflicting such ordeals upon himself. It was so unnecessary.

Then, seeing the boy ignored by Clark, she wanted to rush to his defense. "Harrison isn't really selfish," she told herself, "or he would not have declined to marry me. And see what he's gone through since, and without a whimper! He's merely self-confident and determined. I love his independence. He's not really arrogant. He merely has self-respect. That's why he ran away from me. He's as brave as a lion, even if he is small. He can't stand me, that's all."

The only real conversation Harrison had with Duke alone took place on Monday morning as they were about to return to town, and it revived Harrison's hope of getting out to the Gobi. Harrison reported the result of his recent interview with the banker at his office.

"Hard luck," said Duke. "It's going to be a nice party. The Monteagles are to join us out there in the desert as soon as the old man pulls off his big international bond deal. You see, Evelyn can't go without papa. Such things wouldn't be understood in the East. A girl alone, with all us wicked men!"

"I didn't suppose Mr. Monteagle would care to endure the hardships and adventures," said Harrison.

Doctor Duke smiled. "My boy, we don't have such things," he said—"not in my expeditions. Adventures are a mark of incompetence."

Harrison was rebuked and impressed. "But will Mr. Monteagle appreciate his opportunities? I'll bet it'll bore him to death."

"It won't bore him. Nothing ever bores him. He's interested in everything. But he won't know what it's all about and we'll be too busy to put him wise."

That gave Harrison his idea. He went straight to Mr. Monteagle and broached it. "Do you suppose you could give me five minutes on the way in to town?" he asked. The bags were being brought downstairs. Several cars were waiting outside.

"I'm not going in to town this morning," said the host.

"Then could you spare me five minutes now? I can go in by train later."

Mr. Monteagle agreed to that and, as soon as the others had left, took Harrison into his library. "What is it?" he said. He was quite businesslike and cold, but the boy was not going to let that deter him.

"This may sound odd," he began, "but it's important for both of us. Doctor Duke says that you are going out to the Gobi yourself. He's a terrific worker, you know, and he drives his men like Simon Legree. I was just thinking that you ought to have somebody with you who could devote all his time to acting as your scientific guide."

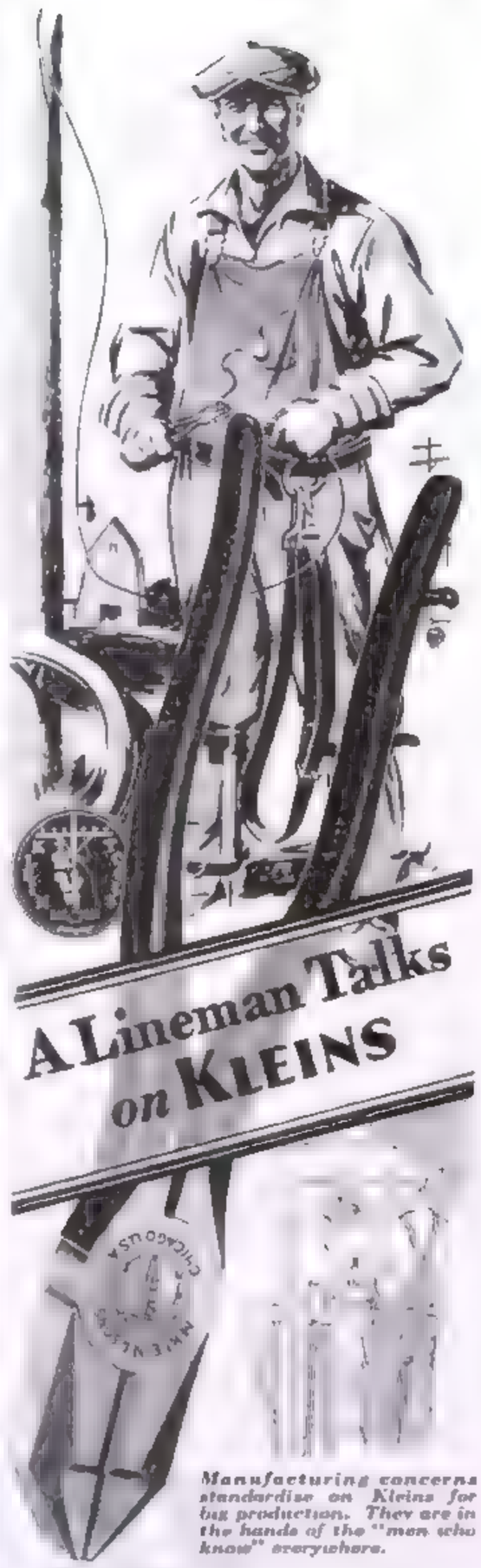
Mr. Monteagle saw at once what the boy was driving at and was more amused than surprised. "Persistence is no word for it," he said to himself. "Have you been out there often, Harrison?"

The would-be scientist declined to return the banker's smile. This was too serious. "No, but I would understand what they were doing and you couldn't. I have watched field work before, down in the Southwest. Besides, I've read every book and every report that has been published. And you, I take it, haven't had time to do much of that sort of thing."

"I've read Roy Chapman Andrews' book," said Mr. Monteagle, and was amused at himself now for being put on the defensive by this cheeky youngster.

"Of course. Everyone has read that. But I have specialized in this sort of thing, you see." Harrison began to recite a bibliography on the subject, and that amused Monteagle even more.

(Continued on Page 61)



Manufacturing concerns standardize on Kleins for big production. They are in the hands of the "men who know" everywhere.

"My old Klein pliers lie in front of me now, scarred and battered, but I wouldn't change them for a pair made of solid gold.

"Dropped them from a fifty foot stick onto a concrete sidewalk last winter when they slipped through my numbed hands. I've hacked through steel cable, strand by strand, have drawn nails, hammered small lag bolts, in fact abused them in every way, and yet the cutting jaws hardly show a nick in them. Line work will never be a nice, easy job, but I sure want to say that Klein tools go a long way to make the world's worst job a bit easier, a bit lighter."

(The above is from an unsolicited letter written by a lineman.)

Distributed through jobbers

Four pamphlets of interest to linemen and those responsible for the safety of linemen. Copy will be sent upon request—check the ones you want.

- ☐ Safety for the Pole Climber.
- ☐ Specifications on Linemen's Belts and Safety Straps.
- ☐ The Safety Factor on Linemen's Leather Goods.
- ☐ Pocket Tool Guide.

Mathias KLEIN & Sons

3200 BELMONT AVE., CHICAGO

The Eternal Question

"—What Shall I Have for Dinner?"

At this season of the year, when the market offers a minimum in variety of food, and choice is so restricted, Kraft Cheese comes to the assistance of the puzzled housewife.

For in our new recipe book—which is free—are to be found in almost endless variety, new dishes—or old favorites given a new savoriness—by the use of Kraft Cheese.

And good cheese is so healthful, so invigorating, so revitalizing. Just the food needed at this time of the year to restore waning energy. Besides, cheese is one of the very few foods that can be eaten with equal pleasure either for its own deliciousness or for its health-giving properties. We know of no other single food, containing so many essential food elements, that is so pleasing to the taste. To make sure the cheese you buy is good, say "Kraft" before you say Cheese.

Send for our new recipe book just off the press. It is brimful of choice cheese recipes and illustrated in colors. It is free. Write our Home Economics Department, 406 Rush Street, Chicago.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company

In every type of food one brand always stands out as the standard of its kind. For over fifty years "Philadelphia" has been that brand in Cream Cheese. Child specialists recommend it for body and health-building elements. Nutrition authorities give it honored place in the diet. Hostesses and food experts serve it as a rare delicacy. It, too, is a product of the Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company.

Macaroni Mousse

1 cup macaroni broken in two-inch pieces
1½ cups scalding milk
1 cup soft bread crumbs
¼ cup melted butter
1 pimiento, chopped
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1½ cups Kraft American Cheese grated or Nukraft
⅔ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash of paprika
3 eggs

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water, blanch in cold water and drain. Pour scalding milk over bread crumbs, add butter, pimiento, parsley, onion, grated Kraft Cheese and seasonings. Then add well-beaten eggs. Put macaroni in thickly buttered loaf pan and pour milk and cheese mixture over it. Bake about 50 minutes in a slow oven until set in the middle. Serve with tomato sauce

(Continued from Page 59)

"Wait!" he said. "Don't go so fast. I want to write some of those titles down so I can get up a library to take along."

"I'll prepare a list for you," said Harrison. "Then, too, my mind, such as it is, has had a scientific training, even if I haven't got a doctor's degree after my name. All my knowledge would be at your disposal day and night, just as on your business trips you take Tomlinson with you because he always remembers people's names and tells you whether you've met them." Harrison began to smile now, despite the seriousness of the project. "I could act as your scientific secretary, your intellectual valet, while you're out there. In fact, Mr. Monteagle, in order to go I'd be willing to act as any kind of a valet. Bring your hot water in the morning and lace up your high boots—anything and everything if you'll only take me along. You'll never regret it, Mr. Monteagle. I'll see to that. Please let me go."

Mr. Monteagle was still smiling, but his eyes were doing the gimlet act once more. He found himself wanting to say yes. But there was Evelyn. It would hardly do.

"Your devotion to science is admirable, my boy, and I'm sure it would be a great privilege to see Duke's expedition functioning through your eyes, but don't you think it would be better this year to go back to the university and get your doctor's degree before you do any field work? They say it's awfully important to get one of those things. I'd be so happy to finance you if you'd allow me that privilege."

Harrison colored with embarrassment. (I suppose he wants to make up for ditching my dad.) "That's awfully kind of you, but I'd rather not."

"Oh, call it a loan, if you like. You could pay me back in time. I'm really interested in your future. Duke says you have a bright one."

"Duke says I'm well enough equipped to do field work already. My degree can wait."

Mr. Monteagle liked the young man's independence. In fact, he liked him in every respect but one. "By the way, Harrison, Eve didn't suggest this idea, did she?"

"Good Lord, no! To tell the truth, she's not very keen about my tagging along. But then, she doesn't realize all it means to me. She's only a girl. No, it's my own idea entirely." He seemed proud of it.

"Well, as I told you, I have no right to butt in on this business. The food supply and transportation are all doped out by this time, and one more person would mean that many more pounds to carry and all that sort of thing."

"I know all that," said Harrison, rising to leave, "but it's not too late to arrange it. I've looked into that question too. You were kind enough to make me think that I put the idea of this expedition into your head. Well, you believe that those who create ideas deserve something as well as those who carry them out. You don't have to be a socialist to believe that. Try to look at it from my point of view, Mr. Monteagle. A year ago last Labor Day I came out here for a quiet week-end. What has been the result? I lost my degree, the family lost their money and we've had a hell of a time ever since—all because I tried to do the right thing. And see what you and Eve got out of it. A new interest in life, and better yet, a new interest in each other. That girl appreciates her father now and I helped to make her do it. It's a fact. I know I did. She's crazy about you now, Mr. Monteagle. Besides," he added, smiling, "you owe me something for not trying to marry her. Seriously, a word from you to Evelyn would get me to the Gobi. Won't you do that much for me?"

Mr. Monteagle, like most of his kind, though one of the most generous of them, never did anything for anyone who failed to do as Mr. Monteagle liked. He had not liked what Harrison Cope had done. He therefore said—and believed—that Alexander Cope, the banker, lacked judgment and organizing ability. We all use our minds as accomplices to our prejudices and desires. Only, it pleases us to call the process reasoning.

"Why don't you ask Eve yourself?" said Mr. Monteagle. "She's my boss in this matter."

"I have your permission to do that?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"And if she says I can go you won't object?"

"Why should I? Think what a fine thing it would be for me to sit at your feet and get some more ideas."

Harrison ignored his persiflage. This was too important. "Then I'll go and see her at once. I'm awfully glad you like my ideas, Mr. Monteagle." He stepped to the door.

"You're pretty good at getting what you want, aren't you, Harrison?"

The young man turned back. He seemed rather shy for the first time. He emitted an unnecessary laugh. "It isn't only that. I was beginning to think you didn't give a hang about me any more, and it made me feel rotten. Because, you know, I've always been sort of crazy about you ever since we had our first talk in this very room—despite the way you let my poor old father down. . . . Well, I must find Eve." He left the room before the astonished banker could reply.

Mr. Monteagle hesitated a moment, then picked up the house telephone and summoned his daughter.

XXIV

BUT Harrison could not find Eve. He learned from a servant that Miss Monteagle had gone to her laboratory in the north wing. Formerly she had called it her studio. He tried to reach her by the house telephone, but there was no answer because by this time her father was telling her of Harrison's project.

"As a matter of form, my dear, I have referred our young friend to you. He's a nice boy, but he must be taught his lesson. You will veto this plan, of course."

"Of course," said Evelyn.

She returned to her laboratory and Mr. Monteagle got to work with an easier mind.

Evelyn got to work, too, but her mind was not so easy, because her desk telephone rang and Harrison's eager voice said, "I must see you at once, my dear."

"Sorry, darling, but I'm busy. I thought you had left for town." A lie.

"This is important, Eve, honestly."

"Not so important as what I am doing." He still failed to take her seriously as a worker. "I'm figuring out the gasoline supply for the return trip from the desert. You see, it all has to be sent by camel caravan and they can only carry four hundred pounds apiece and travel at the rate of two miles an hour. You're slow too. You had two days to see me and you wouldn't even look at me. It nearly broke my heart. How could you?"

"You know perfectly well that some of those fellows were the biggest men in the country. I couldn't let a chance like that slip by. Say, listen. This is no time for fooling. I've got a grand scheme. I simply must see you about it."

She hesitated. "I'll be busy all day."

"Well, you'll have to eat. May I stay for lunch?"

She knew that her father was lunching out. She could have Harrison all to herself. She wanted him to stay, but she wanted him to see how it felt to wait. "You don't seem to realize that I'm a working girl now, and you're a member of the leisure class. Go play tennis with the marker. I noticed yesterday that your ground strokes were rotten. We'll be delighted to have you for lunch, of course." She rang off.

So he went out and played tennis with the professional and improved his ground strokes.

"I see you've played this game before, sir," said the marker, who was a cockney and wanted to express respectful approval in the reserved English manner.

The court was immediately below Evelyn's window, and although that explains why she sent him out there, she became much annoyed by Harrison's undue enthusiasm when shouting "Oh, a peach!" as the marker passed him.

She went to the window to ask him to stop, but she changed her mind and watched him run up to the net. Like many small men, he was good at volleying—quick as a flash and with more sting in his shots than formerly. She waited to see how he served. Pretty wild, but very good form. He was graceful in his movements, and so tense, so eager, so utterly oblivious of everybody and everything except what he wanted.

"He doesn't care—he doesn't care. Oh, why did I have to go to work and fall in love with that little runt? I thought it was all over, and it's worse than ever. Having something to do—an interest in life—what do I care about science? All I want is a man—this man—a little man—that oblivious boy out there playing tennis as if it were the only thing in the world. I never supposed I'd be this sort. I won't be that sort. I'll show him his place. He can't ignore me. I have the whip hand. I won't let him go to the Gobi."

And yet when he stopped playing she stopped working.

After four hard sets of tennis, followed by a shower and a vinegar rub-down, Harrison Cope strolled into the garden, smoking a cigarette and feeling fit to conquer the world. But in order to do so, he would have to conquer Eve first.

She had arranged to have a servant tell him where she was.

He did not know that she was waiting for him, down there on the stone bench where all their troubles had begun long ago. He had not yet seen her and was unaware that she was watching his approach. She liked the way he walked. He did not stroll. She had never seen him stroll. He took quick, springy steps and seemed to be charged with electricity.

"See here," she said to herself, "at the present rate, I'll soon be wanting him to walk on me. This won't do." She was conscious that she already liked so many things about him she formerly objected to. "I'll end up by adoring his size!" She decided to cut it all out and once more resolved to fly to the desert without him.

She saw now that he was looking for someone. "He's looking for me!" she said to herself. So many men—real ones, big ones—had looked for her. Why should that excite her? They wanted her. He didn't. Was that why?

He wore no hat, and he had the kind of hair that looks very attractive after a bath. It wasn't quite curly, but it arranged itself naturally in a much more becoming way than when he painstakingly slicked it back before the mirror. She knew that, owing to what she called his complex, he had no vanity about his personal appearance, and she liked him for it. Most handsome men were so obviously and absurdly aware of their good points. Cecil, for example. Worse than women. Women always know their bad points too.

He saw her now and hurried down the path, looking happy. "Gosh," he said, "I've had a time finding you!" His smile was frank and friendly. He was so damnably sure of himself and of what he wanted.

She said nothing, did not ask him to sit down, scarcely glanced at him. He did not even notice her indifference. He was too self-centered and imperturbable. He stood in front of her, his hands in his pockets. "Eve, what do you think? I've got it all fixed. I can join the expedition after all."

He began to tell her about the plan. She still would not look at him. She plucked a near-by rose and looked at that, as he went on joyously. "Think what it means to me. I'll be a sort of scientific observer at large. Why, it will be worth ten years of university work!"

He was still too exuberant to be aware of her cold silence.

"You never think of anything but yourself." She was examining the rose critically.

To him it sounded like her usual bantering note, and this was no time for nonsense. This was business. "Oh, but I'm thinking about you too," he returned. "It will mean a lot to you, having me out there with you."

She looked up. "To me? Ah, really? In what way?"

"No, but seriously, I mean it. I know lots more about this sort of thing than you do. I'll tutor you, too, when I can spare the time."

When he could spare the time! "You can't go without my permission. Don't you know that?"

But even then he didn't take it very seriously. He only laughed good-naturedly. "Sure I know! That's why I wanted to see you. Your father said it would be all right if you said so." She made no response. She seemed to be thinking about it.

"Well," he exclaimed, smiling, "I'm bound to say you don't seem very enthusiastic. Gosh, Eve, just think! We'll have a swell time out there together."

"You seem to assume that I want you to come."

He scrutinized her carefully for the first time. "Why shouldn't you?"

"Why should I?" She was pulling the rose to pieces.

He was becoming alarmed. "Why, Eve! Seriously, you wouldn't spoil my one chance at what I want most in the world! Why, Eve, I took for granted ——"

She threw the rose to the ground. "You take too much for granted. Merely because you can work my father you think you can work me. Well, you can't. We don't need you. We don't want you. I refuse to O.K. this plan. No, you can't go."

He was utterly dumfounded. "Why, Eve! What's the matter? What have I done?"

She made no answer. She merely looked at the ground where the strewn petals lay.

Evidently he had offended her in some way. He tried to think how. He recalled now that she had been rather cold and distant all during the week-end.

"Look here. Surely you didn't take me seriously when I said that the other day!"

"Said what?"

"Oh, you know—the first day there in the office. I asked you to marry me."

Her face turned white. "What do you mean? When was that? I don't remember anything of the sort."

"Oh, you remember all right. But I was only fooling. I won't ask you to marry me again; honestly I won't, even in joke, if it annoys you. Can't you trust me?"

She waited a moment, then said, "Your jokes are very amusing, I'm sure, but what has that to do with it?"

"I don't know. I thought maybe you didn't like it. But you needn't worry about that. I won't be a nuisance to you or anything. I promise. Can't you believe me?"

She sprang to her feet. "I'm not going at all," she said. "I'm sick of the whole thing. I'm going to resign."

To the would-be scientist this was inconceivable. "What! You wouldn't throw over a chance like that! You're crazy! Besides, you have a very responsible position, and Duke says you're not bad at it. You have no right to resign."

"I have a right to do as I please, and you have no right to criticize me for it."

He was amazed—rather indignant at her. "Then what they say about you is true. This thing was merely your latest fad. I knew you didn't know much, but I thought you were serious about it. I'm disappointed in you. You ought to be spanked."

"I'm not interested in what they say or what you think."

There was a long silence, each busy with such different thoughts. Presently he turned to her and said, "Look here. As long as you don't want that job anyway, why couldn't I have it?"

She bit her lip and turned her back. (That's all he cares!) "No," she said, facing him again, "you can't have it. I must go. I owe it to the organization. It's not a fad.

(Continued on Page 64)

THE

GREATER HUDSON

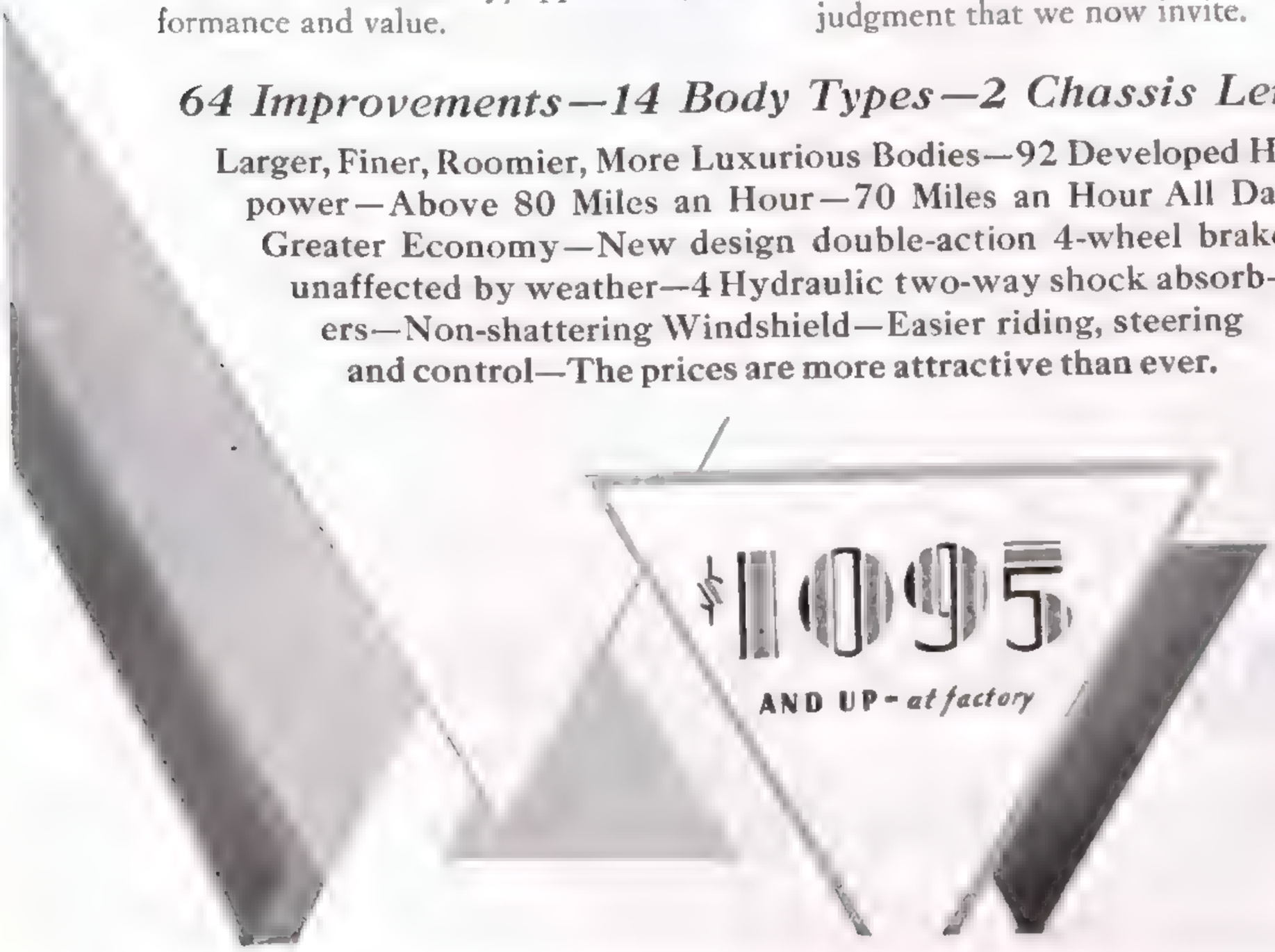
NOW READY

for One Million SUPER-Six Owners to judge

Because the experience and suggestions gained from a million Super-Six owners led to the 64 improvements now introduced, the new Hudson is to be known as the Greater Hudson.

It is to this vast army of experts that this invitation to examine and drive the car and place upon it their appraisal is made. So emphatically does the Greater Hudson answer their wishes that we leave to them the verdict of its beauty, appearance, performance and value.

No car has ever held greater prestige from the standpoint of value. No car has been regarded as being better on the road or having such a satisfactory motor. In the Greater Hudson you will find that in these as well as other particulars a higher standard is set. No group of owners is better qualified to judge values. None know so well what smoothness and reliability—easy driving and easy riding means. So what they say of the Greater Hudson will be authoritative and conclusive. It is their judgment that we now invite.



64 Improvements—14 Body Types—2 Chassis Lengths

Larger, Finer, Roomier, More Luxurious Bodies—92 Developed Horsepower—Above 80 Miles an Hour—70 Miles an Hour All Day—Greater Economy—New design double-action 4-wheel brakes unaffected by weather—4 Hydraulic two-way shock absorbers—Non-shattering Windshield—Easier riding, steering and control—The prices are more attractive than ever.

$1095

AND UP - *at factory*

"ON AN EXPEDITION of this kind, completely cut off from outside medical help, the efficacy of Unguentine in cases of burns, cuts, bruises, and particularly frost-bite, will be a source of confidence to all our members," writes Dr. Francis Dana Coman, Byrd Antarctic Expedition.

Needless pain

THE Byrd Antarctic Expedition took only urgent necessaries. Explorers beyond the Great Barrier must travel light. But Byrd took Unguentine.

Below is the letter of a husband who was *not* prepared, who was helpless while acid burned into his wife's hand. Wherever you live or work, for your family's sake, never be without Unguentine.

Unguentine quickly relieves the terrible pain of burns. It safeguards from infection. Normal healing starts rapidly. Almost without exception, *no scar is left.*

For all cuts, bruises, chapping, as well as burns, apply this famous antiseptic, surgical dressing. Keep Unguentine *always* in the bathroom medicine cabinet and extra tubes in your kitchen, in your office or workshop, in your auto kit and your club locker. At your druggist's, 50c.

"MY WIFE was removing paint from china when she spilled some acid on her hands. She was in a terrible condition when I came home, *three hours later.*

I rushed down to the druggist and got a tube of Unguentine and smeared it over her hands. We had to file her rings off. Yet in a few days there were almost no signs of the burn. There will be no scars.

Norwich

The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Department S-t, Norwich, N. Y.

Send me free tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to Do," by Dr. Stofer. Also new Unguentine Toilet Soap to correct the skin and keep it lovely.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

Canadian Address, 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

(Continued from Page 61)

I care more about this than anything in the world. And I'm far more necessary than you realize. I'm needed. But you—you are not. Nobody needs you. You're not a real scientist anyway. You're nothing but a pseudo scientist. You would merely be in our way. I don't want you and won't take you. There, that's final." She turned toward the house.

Harrison darted ahead of her and blocked the path. She saw that his eyes were blazing. He held his arms stiff at his sides and his fists were clenched. "All right! You can go to the devil! You're nothing but a selfish, spoiled child. You don't know or care a damn about science or anything but your insatiable vanity. Don't you suppose I know why you're turning me down?"

She shot him a look. Did he know? Could he have guessed?

"Your father wants me. He's a man and a sportsman. But you—you're nothing but a female—a vindictive she. All you're after is revenge for what happened long ago. You have rigged up this whole situation in order to get even with me. Such a mean, petty, female way to do it!"

She laughed to show how much his explanation amused her. Her laugh was rather too shrill and histrionic, but neither of them noticed that.

"Oh, this is rich!" she exclaimed. "So you've actually believed all this time that I really intended to marry a person like you?"

He was not in the least disturbed. "I knew darn well you didn't. I saw through you all along. You pretended to be willing to marry me in order to get the pearls you flaunted in my face last evening at dinner. Well, I let you win them, but I wouldn't let you make a monkey of me. I saw what was coming and beat you to it. I skipped out and broke the phony engagement myself—and you can't get over it. That's what's the matter with you."

It had not occurred to her that he could put this interpretation upon it, and it made her more furious.

"You absurd little highbrow! How dare you say such things to me?"

That touched the raw spot, opened the old wound—his complex. He glared back at her and stood up as high as he could. Fortunately he had taken to wearing lifts in his shoes, and she, as it happened, had ordered an inch cut off her French heels. So, as they stood there in the path face to face, they were hating each other on the same level, at any rate.

"Be careful!" he said in the low, ominous tones of outraged dignity. "I told you once that you were never to talk to me that way again. You're nobody in particular yourself, and I'd have you understand I'm not the same person you pulled out of the lake." Yes, that still rankled. "I have lived in the open. I have earned my own living with my own muscles, and without the aid of anybody's pull or anybody's money. That's more than you or any of your crowd could do. I may be short, but I'm strong, all the same, and I'll prove it if necessary." He was talking like a small boy and was vaguely conscious of it, but too angry to inhibit it. Whenever youth's poses peel off, youthfulness appears.

But she, too, had lost her temper and her pose. "Strong? You? Why, I could take you across my knee and spank you if I wanted to! You're standing on your tiptoes now to prove what a great strong man you are."

Harrison came down on his heels. "You could, could you?" He suddenly seized both her hands and held them fast. "All right, try it!"

They stood thus, face to face, holding hands and glaring into each other's eyes.

"Why, if I wanted to," he said, with a sneer, "I could pick you up in my arms and run all the way down to the woods with you. I've got a notion to do it too. It would serve you right."

She tried to wrench herself free. His grasp was like a steel trap. "Let me go. You're hurting me."

"Good! I want to hurt you." He shifted his grasp to her wrists, however, instead of her fingers. "Now then," he said, between clenched teeth, "when does the spanking begin?"

"Don't be silly!" She was breathing hard.

"I'll be just as silly as I please. You drove me out of college. You prevented my getting a degree. You've killed my chance at the Gobi. You are doing everything in your power to ruin my career—like the spider that you are. Well, you've played hell with me long enough. I'm going to play hell with you for a change."

She suddenly threw the full weight of her body sideways across his forearms, but it did not work. He only jeered at her. "What did I tell you? You're not strong enough."

"Don't be ridiculous!" She was breathing harder now. "Let me go! I don't like this."

"Oh, you don't, don't you? Well, I do! It doesn't matter what you like. What I like counts now. You've never been mastered yet and it's time you were. You can get your own way with everybody else, including your doting father, but not with me. I don't dote. I'm the stronger of the two—in every way—and I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll remember all your life. Now, then, I'll give you just one minute to get away. And if you don't, do you know what I'm going to do to you?"

There was no answer, and her eyes were averted now, but he heard her take a long breath as if preparing for another attempt at escape. He prepared against it.

"I'm going to hold both these wrists in one of my hands—oh, I can do it easily"—he did it at once—"and then I'm going to take you in my arms and kiss you so hard that you will yell for help. I don't know whether that will offend your feminine vanity or please it. I don't care, but that's what I'm going to do."

"Listen, Harrison. I don't go in for this sort of thing any more. I mean it."

"You don't, eh? Well, I do. You taught me."

Her heart was beating furiously. It was difficult to speak, but she said, "I've had enough of this. Let me go."

"Couldn't think of it, kid. I haven't had half enough. I may not appeal to you, but you do to me. You're a darn good-looking girl—especially when you're mad."

Her face was near his, but he could not see her eyes. (He wants me. I am desired. If he could only love me.) She tried once more to escape—or seemed to—but he held her close and laughed in triumph.

"Your time is almost up," he said. He was rejoicing in his masculine strength, her feminine helplessness. So was she. Maybe this was an epoch-making moment. Maybe they would never forget it.

A voracious look had come into his eager eyes. (He doesn't even respect me!) "Time's up," he said with a gulping sound and violently pulled her close.

"Oh, don't! Don't! Please don't!" Her voice was little more than a fluttering whisper now, and her whole body was quaking, imprisoned in his arms. She could not help herself—and did not want to now. She was all his to do with as he pleased. Her eyes closed.

"Oh, hell!" he said and, laughing self-consciously, let her go. "Hanged if I'll kiss a girl when she doesn't like it. Nothing in it."

Once in the woods he had shot and crippled a deer, and when he caught up with the poor wounded thing he had to cut the beautiful creature's throat.

He was powerful. She was weak. And it was so unfair.

Flushed and shamefaced, they avoided each other's eyes. She turned away, to hide her chagrin.

He tried to laugh. He was not going to let her see how he felt.

"Well, I gave you fair warning." She had started toward the house in silence. He came after her, feeling worse every second. "Say, Eve, I only wanted to prove that I'm strong enough to go to the Gobi."

"Oh, please!" She ran from him throwing out her hands. He stopped short. She ran up to her room to cry. She was appalled. "He doesn't care, and yet you——" She shuddered at the self-revelation. "Thank heavens he can't come on the trip."

Luncheon was announced. She sent down word excusing herself. She had a cup of strong tea. That helped. She knew that he would be taking the next train. She would not see him again before the expedition started. Perhaps never. What a silly, childish way to part! And it hadn't been altogether his fault—largely hers. Reminding him of his physical inferiority she had intended never to do that again. Besides, it was no longer true. His hands and arms were like steel. She gasped at the recollection and had to close her eyes again. "And he thought I didn't want him!"

It became more her fault. So unfair, so cowardly. It was contemptible. In a little while it became entirely her fault.

"And he'll be leaving in a few moments." The car had been ordered to take him to the station.

It became an impossible way to part—and quite preventable. It was now or never. She prevented it. She met him in the hall. Well, wasn't it her duty as his hostess to see him off? Play the game, of course.

"Evelyn, I'm sorry—that's all." She nodded, said nothing. "I don't know what possessed me to say such rotten things to you, Eve."

"Never mind now. I hate post-mortems. I had no business talking as I did to you either. I don't blame you for being angry."

"Oh, that's all right, but I wanted to make you admit that I was the stronger of us two—that's all. Somehow I had to. But that's no excuse for manhandling you."

"I wish you wouldn't keep talking about it. It's so young."

"Yes, I know, but I've got to."

She looked up. "Why?"

"Because now, don't you see, I've learned my lesson. You need never, never fear anything like that again. You don't, do you?" She could not answer that. "I'm simply not the sort to appeal to you. I always thought so. Now I'm sure of it. I could tell when you were trying to get away—only, you couldn't. But, you see, I understand you pretty well by this time. I know women always hate us to say that, but it's true in this case. I don't know why it is, but I've always been onto you. Isn't that true?"

She heard the car approaching and turned to look at it.

"I see," she said.

"We might as well face the facts. We believe in that. You don't give a damn about me and I don't really give a damn about you—that was just a momentary flare-up today. It didn't mean a thing. It'll never happen again. So why shouldn't I go to the Gobi, after all?"

She was utterly dumfounded, but he went on pleading. "Ah, please, Eve! You have everything. I have nothing."

She made no answer. (So I have everything—except what I want!)

"Eve—dear Eve, how can you refuse such a little favor? My whole future depends on this. I have no doctor's degree, but I can make a name for myself out there, and then they'll have to take me seriously. For the last time, won't you let me go with you?"

"The car's waiting," she said. "You want this trip more than anything in the world?"

"Why, of course I do. You know that."

"Yes, I know that."

"So take me along with you. Why not? You'll never regret it. I'll see to that."

She kept on looking out at the car. He would have to leave in a moment.

"Listen, Eve, I'll make a bargain with you. If you agree to let me come I'll give you my word of honor as a scientist that I'll never be offensive to you again as long as I live."

She was still looking at the car. The chauffeur was looking at the dashboard clock. "You'll miss your train."

Continued on Page 66

All the machinery is on top

–you never see it.. never oil it..barely hear it!

ALL the machinery is on top . . . do you realize the importance of this simple statement? Do you know that this radically different design was chosen only after fifteen years of painstaking research in the laboratories of General Electric to guarantee the quietest, simplest, most efficient, and the most worry-proof arrangement?

The General Electric Refrigerator is one of the outstanding engineering achievements of recent years. All its mechanism is contained in a hermetically sealed steel casing, mounted on top of the refrigerator. There it is safe from dust and difficulties. It never needs oiling. And it operates so quietly that you can scarcely hear it.

As for its installation—that is a matter of minutes. There is no soldering, plumbing or wiring. You simply attach the cord—just as you would with an electric iron—to any convenience outlet, and turn on the switch.

Automatically, economically, this machinery which you never see gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It keeps your food always within the safety zone—well below the fifty degree danger point. It makes plenty of ice cubes for you . . . and uses surprisingly little current.

You will want complete specifications of all the models. You can get them by merely dropping us a card asking for our descriptive Booklet S-1.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

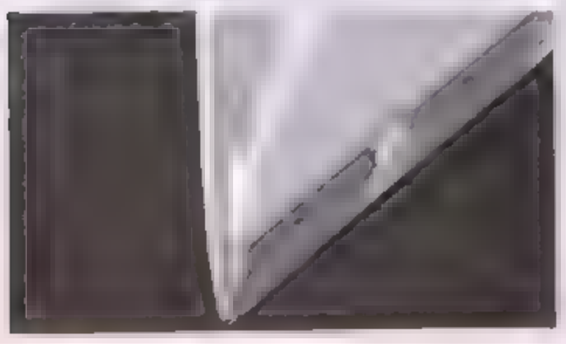
Cleans the teeth, stimulates the gums, sweetens the breath.

Created at the request of the dental profession and perfected by 85 years of dental experience.

Also cleans and deodorizes false teeth without scratching or injuring rubber or metal parts.

Write for full size 10c tube—FREE

THE S. S. WHITE DENTAL MFG. CO.
In Scientific Service to the Dental Profession Since 1844
215 S. 12th Street - Philadelphia



(Continued from Page 64)

"Won't you take me? Can't you believe me?" Apparently she couldn't or wouldn't. She made no answer.

"All right," he said, "I understand. You don't want me. Good-by." And he ran down the steps.

His foot had touched the running board. All her pride and dignity melted out of her. She ran down after him. "You may as well come along," she said. "It will mean so much to father."

XXV

"WELL, Hal," Evelyn remarked when they had their tea together alone in the library, "I've decided to take Harrison along, after all." She handed her father his cup.

Hal was not so surprised as she had expected him to be. "I see. But I've decided not to take him, you know."

"Yes, I know. But you'll have to change your mind. I did."

"I've nothing against Harrison personally, my dear, but I don't think I care to have him on this trip."

"I know just how you look at it. I felt the same way at first. I have nothing against you personally, Hal, but if you care to have me on this trip you'll have to take him too."

Mr. Monteagle drank his tea. "Bad as that, eh?"

"It's pretty bad," she said.

"Do you really mean that if it came to a show-down you would give up going to the Orient with me in order to stay home on a chance of seeing this boy?"

"Yes," she said.

Mr. Monteagle took some more tea. "You told me he tried to marry you the other day."

"Yes. He'll never try that again."

Monteagle doubted that. "Then why do you want him to come?"

"Because he wants to. He needs it. He deserves it, I think."

"Of course you know I could put him out of your reach if I wanted to."

"But you won't, because I don't want you to."

Monteagle had so many other things to look after—the peace and prosperity of the Orient, for example. Eve was no longer a frivolous little debutante. She could look after herself. Or if not —— Well, it would be better to have these young people where he could look after her than where he could not. Besides, he, too, rather fancied having this strange boy around. He didn't know why. Perhaps because he was strange.

"Oh, very well, my dear, have it your own way. You usually do."

So Harrison won. He was going to the Gobi, after all. It's hard to down a good man

So little time to make ready for the great adventure. Rushing around, getting his outfit, his passport. So many things to be done at the last minute—a happy nightmare.

The family were treating him with approbation again. If the Monteagles were taking him to the Orient with them, what did it mean? What else could it mean? They did not know the true state of affairs. Why should they? Nobody's business.

Bob accompanied Harrison to the train. He, too, was excited. A member of the family was crossing the continent in the mighty Monteagle's private car. The redcap had gone ahead with Harrison's bags. He knew which was Mr. Monteagle's car. Everyone at the station knew.

"Like traveling with the glee club," said Bob as they started down the long platform.

Harrison didn't hear him. He was going to the Gobi. He looked preternaturally calm and superior. That was the way excitement always affected him. Bob thought his little brother didn't appreciate his opportunities. Two brothers who would never understand each other.

"Pretty soft, kid, traveling across the continent in the old man's private car." Bob knew how much it cost.

A train had just pulled in. Dull-eyed commuters were approaching along the platform. To them it was merely the beginning of an ordinary working day. Their indifference somehow appalled Harrison. The sound of another train pulling out startled him. "What have I forgotten? Where's my passport? Oh, yes, one of Mr. Monteagle's secretaries has it, safe in his portfolio with the code book and other valuable documents. Everything's all right—everything's all right. That must be the car, down ahead on the right. Who are all these people?"

Many friends had come down to see the Monteagles off. Even to such constant travelers, this was a trip out of the ordinary. Not like running over to England or Europe. The observation platform was filled. Other friends were approaching. Excited salutations. Much unnecessary laughter. Under the car, steam escaping. Messenger boys arriving with telegrams and cables. Delivery boys with candy, with long boxes from florists.

There she was! Furs and violets and a flashing smile. She was surrounded by friends and adulation, but she spied him from a distance and waved. She had become nervous watching for him. He did not know that. He would not have believed it.

"She's a peach!" whispered Bob. "Now don't forget to introduce me to the old man." He wanted to stop.

"No, no, no—come on." Harrison hurried ahead toward the forward end of the car. "Must see if my trunks got on." Shyness again. All those assured strangers. Insignificant nobody.

The trunks had got on. The baggage department was up near the kitchen. A black chef dressed in white was peeling potatoes. Calm, businesslike and absorbed—an old story to him. The redcap was approaching, empty handed now, but smiling. Harrison produced half a dollar. Bob was watching. "Oh, don't be a piker." Bob gave the porter a dollar bill.

"Which is your stateroom, kid?" Bob was asserting himself by calling him kid.

"Stateroom? I don't know."

Bob wanted to see all he could of the car. He would tell the fellows about it at the office. They passed an open door. A plump middle-aged woman was arranging a dressing table. She, too, looked businesslike and very severe. "Evelyn's maid," said Bob.

They went along the passageway toward the rear, then stopped abruptly. Cigar smoke and a dozen men, mostly young, surrounded Mr. Monteagle. Harrison caught a glimpse of him smiling in the manner of one about to parry a question. They turned and left by the way they entered.

"Reporters," Bob whispered. "Something big broke this morning." No chance to be introduced. But if the time ever came when he was to order a private car, he would keep it simple and unostentatious like this one, with pretty English chintzes and cottagelike wicker furniture. "Good sort of a car to run down to Palm Beach in," he said to Harrison.

"Yes," said the little brother. He seemed to be looking for someone who wasn't there. They stepped out upon the station platform again. "I wonder where the others are." He meant Duke and his staff. Nothing but strangers so far. Again the old familiar dread—lonely, desolate, out of it; almost like homesickness. He clung to Bob, who was leading the way beside the car, back toward the observation end.

"Why did he disappear?" Eve was asking herself. "He'll get left!"

Harrison looked at his watch. Almost time. A passer-by said, "There he is." Mr. Monteagle could be seen through the window, holding a cigar.

Harrison and Bob stopped by the brass railing. "Oh, there he is," said Eve, to herself.

"Well, anyway," Bob was thinking, "we're an older family than the Monteagles."

The train heaved a sigh of restlessness and resolution, tired of all these prolonged good-bys. Such an old story, such a bore. Let's get rid of these people who don't belong. We'll throw a scare into them. A good bump will do it. A big bump came. Oh! So did the scare. Sudden animation. Everyone talking, no one listening. Well, good-by, good-by. Some of the women jumped off. Some of the men lingered. There was Cecil—of course. Laughter. Louder farewells, handshaking, excitement, some kissing. And Mr. Monteagle himself appeared at the door. He waved, smiling

"Well, kid, I've got to get back to the office. But I won't be at that rotter's beck and call much longer, thanks to you."

"What's that? What are you talking about?" He was looking for Duke.

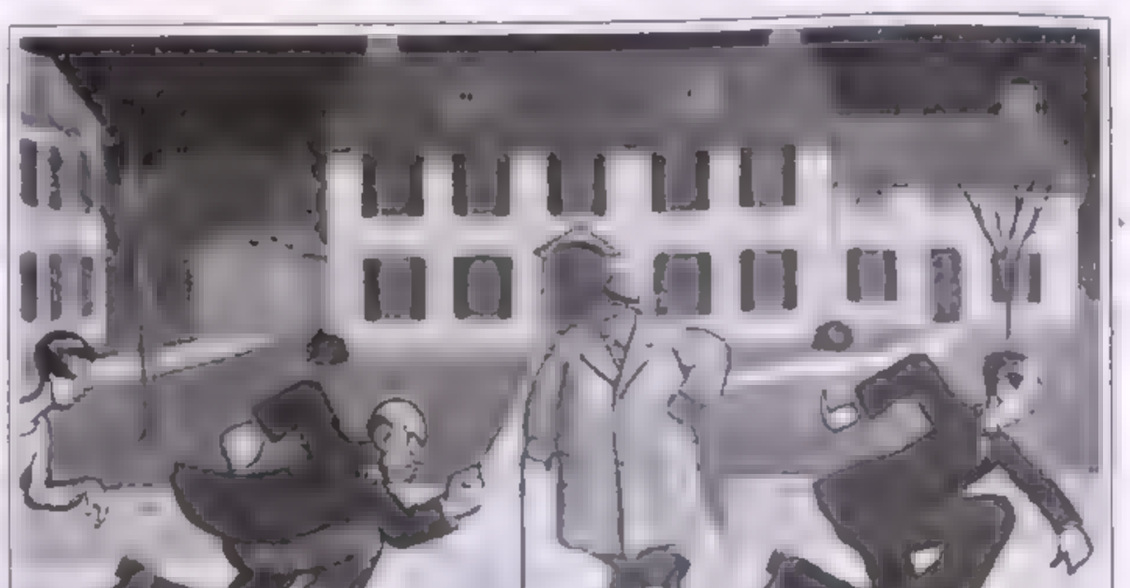
"Why, haven't you heard? Father's revised plans were approved yesterday and the merger's going through. He's to give me a nice place in the new bank."

The brakeman waved his arm and pronounced a long-drawn-out "All aboard" like a benediction. Evelyn, in the furs, with the violets, leaned out over the brass railing.

"Come, darling," she called, "you have a date with me to go to China now." It was in the melodious lower register and it made him throb.

Harrison laughed and jumped aboard. "So long, Bob," he shouted, and started for China.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Friend: "Don't be Sore at the Young Fellow Just Because He Asked for Your Daughter's Hand in Marriage"
Father: "But He Proposed a Long Engagement"

It outsells all others

There's so much more real *food value* in Heinz Tomato Ketchup . . . its undiluted goodness makes it go so much further . . . that millions of thrifty housewives never consider buying ketchup under any other label.

You see, Heinz Tomato Ketchup is just the simmered-down goodness of Heinz ripe, plump, juicy tomatoes—fresh from the garden. No dilution of any kind. Only pure table sugar and rare spices—personally selected by Heinz own representatives in the Orient—are added.

Heinz Tomato Ketchup, of course, costs several cents more. Obviously, a ketchup so rich and thick and savory cannot cost less . . . Yet Heinz is actually the largest selling ketchup in the world. And women who use it know that there's a delicate, piquant flavor that is unmistakably Heinz and which lends zest to a hundred different dishes.

You are always sure to be *right* with Heinz quality—a fact as true of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans, *Cooked* Spaghetti, *Cream* of Tomato Soup, Vinegars, Peanut Butter or any other of the 57 Varieties as it is of this wonderfully delicious tomato ketchup • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

© H. J. H. CO. '29

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

HOOCH

(Continued from Page 21)

down there took a hand. It wasn't their fight an' they weren't goin' to butt in as long as it meant nothin' to 'em. But when it threatened to shut off their supply, they stepped in like the Marines.

"I just mention that, Swinnerton, to let you see how easy I control. I know every man these leaders hire before they start him out. Most of 'em are dips, porch-climbers an' prowl burglars. They're a cheap bunch, but they know I can ride 'em if I don't like the way they act. If any o' the leaders just say they know me an' will ask me to put the rap in on these runners an' delivery boys fer old crimes they did, they know I could do it, an' they behave! I'm king, see? They don't even know you're alive!"

Swinnerton interrupted him. "That's exactly as it should be," he said. "That's just exactly what we want. It must never change. To bring my name forward in this business ——"

Flenger slapped the palms of his hands downward against the arms of his chair. He rolled his head to one side and burst into laughter. The alderman paused, looked at him inquiringly.

"You needn't go into that," Flenger said after a moment. "I know the spot you're in, Swinnerton -an' it's a tough one. Even for you it's a tough one. What you want to do is steal an' be honest at the same time!" Flenger's voice trailed off into chuckling laughter.

Swinnerton assumed an air of offended dignity. His eyes popped increasingly and he ran one white, pudgy palm uncertainly across the back of his head. His lips fluttered, but offered no sound. Flenger watched his every move. A cynical expression played upon his features. He was the dictator, and he knew it.

"You got to be one thing or the other, Swinnerton," he went on by way of explanation. "You can't be the high-minded alderman an' the boodle-grabbin' bootlegger on the same day—that is, you can't without me around. What a sucker I'd be not to know that, eh? As things stand now, all I'm doin' is givin' you about twenty grand a month for bein' scared to death. You're a great help. Most of your time is spent worryin' about what's goin' to happen. All my time I spend seein' that certain things don't happen."

"You will find," Swinnerton snapped, "that if anything does happen I will know pretty well how to fight."

Flenger settled back into his chair and the cigar in the corner of his mouth jerked to a vertical angle. He puffed at it thoughtfully; found it to be out. As Swinnerton watched uncertainly he struck a match and applied it to the cigar. He blew out the flame with a cloud of smoke and snapped the charred end of the match out of the window. There was a careless grandeur in the gesture, an evidence which Swinnerton could not miss of Flenger's supreme confidence in himself

"There is one angle you got a right to worry on," he said after a moment. "It's ownin' those breweries an' that distillery. That looks like the only weak spot. If a jam should come an' these Federal dicks want to make a little trouble, they could knock us off there some night an' of course there'd be no way of keepin' you out."

"That has worried me a good deal," Swinnerton admitted. "You may think, Paddy, that you run this whole thing without any help, but in my own quiet way I do a lot on my side. Just the fact that everybody knows I'm your friend goes a long way toward stopping trouble."

"It won't go very far if they really want to make trouble," Flenger grunted. "If you want my hunch, the best thing for you to do is transfer the breweries an' distillery to a corporation with a flock of straw men for directors. Then, if the Federal mob want to do any arrestin', let 'em look up the straw men."

A worried look had settled over Swinnerton's face. His popping eyes rolled nervously. He permitted his cigar to die while he chewed thoughtfully the inside of his cheek. His forehead wrinkled. Flenger missed none of these indications. Though he gave no outward evidence of the fact, he was pleased with the effect his words had upon the alderman.

"You see, Swinnerton," he went on, "this thing is just as big as I always told you it would be, an' as long as I've got to run it I'm tryin' to run it right. I pick out every weak spot I can an' plug it up. Of course, our district men know without bein' told where our booze is comin' from. If they didn't know they'd be dumb. They think now that I'm runnin' the places under a lease, but I don't know how long I can keep 'em thinkin' that. Another thing is, even though you made a dummy lease to me, it wouldn't help a whole lot in case of a jam, because everybody'd say right off the bat that the lease didn't mean a thing an' you had just made me captain down there so I could protect you."

"Hell's fire, yes!" Swinnerton growled, rising from his chair and pacing the room. "It mustn't come to anything like that, Paddy. . . . Just what was your idea about this corporation?"

"Well," the captain went on thoughtfully, his cigar dancing across his mouth so that it sighed faintly against his mustache, "you know more about those things than I do. Roughly, I just thought we'd form a corporation an' use it as a blind. Maybe we could fake it that we were manufacturin' a mouth wash or a patent medicine, and so explain the alcohol we have on the premises. The certificate of incorporation could read any name we wanted to put on it. Then we could invent names for three phony incorporators, draw up our papers an' issue the stock."

"But where does that let me out on my land and buildings?" Swinnerton demanded.

"Lease 'em to the corporation," Flenger grunted. "What's the difference if I sign my name Flenger or Whiffen? If Whiffen is the president of this new corporation, I'll just sign his name to the lease, an' that lets you out fairly clean. You don't have to know what's goin' on in the buildin' you rented."

Swinnerton, still pacing the floor, rubbed his chins gently with the tips of his fingers. His popeyes blinked, the brows rising and falling in unison with the lashes.

"Or beyond an' above that," Flenger went on calmly, "suppose you strike a deal with Mr. Whiffen to sell him the land an' buildin's, an' actually transfer them to his corporation. At the rate we're makin' money now, Swinnerton, you could charge off the works in a year. An' then, if a crash should come, you an' I'd have the land an' buildin's for nothin'."

"You're pretty smart," Swinnerton mumbled—"pretty smart."

"We only need three incorporators," Paddy pointed out; "in fact, we only need three signatures. Just so long as each one's different than the others. I can name you half a dozen lawyers right now that'll draw up the papers with me as Mr. Whiffen, you as Mr. Somebody, an' Barr as Mr. Somebody-else. Then we'll all just sign those names an' any time anybody wants to arrest any of the officers of our corporation for peddlin' booze—well -what the hell! Find 'em!"

"H'm," Swinnerton muttered, still rubbing his chin. "H'm-m-m."

Flenger puffed at his cigar for a few moments and there was silence between them. Swinnerton still paced the floor. Now and then, as he watched the progress of the other, Flenger's foxlike smile framed the cigar he held between his teeth. He permitted a considerable time to elapse. Then he shrugged, slapped the arms of his chair again and stood up.

"That's only a thought, Swinnerton," he said by way of dismissing the subject. "What I wanted to talk about with you was the little meetin' I got on with the boys tonight. I told them all to be over at the downtown apartment at seven o'clock. I'll throw the usual act for them—plenty to eat an' drink—an' then some conversation. I don't see where there's anythin' particular to worry about.

"You see, the way we work this thing, there's bound to be some o' the runners tripped up. Take the case of a feller deliverin' a case of booze to an office buildin'. He's got to carry it either in a package or suitcase, an' pretty soon the employes in the buildin' are bound to drop wise to what he's doin'. Then he's got to pay a little or take a rap. Beyond that, there's the business o' collectin'. All the district leaders have to git their money as well in advance as they can. But sometimes they have to trust fer a little while, because if they don't somebody else will. I got a hunch that some of the men runnin' speak-easies are apt to pay the collector, then have him followed home. On the way they bend a pipe around his ear an' git their dough back. Dopey Hiller has to watch that more'n the rest of 'em. Jimmie Dausto is in a bad spot too. Two fellows in Slenk's district, three in Marty Mitchell's, one in Scotty Baer's, an' one in Dopey Hiller's district have been knocked off by Federal people, but that don't mean anythin'."

"That fellow Hiller," Swinnerton said suddenly—"I don't like him, Paddy. I don't trust him. I think he's a tricky rat."

"You ain't givin' me any news," Flenger said pointedly. "I know what he is."

"Sooner or later he'll double-cross you," the alderman snapped.

Flenger half whirled on the balls of his feet. His voice changed to a sharp rasp, his eyes seemed to burn. "What d'you mean, double-o me?" he demanded. "Do you know anythin'?"

At the look of surprise which filled Swinnerton's popping eyes, the captain controlled himself, relaxed somewhat. "That's pretty heavy talk, Swinnerton," he explained. "In our society, when you say 'double-cross' you say a lot."

Swinnerton stood ineffectually, palms upraised, face a deeper shade of pink and eyes fairly bulging.

"I don't know a thing," he explained earnestly. "How would I know anything? I never talk with these men. It's just that I don't like that fellow Hiller. I don't trust him. Maybe I'm a little afraid of him."

"That don't mean anythin' to me," Flenger said in disgust. "I think you're afraid of your shadow! But there's one thing you can do for us: Find out how much these injunctions mean, an' just how much there is to all this gab about padlockin' places. Get me the real low-down, too, because I got to know how to make my plans. It's easy enough to get people to run speak-easies, but it ain't so easy to open 'em up an' furnish 'em so's people sit in 'em an' drink. That costs the boys dough. If we're goin' to lose plenty on furniture in every raid, we got to hike the price of booze to meet the risk. You could reach the United States Attorney without tippin' your hand to him at all. We've got to know just how much power they've got an' how far they're goin' to go with it. Why not go to him as an alderman with ideals an' demand to know how far he's goin' to protect our fair city an' make law supreme?"

The city father nodded. "I'll check into it and see what I can find out," he promised.

"Do it tomorrow," Flenger insisted. "The more we know, the better we can run our racket."

"I'll see what I can do. You might call me on the phone during the day. But give me time. Sometimes it's hard to get at these birds. I'll have to be very careful not to tip my hand."

"I'll call you about six o'clock tomorrow night," Flenger promised. He started toward the door, turned back. "There's two things to stick in your mind, Swinnerton: The first thing is that corporation on the distillery an' the breweries. Mull that over. We ought to work out somethin' on it. The second is Dopey Hiller. You keep your mouth shut about Dopey. I know what he is an' I know how to handle him."

"I'm not doing any talking except to you, Paddy," Swinnerton argued. "What's more, I don't like your tone. I don't like the way you talk to me. You'd think I was a messenger boy."

Flenger looked surprised. "You got me wrong," he said simply. "I just ain't takin' any chances, either on my own shot or on yours. I'm lookin' out for both our interests."

"That's fine," Swinnerton grunted, "but everybody makes mistakes and you might slip. I tell you again, watch this fellow Hiller. He even looks like a rat. It's one thing to say you can handle him and another to do it."

Flenger laughed shortly and turned toward the door. "Leave that part to me," he said over his shoulder. "I'm in this thing head over heels, an' if Hiller, or anybody else, gets in my way, I'll go plenty far."

Swinnerton's eyes popped, his brows raised, his hands jerked forward again.

"What are you going to do if a fellow like Hiller gets it on you and then crosses you?" he asked whiningly.

Flenger turned and faced the alderman squarely. He jammed his hands deep into his trouser pockets and rocked back and forth on his heels and toes. "I'll go plenty far," he said calmly. "Plenty far, alderman. It wouldn't mean so much as a headache to me to slip that bird the bump!"

"You mean," Swinnerton gasped, "you'd ——"

"I mean just what I say," Flenger said in the same calm tone. "I'll plant Mr. Hiller, or anybody else, right under the daisies. What's more, I'm goin' to tell him so tonight!"

He stood poised a moment, his sharp eyes fired by determination, his sense of the theatrical enjoying the fear that showed in Swinnerton's eyes. Then:

"Yes, I'm goin' to tell him so tonight. I know Hiller even better than you do. An' I got a hunch you're beginnin' to know him better'n you ever expected to, Swinnerton. That's one o' the reasons I want you to find out about them injunctions an' padlocks. How heavy are they? I got an idea Hiller is playin' a little with suckers in his district. I notice that four guys have been closed down there in the last three months. I notice, too, that every one o' them was new in the racket. I dropped in one of the places before it was closed an' they were sellin' our booze. That means that they were buyin' from Dopey Hiller.

"If Dopey is openin' places just to share in profits or sell leases, then fixin' it to close the joints because he can't git enough booze to furnish, or if he's playin' along with Federal guys by openin' places just to blackmail 'em, then he's playin' the wrong racket fer us. He's bound to lead us into a jam. I'm plannin' to have a nice little talk with him tonight. It's too bad you can't be in on the gab. You'd learn a lot."

Swinnerton seemed to shudder. His eyes bulged more, and the pink of his chins deepened. He stood there, palms still extended.

"No," he said. "I wouldn't want to be there. Never let my name come up, Paddy. See to it that ——"

"I'll see to it that I run things," Flenger growled; "an' it won't be Dopey Hiller that stops me!"

VI

THE downtown apartment referred to by Flenger in his talk with Swinnerton had become an institution. Here it was that the five district leaders gathered at the call

(Continued on Page 72)

If your child has talent, will he have his chance?

EVERY year, all over the world, a few children of exceptional talent emerge from the ranks and take their place in the charmed circle of the musically elect. They are born to rich parents and poor parents, and families of moderate circumstances. They differ in temperament and background and point of view. But they are all alike in one respect—they are thoroughly trained in music.

These children are the exceptions, the geniuses, the outstanding artists. Their names will appear upon concert programs, or flash in electric lights. But there are others—thousands of them—with talent of no mean order. They have music in them. They have an ear, a feeling for rhythm, a sense of phrasing and artistic form. They are potential citizens of an enchanted world.

These are the children who later form the musical public. Their talent, properly developed, can be a blessing to themselves and all their friends. . . . But once neglected, nothing can bring it back. There is no more poignant tragedy than that of the child who never had a chance.

It is for us, the parents, to assume this responsibility to the limits of our powers.

AN INTERPRETATION *of* DEEMS TAYLOR'S SUITE "THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS,"
painted for the STEINWAY COLLECTION *by* FRANK McINTOSH

If a child shows any musical ability at all, he is entitled to every opportunity for study and self-expression.

That is why you will find a Steinway piano in so many enlightened households where there are children. It will give a lifetime of perfect service. It is both companion and mentor. It instructs and entertains. And its voice is so richly beautiful, its action so easy, that practice becomes a pleasure instead of a duty. With a Steinway, the battle for systematic practice is already more than half won.

Despite its pre-eminence among pianos, the Steinway is not difficult to own. A 10% first payment puts it in your home *at once*, and you have two years in which to pay the balance. There is a size and a model to meet every need. But there is only one quality of Steinway. That is the best.

• • •

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a 10% cash deposit and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

The Steinway Ebonized Baby Grand—$1375
(plus transportation)

Prices: $875 *and up—plus transportation*

10% down *balance in two years*

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

HERE in the snow is imprinted clean-cut evidence of the superior *traction* of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. Just as clearly, the superior *vitality* of the Goodyear SUPERTWIST Carcass can be shown you by any Goodyear Dealer. Thus, in both tread and carcass—the two main parts of a tire—Goodyear Tires are demonstrably superior. The *proof* of this superiority is that *"more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."*

Rubber
YEAR

(Continued from Page 68)

of Flenger and held what they called, in all seriousness, a directors' meeting. For reasons of his own, Flenger had selected a walk-up apartment on the second floor. There were no elevators, thus no elevator boys or hall attendants to witness things which might happen. One merely opened the front door with a pass-key, turned sharply to the right and mounted a short flight of stairs to the second floor, which was entirely under lease to Flenger under another name. The building itself was but a two-story affair and rather old. The lower floor was occupied as somewhat spacious bachelor apartments by Dopey Hiller and Dutch Slenk, which again was the fruit of Flenger's scheming.

Back at his precinct, after his luncheon with Swinnerton, Flenger turned over in his mind for the thousandth time the progress his rum ring had made, and sought, in the organization he had reared, evidence of the slightest weakness. What Swinnerton had said with reference to Dopey Hiller had made a deeper impression upon Flenger than the alderman realized. The police captain could see where Hiller, an ex-convict and gunman, could very easily become dangerous to the best-laid of plans, now that his avariciousness had become thoroughly inspired by the immense financial returns of the past six months. Slenk and Mitchell were rapidly becoming rich men, because their territories lent themselves more readily to the establishment of speak-easies under the direction of their friends, and there were more restaurants in their territory to which they could sell liquor.

Baer and Dausto, while not doing quite so well as the first two, were, nevertheless, entirely satisfied. Hiller alone, swept on to increasing greed by reason of his constantly changing standards of living, seemed resentful of the fact that others of them should have an earning power in excess of his own.

Flenger knew the criminal mind. In fact, he had the criminal mind. Operating as an officer of the law had merely served to sharpen his wits. He knew both sides: What to expect from the police and what to expect from the criminal. He knew, just as most criminals knew, that justice can be inexpressibly impressed if one has money to spend. It naturally followed that the depredations of Dopey Hiller would increase in magnitude as the protective power of his money became greater.

Flenger had not been blind to this natural development in Hiller, even though he had failed to note it in himself. Now, with Swinnerton hinting dire things in connection with Hiller, it seemed to the captain that the time for a definite move had come. There were so many possibilities, so many ways in which Hiller could work against the interests of Flenger himself, that the slightest thought of disloyalty among his lieutenants evoked, even in Flenger, a feeling of defenselessness.

He sat at his desk in the station house and alternated between puffing and chewing violently at a cigar. It was the way of the man himself never to accept the statement of another as true; always to probe it for its double meaning. Because of certain plans which revolved in the back of his own mind, he knew that Swinnerton had full right to be suspicious of him. He, therefore, was suspicious of Swinnerton. Did the alderman know more about Hiller than he admitted?

Flenger leaned forward and grasped the telephone. He called the downtown apartment. A caterer responded. Using the name under which he had leased the apartment, Flenger asked:

"Everythin' goin' along all right? Gettin' plenty of chow an' ice an' all that?"

Upon being assured that such was the case, that the food for the dinner was already in course of preparation, Flenger asked the waiter to go below to Slenk's apartment, see if the man was there and get him to the phone. As he waited, his jaws set firmly into the cigar and a light almost of hatred filled his eyes. But determination was there, too, for Paddy Flenger long since had decided that absolutely nothing in the category of crime would stand in his way.

He had the full confidence of a hundred thousand dollars in the bank and an assured income of twenty thousand a month. With that, it was his firm belief, he could buy himself through any sort of trouble.

"Hello," came Slenk's voice over the wire. The sound of it was a relief.

"You, Dutch?" Flenger asked.

"Nobody else."

"Take a look around an' see that everythin's set for the boys. You got plenty of wet stuff in your apartment, haven't you?"

"Enough to knock the Marine Corps cockeyed," Slenk laughed.

"You stickin' around the house there till suppertime?"

"Yeah," Slenk laughed, "there's a little friend of mine here. But if it's anythin' special she can take a walk."

"Nothin' special," Flenger said slowly, his jaws working on the cigar as he spoke. "Dopey around there, is he?"

"I ain't seen him," Slenk answered. "He ain't around much durin' the day." He laughed shortly. "Not much durin' the night, either, since he hooked up with that night-club frail."

Dutch hesitated a second, laughed carelessly. "Durin' the day," he explained, "Dopey is busy tryin' to keep his collectors on the up an' up. He's got five guys runnin' after money. One guy, he tells me, is holdin' out pretty openly. He figgers he's got it on Dopey because he knows enough so that Dopey wouldn't dare let him talk. At night that moll keeps him busy."

"Yeah?" Flenger asked casually. "He's workin' through a lot o' joints, ain't he? He opens 'em up himself, don't he?"

"That's where he's a sucker," Slenk laughed. "There's too many headaches in that. He was sayin' just the other day that Captain Mason is keepin' a card file o' the dumps that are runnin' in his precinct, an' every time Dopey opens a new one the old man fingers him just like he was a stranger. I guess he don't get any too good a break there, at that. He swears Mason's collectors are better'n his own. He pays fer sellin' the stuff to his own places as well as others. Then he has to pay again fer keepin' open. I allus figgered Dopey talked too much, anyway. . . . But what's on your mind? You sound like you was lost."

"I thought I might just walk around after a while," Flenger suggested.

"Sure, come on over," Slenk urged. "Glad to have you, Paddy. Why don't you breeze over here an' we'll shake up a couple before the mob scene lands here for chow?"

Even as they talked, drastic thoughts were passing through Flenger's mind. Slenk was tough. At heart he was a killer; just as much a killer as Dopey Hiller. And right now, with the assumption of very little risk on his part, he was making more money than he had ever dreamed of. Flenger could depend on him to go a long way.

What the captain said into the telephone was: "If you got a moll there, Dutch, give her the air."

"Sure thing. Come along in half an hour an' I'll be clean as a fish's ankle."

Flenger hung up the receiver. For several minutes he sat quiet, his hands still clutching the instrument and his foxlike eyes filled with the reflections of his scheming. At last he snarled and stood erect. With his right hand he cast aside the cigar he had been chewing and with his left he reached for the keys to the little cabinet where he kept his liquor. He took a stiff drink, washing it down with cold water. Then, before the little mirror, he adjusted his tie. As he did so he wondered faintly if Swinnerton would really get him some hand-painted cravats. After all, Swinnerton should be no better dressed than himself.

In fifteen minutes he left the station and sauntered casually toward a trolley line which would take him to police headquarters. At headquarters, he went directly to the office of Inspector Barr.

He grinned almost insolently at his superior. "Hello, chief," he greeted. "There's somethin' about you that just fits into this office."

Barr rose and shook hands with him, but passed behind him to make certain that the door to his office was closed.

"How's everything out in the old district?" he asked somewhat inanely.

"Everythin' couldn't be better," Paddy smiled. "I see our old pal Swinnerton now an' then." He winked at Barr as he spoke. The inspector wet his lips and nodded, making no audible response. "I suppose you get a load of him every so often, huh?"

"Now and then," the inspector said. "Just when he's down around headquarters here he drops in to say hello."

"That's nice of him," Paddy sneered. "By the way, how's that little house in the country comin' along?"

Barr laughed. "Pretty good," he said. "I'll get it, Paddy. Of course it ain't such a lot to look forward to, but it sounds pretty good to me. I'm getting old, you know. A fellow's ideas change with the years."

"Every man to his own racket," Paddy agreed, "whether it's a joint in the sticks or—or somethin' else."

"I was looking at a place," Barr explained. "It's just what I wanted, but it costs a little more dough than I can get."

Flenger interrupted him with a laugh. "Listen, Barr," he said; "you could get half the dough in town if you wanted it bad enough!"

Barr wet his lips again and drummed on the desk with his finger tips. "I'm getting old," he repeated.

"Yeah," Paddy interrupted again, a sneer in his voice, "a man's ideas change with the years." He took a cigar from his pocket and offered one to Barr. The inspector declined. During the business of lighting the smoke Flenger asked: "How much dough do they want for this bungalow you were lookin' at?"

"Their askin' price," Barr said cautiously, "was twenty thousand bucks. But I think you could buy it for about eighteen."

Flenger laughed. "It's a great racket that a fellow can spend thirty years in an' then not be able to afford a twenty-thousand-dollar house, ain't it?"

Barr did not answer. Flenger went on. "You've picked up enough change in your days to swing a joint like that."

"Not so much," Barr complained. "I never was a money getter like you, Paddy. Men are different that way."

"What did you figure to pay for a place?" Flenger snapped.

"Fifteen was the limit."

Without a word the captain dropped into a chair beside the desk, picked up a pen, drew a check book from his pocket and scrawled off a check for five thousand dollars. He tossed it across the desk to the surprised inspector. "Tuck that in your sock, Barr. An' for the love o' Mike, don't try to thank me for it. It's crumbs. Savvy that? Just crumbs, that's all."

Barr fingered the check doubtfully. "I know you're in the big dough all right, Paddy," he said, "but ——"

Flenger interrupted him with a grunt and rose from the chair. "I'm in a hurry an' there's somethin' I want you to tell me, Barr." He turned and rested his hands on the edge of the desk so that he might lean over the inspector. His voice grew hard.

"What's the tie-up between Dopey Hiller an' Swinnerton? There's either a tie-up or a jam between 'em, an' I want the low-down."

Barr tipped back in his swivel chair, a look of amazement on his face, Flenger's check in his right hand. "I swear, Paddy, I don't know a thing," he said. "Dopey Hiller an' Swinnerton? If them two is tied up, you can take it from me, anything can happen!"

"I don't say they're tied up," Paddy growled. "What I do say is that they're either tied up or in a jam. There's somethin' between 'em. Swinnerton pans Hiller to me. Why? I didn't know they'd ever spoken to each other. But I'll tell you what I suspect: I think that Dopey Hiller is wise that Swinnerton was the angel in our bootleggin' racket. An' I think he's puttin' the buzz on Swinnerton for dough. That's what I suspect, an' it's plenty. Swinnerton hasn't got nerve enough to catch a fish in a net, but he's got brains enough to try to bring about a jam between me an' Dopey just to fix his own end."

He paused briefly. Barr, still tipped back, amazement heavy on his features, seemed unable to answer.

"I've tipped my hand complete," Paddy said at last. "You're the only one I've talked to an' I don't want you to rap this to Swinnerton or anybody else. I just figured you might know somethin'."

"Not a thing," Barr protested weakly. He dropped the check and began drumming on the desk top with his finger tips. "But I knew you fellows'd come to a jam, Paddy. The more you get the more you want, an' sooner or later you're goin' too far."

Paddy snorted disdainfully and turned away. Barr called him back. "I can't take this check," he said.

"What's the matter with you," Flenger demanded angrily—"you got religion?"

"No, it ain't that. But I told you, when you first started this racket, you were goin' to get in a jam, an' I tell you that again. I don't want any of your canceled checks, with my indorsement on them, floating around this man's town."

Flenger grunted, seized the check from the desk and tore it into bits. "Drop around to the station house tomorrow an' I'll give it to you in cash," he said. "I'm not tryin' to hook you in on this racket, Barr. I worked too hard to get you out of it in the first place. You're not kiddin' me either. You know right now our bunch is slippin' Swinnerton's dough, an' mine, to three of your captains." He leaned over the desk again. "Why, listen here," he said, "that five grand wouldn't pay our weekly pay roll just to police officers servin' under you! You want to catch up. You're dead from the neck up!"

Barr made no reply. Flenger straightened, puffed on his cigar again, finally shrugged his shoulders and said: "Oh, well, every man to his own racket. Come around tomorrow an' I'll slip you five grand in cash. After all, we're pals." He turned away, said half over his shoulder, "Remember now, don't rap anythin' to Swinnerton. Because if you do you're goin' to get yourself in a jam prettier'n any you ever saw."

"I'm not goin' to talk," Barr answered. "Not a word."

Once again in the street, Flenger called a cab and gave the address of the downtown apartment where Slenk was awaiting him. As he rode he shifted the holster which was fastened to his belt, so that the pistol therein did not prod his leg. As his fingers handled the weapon his forehead wrinkled and his brows contracted.

His interview with Barr had been a disappointment. He had hoped to secure from the captain either verification of his suspicions of Hiller, or satisfactory denial of the existence of any relationship between his lieutenant and the alderman.

When he reached Slenk's door he had determined upon a definite plan of action. Over and over again he told himself that nothing must be permitted to interfere with the golden stream which was pouring into his coffers. That such a man as Dopey Hiller should threaten to disrupt things enraged him. With Dutch Slenk ready to go just as far as Flenger himself, the captain could see no good reason why, between them, they should not terminate the menace of Hiller.

It was with these thoughts in mind that he entered Slenk's apartment. However, he never got a chance to voice them.

"Where have you been!" Slenk cried excitedly. "You said you'd be here in half an hour." It was evident from his manner more than his words that he was tremendously excited. Flenger stopped short.

(Continued on Page 76)

An interesting corner in the Pennsylvania Railroad Produce Terminal in New York: wholesale buyers inspecting samples of oranges to guide them in the spirited auction bidding which will follow.

Photo by Paul Hesse

An early morning scene: Looking from the bulkhead down one of the three gigantic piers, where the contents of 725 cars can be displayed at one time —heated, lighted, and ventilated day and night.

9 acres of fruits and vegetables *in the heart of New York*

"It's like taking a tour through the orchards and truck gardens of all quarters of the Union. The place is wonderful"....

So said a well-known nutrition authority after she had explored the Pennsylvania Railroad's immense new Produce Terminal in New York City—the world's largest.

"I started with Oregon and Washington. I was shown vast amounts of rosy apples and winter pears shipped here from that section. Then I was taken to California. There I found thousands of crates of seedless grapes and tokays. Not far away were oranges of all kinds, and lemons.

"I learned too that the delicious celery we had during the holidays was grown in California and that the artichokes we now use at smart dinners as a vegetable entrée, and the alligator pears which are such a delicacy, come from the same state. "From the West, so to speak, I traveled in this market to the South. There was romaine from New Orleans with tomatoes from Florida. Oranges, grapes, and grapefruit also came from Florida, and I saw spinach, lettuce, and string beans from the Carolinas and Norfolk."

This colorful scene illustrates a new era, both in national agriculture and in public health.

These fresh fruits and vegetables, essential to the healthful diet of city dwellers, have been brought an average of 1500 miles to market.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Produce Terminal in New York is only one of many serving a territory which includes well over half the urban population of America. The one at Philadelphia is second largest in the world. Equally adequate to needs of the communities they serve are others in such cities as St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and Washington.

At each of these well-organized distributing points, speeding cargoes, timed to the market's needs, fan out to spread the nation's harvest on consumers' tables -fresh, delicious, healthful.

A SILENT REVOLUTION in transportation practice is summed up in the following facts —

1. Practically all Pennsylvania produce trains run on schedules as punctually maintained as those of passenger trains.
2. Refrigerating stations keep fruits and vegetables always fresh in transit.
3. A system of "passing reports" enables shippers to divert goods in transit to markets where demand is greatest.
4. Practically all produce is cleared through terminals without a day's delay

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

You are cordially invited
by all Chevrolet Dealers
to attend their initial showing
of the
Outstanding Chevrolet
of Chevrolet History
—a Six in the price range of the four

The Roadster	$525
The Phaeton	$525
The Coach	$595
The Coupe	$595
The Sedan	$675
The Sport Cabriolet	$695
The Convertible Landau	$725
Light Delivery Chassis	$400
Sedan Delivery	$595
1½ Ton Chassis	$545
1½ Ton Chassis With Cab	$650

All Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Now on Display at all Chevrolet Dealers

Chevrolet dealers throughout America are now displaying the most sensational automobile ever presented to the public —The Outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet History . . . a Six in the price range of the four! Never before has there been such a car. Powered by a sensational new 6-cylinder valve-in-head motor . . . offering the beauty, style and comfort of magnificent new bodies by Fisher . . . available at prices so low as to be within easy reach of everybody, everywhere . . . and so economical that it provides an average of *better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline*—it stands out as the greatest dollar-for-dollar value ever offered in any automobile. Visit your Chevrolet dealer today. See and drive this greatest of all Chevrolets!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 72)

"What's the blow-off?" he asked.

"Plenty," Slenk fired back at him. "We're in a hell of a jam!"

"What d'you mean, jam?"

"The Federal mob just knocked over two of our trucks. One was goin' into my territory an' the other into Marty Mitchell's."

"Where'd they get 'em?" the captain snapped.

"Within a mile of the distillery."

"Who was on the trucks?"

"One of my boys an' one of Marty's. I had Baldy Palmer ridin' mine an' I don't know who Marty had."

Flenger was chewing on his cigar and spitting bits of tobacco on the floor. "Well, go ahead," he snarled; "give me the whole story. Where'd they take the trucks. Did anybody do any talkin'?"

The police captain fired his questions so harshly and so rapidly that Slenk was unable to answer them.

"Good night!" he complained. "Lay off me with that stuff. All I know about it is that Marty just called up an' gave me the tip-off."

"What'd he say?" Flenger demanded.

"Ain't I just told you?" Slenk argued. "They knocked over the two trucks about a mile from the distillery. Just jumped out into the middle of the road, they did, stuck up the trucks an' put the collar on the boys."

A faint smile passed over Flenger's features.

"If they knocked 'em over out there," Paddy muttered, "they took 'em to my station house. Wait a minute and I'll find out."

He walked to a telephone and called the station house. He seemed surprised when the lieutenant on duty told him that no one had been brought in.

"They must've took 'em to the Federal Buildin'," he muttered.

Slenk, having somewhat recovered his equanimity, said: "You ain't gonna get anywhere telephonin' around, Paddy. I thought of that while Marty had me on the line. I told him to hop over to the Federal Buildin' an' spring the boys. Then to come on here for the blow-out an' give us the low-down."

"Good," Flenger muttered, "I guess that's all you could do. . . . How long ago did Marty phone?"

"I'd no more'n finished talkin' to you," Slenk explained. "Marty ought to be around here any minute, because I telephoned over to a bail commissioner just to save that time, an' he's promised to meet Marty downtown."

Flenger saw a bottle of whisky and some glasses standing on a table. He walked across the room and poured two drinks. One he drank at a single gulp, the other he offered Slenk.

"I'm goin' slow," Slenk said, declining the drink. "I been hittin' it all afternoon with that frail an' I want to stay in shape for tonight."

Without a word, Flenger raised the second glass to his lips and drained it dry. "There's nothin' to do," he said finally, "but wait'll we hear what Marty found out."

Conversation between them lapsed. Each was able to keep occupied with his thoughts. This new development temporarily wiped from Flenger's mind the thoughts which had filled it as he entered the apartment. Knowing the methods of enforcement officers as he did, he was more or less accustomed to the sporadic effort they put forth. He felt that the Federal officers, just as the local ones, had need of getting into the press every so often to impress upon the public the efficacy of their operations. The recent padlocks, capped by this new climax, could no doubt be traced to a temporary enthusiasm which soon would die away. After all, two truckloads of liquor were no serious loss except when valued at retail prices.

"The boys seem to be givin' us a little action," he said ultimately. "But it ain't nothin' to get excited about. I'll put a stop to it when I'm ready."

"It's damned inconvenient," Slenk complained. "It ain't a question of sellin' our stuff any more. It's a question of spreadin' it out thin enough to keep everybody satisfied. The last load I sold was at five bucks a bottle flat, an' I got two joints of my own where I'm sellin' it for eighty-five dollars a case or eight bucks a bottle straight." He paused and lit a cigarette. "You got to figure it that way, Paddy. A truckload of booze at five bucks a bottle runs into sweet dough."

"You guys don't use your nut," Flenger interrupted. "What does the average man know about booze? If I was runnin' a speak-easy, I'd cut every bottle 20 per cent before I sold it."

"You don't think I'm clunk enough not to, do you?" Slenk asked in surprise. "I even got a guy printin' labels for me, Paddy." Once again he paused, puffed at his cigarette and inhaled deeply. "But you don't give us any too good a break on that stuff to begin with. First, you cut it at the distillery. Then, after we cut it—well, it's kind of cut!"

Flenger laughed shortly. "What difference does it make?" he demanded. "You're still gettin' seventy-five cents a glass, ain't you?"

There was another interim of silence, after which Slenk said: "Marty's on his way out here all right. He must've got the bunch sprung, too, or else he'd have called on the telephone. I told him you was headed this way an' if he needed anythin' to give us a buzz."

Flenger made no answer. He lit a fresh cigar and, after a moment's hesitation, took another drink from the whisky bottle.

"Even this stuff's cut," he muttered.

"You're drinkin' it the way I got it," Slenk avowed. "That's the way you ship it out of the distillery."

"Oh, it's good all right," Flenger defended, "but it's been cut. Did you take a look around upstairs lately?"

"The caterer's up there," Slenk shrugged. "What good would it do for me to look around? I don't know a tomato from Turkish coffee."

Another silence, this time interrupted by the appearance of Marty Mitchell.

"Well," Flenger snapped, without any greeting, "give us the works. What'd they do?"

"Did you spring Baldy?" Slenk cut in.

Marty dropped into a chair and scratched his ear. "There's somethin' funny about this," he said slowly. "The trucks was knocked off all right. But I got a couple of suspicions."

"To hell with your suspicions," Flenger growled. "Give us the story!"

Marty lifted his brows and shrugged. "Okay," he agreed; "here it is: The two trucks started out from the distillery. They got over into Ash Avenue, in that deserted spot where all them vacant lots are, an' a car draws up beside the first truck. Baldy Palmer's ridin' with the driver. Before he knows what's goin' on, two birds step out of the car, one from each side. The only thing unusual about 'em is that they got a rod in each hand an' one of them is sportin' a gold shield on his coat. The odds is all with them, so the boys get down off the truck. Two other fellows from the car look the truckloads over an' order Baldy an' the drivers into their car. In fact, they help 'em in by wavin' those rods. One of these fellows is a boss. He tells his two men to drive our trucks to the Federal Buildin'. Then he tells Baldy an' our boys they're pinched.

"Naturally Baldy don't go far before he gives this bird the office. He thinks he's doin' himself some good when he slips him three hundred dollars an' promises him seven hundred dollars more if they'll spring him. The boss of the bunch takes the three centuries in his hand an' gives his pals the once-over. They all kind of nod an' pull up at the side of the road. Baldy does his stuff an' promises to come right to me for the seven yards that make up the grand. They shake hands all around an' drive our boys in where they can grab a taxicab an' come for me. Then they promise to head off the trucks on the way to the Federal Buildin'. Baldy's to meet 'em in an hour down in front of the City Hall, so's he can slip 'em the rest of the dough."

Marty paused for breath and puffed at his cigarette.

"Shoot that snipe," Flenger snapped, "an' give us the dope. You got a look at these Federal dicks, didn't you, so we'll know who they are?"

Mitchell sneered. "Kind of impatient, ain't you, Paddy? But anyway, you hit the nail right on the nut. You put your finger right on the sore spot. Baldy an' I goes down to the City Hall an' stand there waitin' until I get suspicious. Then I left him there an' breeze over to the Federal Buildin' to get a line on them trucks. The only thing I find around there is a bail commissioner that Dutch sent down to spring the boys."

"The trucks never got there?" Paddy demanded

"Ain't it the truth?" Mitchell grumbled. "All we done was to pay three hundred bucks for being hijacked!"

Flenger took to pacing the room. His salivary glands responded copiously to the violent chewing of his cigar, and in the ensuing expectorations he gave no heed whatever to the rugs of Dutch Slenk. After a few moments he stopped short and looked at his watch. The others, seeing plainly that Paddy's thoughts adhered to a definite line, held their peace.

"You guys might as well get the low-down on this now as later on," Flenger said tensely. "Did either of you ever get a break like I'm givin' you?" They both agreed instantly they had not.

"With dough rollin' in like it is now," Flenger asked pointedly, "are you guys goin' to stand around in front of the City Hall waitin' for other people to cut in on our racket?"

Again the men answered in unison; in positive and profane unison. Paddy smiled in satisfaction.

"That's the way I figured it," he said. "It's now twenty minutes of six. The blow-out upstairs don't start until seven. That gives you two an hour an' twenty minutes."

He paused, motioned the two toward him and drew them into a huddle. When he continued, his voice was lower-pitched:

"You two birds'll keep your mouth shut about this, but I want you to duck down into Dopey Hiller's district an' check up on his bigger speak-easies. Spend a little dough with bartenders if you have to, but find out when they got their last bunch of booze."

"If that lousy rat knocked over a truck of mine ——" Dutch Slenk began.

"You shut up!" Flenger interrupted. "I'm only guessin', see? I want you birds to find out. An' there's another thing I want. No matter what you find out, keep your kissers shut an' come an' tell me. There's only three guys in the world that know what we're doin'. An' there's never goin' to be any more. You go down there now. Work separate. Get the low-down an' be back here for the blow-out. Dopey's sure to be here. He wouldn't dare miss. An' remember that no matter what you find out, you don't rap to anybody. No matter what happens, don't lose your head. Just come back here by seven o'clock an' tip me off."

"I gotcha," Slenk promised.

Mitchell sighed, but put on his hat and started toward the door. "We'll be back on time," he said calmly. "I know the angles."

Flenger walked into the hall with them, but as they left the apartment building he continued on upstairs and inspected the work of the caterer. It was all that such as he could ask. In the main room of the apartment a table was laid for the banquet. Silver gleamed upon shiny linen. In the center of the big table, neatly surrounded with ferns and cut flowers, stood an old-fashioned washtub with rope handles.

"The ice is cracked and ready, sir," the head waiter explained as he saw Paddy examining the tub. "The service begins at seven. We will put the beer into the tub and ice it in a very few minutes."

Paddy nodded agreement. He reached across the table and took one of the roses from the decorations about the tub. This he snipped short and the waiter assisted him in pinning it in his buttonhole.

Along one side of the room was a long service bench. Individual silver champagne buckets had already been iced, with two quarts of champagne in each bucket. Again Paddy nodded approval. Whisky and syphon bottles were in profusion. From the kitchen came sounds of cooking and aromas bespeaking an excellent cuisine.

Cigarettes and cigars stood on the table and Paddy carelessly tossed aside the stub he was chewing and selected for himself a fresh cigar from one of the boxes.

"The cocktails will be served in here, sir," the waiter explained with a gesture toward another room.

"You got the absinthe I sent over?" Paddy asked.

"It is very excellent, sir, and very rare."

Paddy paused in the process of lighting his fresh cigar. "How do you know it's excellent?"

"Well, sir," the waiter said, "I—I smelled it, sir."

"If we run out of it," Paddy growled, "I'll know why." He turned then and went out into the hall and downstairs. A taxicab took him to within two blocks of the station house. There he paid the fare and walked the rest of the way.

He paused at the desk to examine the blotter. There was nothing unusual. A man had been arrested for beating his wife. In the reserve room they were holding a boy who had been found stealing small sums from his employer.

"I didn't book the kid in," the lieutenant explained. "We're waiting for his old man to show up. It only amounts to about twelve dollars."

Flenger nodded. "Tip me off when his father gets here," he said as he started toward the door of his private room.

Inside the room he removed his coat and donned the uniform. Carefully he replaced upon the uniform the gold shield from the leather case. Outwardly he was quite calm: inwardly he fairly seethed. There were two people about whom he had very serious doubts, and both of them were dangerous. The one was Swinnerton. The other, Dopey Hiller. Very shortly he'd get a line on the latter.

Casually he glanced over the reports of the roundsmen which were stacked on his desk. There were some gasoline requisitions there for his approval and signature. Without any attempt at verification, he initialed them. After a moment he went to the little cabinet and helped himself to a drink. From a whisky glass there he took some cloves and munched them.

He seated himself back at the desk, but was unable to remain there. His mind was filled with the matters at hand. He was perfectly certain that Slenk and Mitchell would discover duplicity on the part of Dopey Hiller. That was beyond speculation. The thing about which he wondered was just what to do with Hiller.

Unable to conceal his nervousness, he walked out into the reserve room and saw there the wayward boy. The lad was crying dry tears.

An excited laboring man entered the outer station and approached the desk. Paddy knew at a glance that it was the father of the boy. He went to greet him. The man hung his head in shame. His voice trembled as he asked for his boy.

"He's in the reserve room there," Flenger said, taking the matter into his own hands. "He's off to a bad start, mister. If you don't find some way of controlling him you're goin' to have a criminal on your hands."

"I want to get him out, captain," the father pleaded. "That's all. Just let me get him out. His mother—she must not know about this. If I can only get him out, captain, I'll see he don't go wrong again."

(Continued on Page 80)

for 5% more ...why didn't the Architects insist ?

WHY, man, our repair bills are frightful.

I know it, Mr. Grippen, but I think we may as well get set for more. It's no use deceiving ourselves. About a third of our water lines have gone to pieces, and the whole system will have to come out as fast as we can get around to making replacements.

Well, in Heaven's name, have the tearing down and ripping out reduced to a minimum. If you're obliged to open up a floor or wall, make a clean job of everything that's behind it.

That's just what we are doing.

What are we using for replacements?

On the advice of Good & Strong, we are putting in nothing but Byers Pipe, genuine wrought iron; and when I see it in the lines, I tell you the red spiral around every length looks good to me. I know from experience that Byers can be depended on for a lifetime. You and I will never have to worry over it. I've always blamed the architects for not specifying it all through to begin with.

They did have Byers in their first specifications, Johnson; but we balked at the extra expense and allowed other pipe to be installed. The saving looked big enough to us at that time to seem desirable. Hm, hm! How much did we reckon we were saving, anyhow?

About $2,000, it must have been, if my figures are correct.

Well, we've spent more than twice that much for repairs to date; and you say the worst is yet to come. Looks as though we blundered pretty badly.

Like many others, we must have overlooked the fact that 90% of the cost in an average pipe system consists of labor, fittings, valves, and various added items; the best of pipe represents only about 10%, the cheapest between 5 and 6%. If that had been realized, surely we wouldn't have taken the chance we did. This cost bulletin just received from the Byers people makes it very clear.

* * * * *

Send for Bulletin No. 38

"The Installation Cost of Pipe." Contains cost analyses of scores of heating, plumbing and other pipe systems. Shows the high cost of replacing rusted pipe and the folly of using cheap pipe.

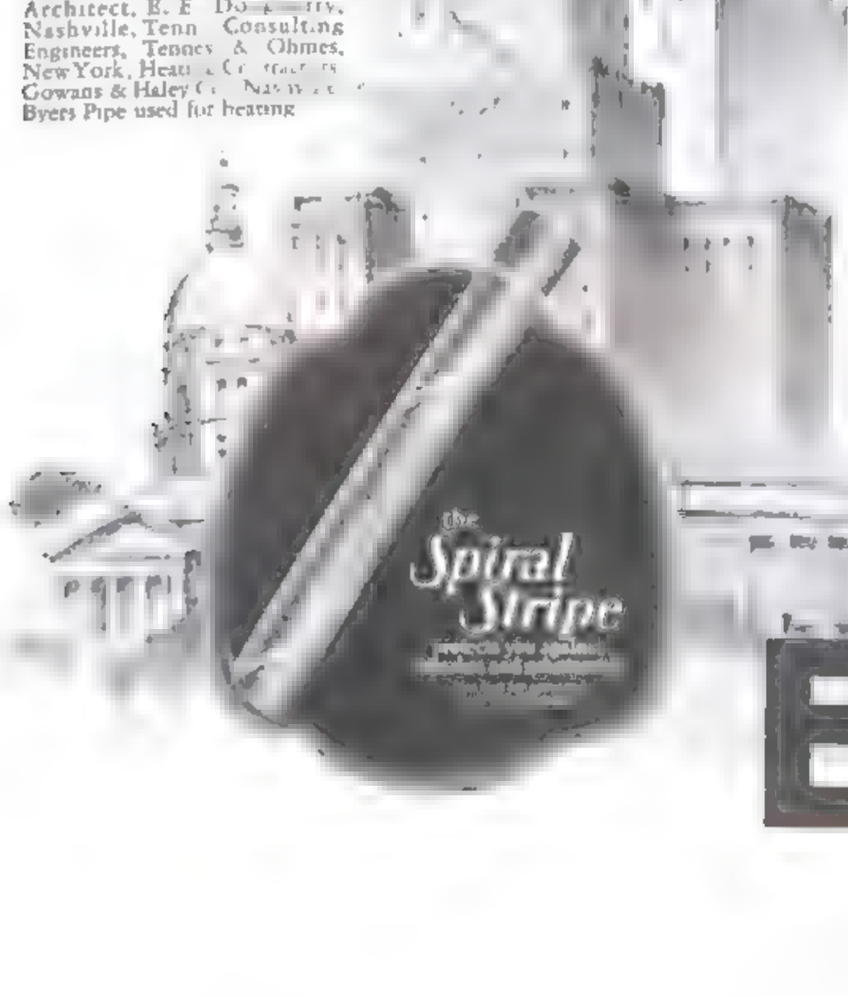
A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Top: Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Building, San Francisco, Calif.
Architects, Miller & Pflueger, San Francisco Engineers Atkins & Parker, San Francisco, Plumbing Contractors Alexander Coleman, San Francisco. Byers Pipe used in hot and cold water supply, vacuum and fire lines, drainage, drinking water, and pump lines.

Middle Hotel Shelton, New York City
Architects Arthur Loomis Harmon, New York Sanitary Engineer Walter C. Fuller, New York, Plumbing Contractors, George E. Gibson Co., New York. Byers Pipe used for plumbing

Left: State Capitol, Topeka, Kansas
Architect R. L. Gamble, State Architect, Topeka Heating Contractor Mayor D. Wood Heating Co. Kansas City Byers Pipe used for heating

Right Tennessee State Memorial, Nashville, Tenn
Architects, McKim Mead & White, New York Associate Architect, E. E. Dougherty, Nashville, Tenn Consulting Engineers, Tennes & Ohmes, New York, Heating Contractors Gowans & Haley Co. Nashville Byers Pipe used for heating



BYERS PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

THE one thing you want most from your tires—*mileage*—cannot be put into them by adding any one ingredient.

During more than a generation Fisk has developed original, exclusive practices and processes in tire fabrication. From the rim to the road Fisk craftsmen—using three Fisk features

TIME TO RE-TIRE

GET A FISK!

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

of construction—build absolute safety, complete comfort and excess *mileage* into Fisk Tires.

The multiple cable bead gives Fisk Tires their firm, safe grip on the rim,—and *mileage*.

Plies of "non-friction" cord provide a pliant strength which insures riding comfort and safety,—and *mileage* . . . . . .

The special heat-and wear-resisting tread gives you sure traction and skid protection, safety at all speeds,—and *mileage*.

The motor car manufacturers and the motoring millions have set Fisk performance as their standard for tire comfort, for safety, and for excess *mileage* . . . . . .

The Fisk Tire Company Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

leage

(Continued from Page 76)

"Go on in there an' have a talk with him," Flenger said harshly.

As the father went into the reserve room Flenger leaned across the desk. "This kid's boss didn't insist on bookin' him, did he?" he asked the lieutenant.

"No, sir. He told me he thought what the kid needed was a lesson. But he wants the father to make up the twelve bucks he lost."

Flenger nodded and turned toward his private room again. "Send the two of them in to me," he ordered.

When father and son appeared in the office he was pacing the floor impressively. He glanced at his watch. It was twenty minutes past six. He cut quite a figure in his brass-buttoned uniform with the glistening gold shield.

"I just been talkin' about you," he said harshly to the boy who cowered before him. "I don't know whether to send you to prison or not."

Dry sobs rattled in the boy's throat and the father nervously spun his hat between his fingers.

"Where do you think you're goin' to end up?" Flenger demanded. "Startin' out at your age to steal money. Ain't you got no respect fer law? You want to be a crook, do you? A thief?"

"No, sir," the boy managed. "I won't never do it again. I jes' wanted a bicycle, mister."

"He won't, captain," the father cut in. "If I can only get him out, sir ——"

"That's it," Flenger snarled. "You're always whinin' around after you get caught an' you're always dead sure that it'll never happen again. But what proof have I got it won't? I tell you right now that a crook's a crook an' he's never anything else. If this boy's a thief at fourteen years of age he'll be a thief at twenty-four."

"No, I won't, mister. Honest, I won't. If you lemme go this time I'll never, never steal anything again!"

"You ready to make up what this boy stole?" Flenger demanded of the father.

"He says it's twelve dollars," the father answered. "I'll make it up, captain, if I can take two weeks to do it. I don't earn much money, but I'll make it up."

Flenger glanced again at his watch, his mind at the downtown apartment. He imagined the banquet spread there; imagined he saw Dopey Hiller and wondered just what he would do with him. He turned nervously to the father again.

"Well, you take the kid out of here," he said. "But just remember this"—as he spoke he laid a heavy hand upon the shoulder of the boy and shook him—"we got your name an' number now. If your foot slips again we'll lock you up in the dungeon for keeps."

The boy cringed and unconsciously caught in his fingers the cloth of his father's coat. "You go out there an' tell the lieutenant," Flenger said to the father, "that you'll make up that twelve dollars. Tell him I've decided to give your kid another chance."

The man mumbled his thanks and turned toward the door.

When they had gone Flenger slipped off his uniform coat; this time leaving the shield on the coat. He adjusted his tailored garment as he had earlier in the day. As the skirt of the coat fell over his holster he paused, withdrew the weapon there and examined it critically. A faint smile was about his lips as he did so, and his forehead was lined deep.

"All right, Dopey," he muttered, "if you just had to have it for yourself ——" With a final glance about the room he put on his hat and went out.

He hailed a cab and gave the address of a corner near the downtown apartment. As the cab started out Flenger glanced out the window and saw the father and son. The boy was still cringing and the father was talking rapidly and gesticulating. Paddy sneered. After all, what was a wayward kid with a hard-working father?

He left the cab at the corner and approached the apartment. It was a few minutes past seven, and though the windows were completely shaded, Paddy could visualize the scene which was taking place back of them. He opened the door, but instead of going upstairs, turned to the left into Slenk's apartment. Slenk and Mitchell were there nervously awaiting him.

"You were right," Slenk said slowly. "That lousy rat was back of the whole thing. We even traced out the trucks. They're in a garage over in his district. He made a sweet clean-up on us!"

"To say nothin' about me," Flenger said slowly. "Well, are we goin' to go for that sort of thing?"

"I ain't," Slenk snarled. "It ain't only the booze, Paddy. Where are we goin' to end up with a guy like that knowin' every move we make? If he'll cross us one way, he'll cross us another."

Quite calmly Flenger reached his decision. "You got a rod handy, have you, Dutch?" he asked.

Slenk's jaw set and his cheeks paled very slightly. "Certainly," he answered.

"An' a car?"

"Out back," Slenk nodded.

Flenger raised his left hand and bit the little finger nail. The diamond that adorned the finger twinkled like a fiery star.

"I'm goin' to send Dopey down in a minute," he said quietly. "Take him for a ride!"

Mitchell cleared his throat and they both glanced at him. He recovered control. "It's all right by me," he said quietly.

"A nice long ride?" Dutch asked.

Flenger nodded. "Yeah, away out Ash Avenue. Marty, you drive the car. Dutch, you ride in back with Dopey. An' be sure not to make no mistakes."

He left the apartment, walked across the hall and mounted the stairs. Jimmie Dausto greeted him, a cocktail in each hand. Dopey Hiller was standing beside the table, laughing at the floral decorations surrounding the washtub.

"Hello, boys," Flenger greeted casually. "What're you laughin' at, Dopey?"

"What a gag!" Hiller answered, pointing at the beautified washtub. "An' boy, that beer's goin' to be cold, what I mean."

"Tasted it yet?" Flenger grinned.

"Not yet. I'm waitin'," Hiller answered. "If there's anythin' I love it's a bottle of beer. Take it from me, it beats all the hooch in the world when a guy's thirsty."

Flenger grinned. "That's good beer. You're goin' to enjoy it, Dopey. But let it wait. I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure thing," Hiller agreed. He walked over to Flenger, and Dausto joined them.

"Here, you bums," he grinned, "what d'you think I'm doin' with these two cocktails?" He offered one to each and each accepted. Hiller raised his glass toward the police captain. The two glasses met and the men drank.

"We'll be back in just a second," Flenger said. Then, taking Dopey's arm, he led him out into the hall and down the stairs.

When they entered Slenk's apartment only Slenk was there. "Marty's out gettin' the car," he explained. There was no nervousness in his manner.

"Y'see, Dopey," Paddy said, "I want you an' Dutch an' Marty to run out to the distillery for a couple of minutes an' see if you can do business with a guy that's got plenty of alki to deliver. I can't very well go myself because he knows me."

"Sure," Dopey said. "Sure thing, Paddy. That won't take long."

"No, it won't take any time at all," Paddy said. "You'll be back in twenty minutes."

"Marty must be out front now," Slenk suggested. The three walked through the hall out onto the steps. Fall was vaguely in the air and pale stars shone in the heavens. In the driveway at the side of the buildings, Marty appeared with Slenk's big car. The three men walked toward it, and Flenger opened the door while Hiller and Slenk climbed into the back seat.

Turning, the captain spoke to Marty at the wheel: "Make it snappy. We don't want to hold up this blow-out."

"Back in no time at all," Marty promised. He let in the clutch and the car turned into the street. In a moment it was but a steady red eye in the darkness. Flenger glanced around. The street appeared to be deserted. He sighed faintly and walked back into the apartment. There was something about the early darkness that invigorated him. A promise of winter was in the air, but it was tempered by summer's lingering caress.

To Dausto and Baer, who were awaiting him, he said: "I guess you guys know what it is to get the double-o, don't you?" The two men looked at him inquiringly.

"Dutch an' Marty'll be a little late," he explained. "They've just taken Dopey for a ride."

"Dopey!" Baer gasped. "For a ride?"

"What you don't know won't hurt you," Flenger said. "But it never hurt anybody to know what happens to wise guys with the double-cross in their hearts. . . . What I want is a good shot of Scotch."

The two men glanced at each other, then back at Paddy. Baer shrugged his shoulders. "We're with you, Paddy," Dausto said simply. They drank together. Paddy turned to the head waiter.

"We won't eat for about twenty minutes," he said, "but you can get everything ready."

Outside, Marty Mitchell turned the big car into the deserted part of Ash Avenue.

"Some car you got here, Dutch!" he called over his shoulder. "Somethin' happens when you step on this stinger!"

Dutch took occasion to lean forward as he answered. His right hand crept up inside his coat. The fingers slid around the butt of a pistol which he carried in his shoulder holster. Gently he withdrew the weapon.

"Yeah, I think it's swell," he said.

When he settled back onto the cushion the pistol was in his right hand. He pressed the muzzle firmly against Hiller's body.

"You like it, too, don't you, Dopey? Just get all the fun you can out of it. An' get it quick, you lousy rat!"

For a moment Hiller did not answer. A rattling noise sounded in his throat and Slenk laughed coarsely in his ear.

"I never knew a double-crosser yet that wasn't yellow!" he snarled. "Think a couple of times about them trucks this afternoon! But think about 'em fast, because I'm goin' to blow you full of holes!"

Hiller found his voice. First profanely, then in whining supplication, he begged for his life. He offered bribery, promised eternal devotion, tried to lie about the trucks. Shortly, Slenk interrupted him.

"This is just a piece of business to us," he said hoarsely. "Everybody sets a trap for a rat. See that light down there? Down ahead there, Dopey? See how fast we're gettin' up to it?"

Hiller begged again, terror in his voice Slenk went on:

"Just as we pass under it, baby—you go out!"

Dopey, driven to desperation by his fear, tried to leap from the car. Three times Slenk pressed the trigger. At the first shot, Hiller crumbled into the tonneau. At the second, Marty Mitchell was applying the brakes. At the third, the car had stopped.

"There ain't a kick left in him," Slenk reported, his voice throaty and forced.

"Dear me!" Marty said from the front seat. "Here I was just admirin' your car an' now I could swear I heard it back-fire."

Slenk laughed. "Get a hold of this with me an' heave it out," he said. "We ain't got all night."

Marty slid under the wheel and walked around the car.

"Hustle it up, Dutch. Don't let it drip on the seats," he said.

Together they lifted the inert Hiller to the ground. "Just heave him into them bushes," Dutch said, struggling hard to get his breath.

"No, no, no," Marty argued. "Prop him up pretty against that tree there. Paddy'll want all the wise boys to get a nice look at him when daylight comes."

So they arranged the body. Slenk turned back toward the car. Marty stopped. "Wait a minute till I pull his cuffs down," he said in baby tones. "They was all nice an' clean for the blow-out!"

"Aw, come on," Dutch growled. "We got to be gettin' back. I need a drink."

It was 7:45 when the two entered the apartment and joined the others in the room where the banquet was laid.

"How about a little drink, Dutch?" Flenger greeted them.

"I'll say so!" Slenk agreed. "I'm sorry to be late, but that new bus o' mine is a darb. An' never seen such a fine night fer ridin'!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

HE: You're very interesting.

SHE: Gosh, I don't think I am; I mean, if I were int'resting I'd prob'ly be int'rested enough in myself to think about myself sometimes!

HE: Well, you're interesting enough to interest other people in you.

SHE: I know, my dear, and that's what simply amazes me.

HE: Well, aside from the fact that you're awfully attractive, which would interest people anyway, you're interesting because you're not thinking about yourself all the time the way most girls are.

SHE: Do you spose that's it? I spose it really is, isn't it? But don't you think it's strange I've never thought about myself? I mean, I think most people spend their entire time thinking about themselves and I honestly think it's too cryptic I've never, never thought about myself I mean I actually DO' *Lloyd Mayer.*

The Wedding Trip

GROOM *(to* BRIDE *angrily, after the ceremony)*: The way you tripped over your train coming down the aisle, anybody would think it was the first time you'd ever been married.

Alibi

"Whether a man is a success or failure depends on the functioning of his ductless glands."—*Scientific note.*

WHEN formerly I missed my cue
And Lady Luck gave me the air,
When all the breaks were overdue,
Nor hope nor cheer seemed anywhere,

I sadly racked my fuddled brains
To find the causes of defeat,
Only to learn, for all my pains,
That I, myself, was trouble's seat.

Today no thoughts of hari-kari
Flit desperately through my bean.
While I've my glands pituitary
Or adrenal on which to lean,

I never, never need deplore
My lack of energy or pluck;
Instead of moaning, as before,
I merely smile and pass the buck.

—Blanche Goodman.

Bombarded *with Energy*

. . . . for longer life and super-performance! Sonatron radio tubes come to you brimming with energy . . . Life! Zest! Sparkling tone for your set! Many added hours of dependable service because of the Sonatron bombarding process. A vivid, colorful flash of light . . . and another Sonatron radio tube has been given that abundant energy which Sonatron standards demand.

* * *

Of the many interesting processes to which Sonatron tubes are subjected, none is more interesting or more important than "bombarding."

In this process, the elements of each Sonatron tube are literally "bombarded" with energy for the operation of the tube throughout its life. In Sonatron tubes, this process is, in part, the secret of the *longer life* and *super-performance* with which the Sonatron label has become associated.

The thoroughness of the "bombardment," the length of time in which this operation is performed, these have a vital bearing on the qualities of the tube. As in every operation in the Sonatron factory, there is no skimping here, no compromise with time or cost. Every Sonatron tube is a rich storehouse of energy and vitality for your receiver. Set owners who have equipped their radios with Sonatron tubes are enthusiastic over their consistently fine qualities of tone and performance throughout a longer life. Your Sonatron dealer has the correct tubes for your set among the 44 types in The World's Largest Radio Tube Line. Go to him for your next set of tubes—and for a higher degree of tube satisfaction than you ever before thought was possible. (Write us for a free copy of the 1929 edition of "How to take care of your Radio Tubes."

SONATRON

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO TUBE LINE

SONATRON TUBE COMPANY
16 Hudson Street, *New York City* 108 West Lake Street, *Chicago, Ill.*
88 Eighth Avenue, *Newark, N. J.* Cable Address: SONATRON-NEWARK

LA SUISSE EST FIÈRE DE SON FROMAGE. LE RENOMMÉ FROMAGE
DU PAYS D'ORIGINE, FROMAGE D'UN GOÛT QUI NE PEUT PAS ÊTRE IMITÉ,
EST MAINTENANT TOUJOURS MARQUÉ "SWITZERLAND."

The Pride of Switzerland

Rare, true cheese from the homeland — with the flavor that can't be copied — now always marked "Switzerland"

As long ago as the Roman invasion, the native cheeses of Switzerland were considered a delicacy. Decade after decade, ever since, their renown has spread throughout the world. The making of delicious cheese has become a Swiss tradition—an art to be handed down from father to son.

Any product so excellent, any success so general, would be naturally copied. Switzerland Cheese has been imitated by every dairy nation in the world. No doubt they have tried to follow the method faithfully, but they have missed the flavor inevitably. That belongs to Switzerland alone. It comes from milk produced on Alpine pastures such as no other country has or can duplicate.

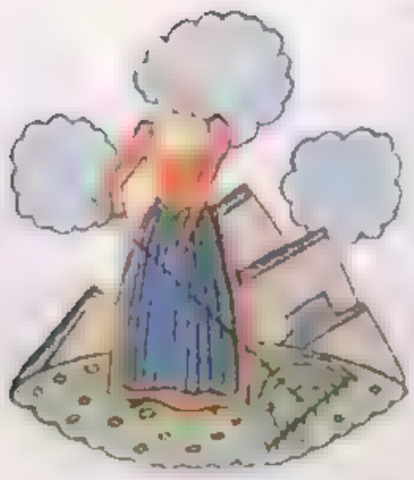
No longer can you ask for "Swiss Cheese"—or even for "Imported Swiss Cheese"—and be sure of getting this rare, true flavor. You must ask for Switzerland Cheese—and look for numerous imprints of "Switzerland" on the rind. The great chefs in American hotels and restaurants insist on Switzerland Cheese. They serve it on their special menus—introduce it in their choicest dishes. And in the finest homes this appreciation is constantly expressed by the appearance of Switzerland Cheese at luncheons, dinners and buffet suppers . . . with salads . . . as a dessert.

Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere. It sometimes varies in its natural color from a cream to a butter-yellow. The size of the eyes also varies from medium to large. But the rare, true flavor and quality of Switzerland Cheese never change. It is better to buy Switzerland Cheese by the pound, half-pound, quarter-pound or ten-cent pieces instead of sliced thin. Write to the Switzerland Cheese Association, 105 Hudson St., New York City for the illustrated booklet, "Switzerland Cheese—How to use and how to serve." Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

The most appetizing sandwich ever invented consists of two slices of bread lightly buttered, between which is a generous slice of Switzerland Cheese. When the last nut-sweet morsel passes your lips, you'll start making another Switzerland Cheese sandwich.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland



Harvesting scented Alpine hay for winter months

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

Wouldn't you like to join these herdsmen at lunch?

ANTIC OATS

(Continued from Page 17)

embrace, keeping time to reprehensible music. Along the corridor outside my suite there was a continuous tinkle of glass, ice and spoons. From time to time I could hear a feminine giggle. Thus, when my lower nature inquired, "Well, Herman, have we got off on the right foot or not?" I felt obliged to answer aloud, "We certainly have."

Taking the cane which I had bought at a little umbrella store near the station, I descended to the exclusive hotel barber shop.

I will now have to admit that the evening did not really begin in my case until four hours later, when I secured a table at the Oriental Gardens Night Club, with a bottle of ginger ale, a glass and a bouquet of flowers in plain sight, and another bottle down by the table leg close to my right foot. The reason for this delay was that a number of things mentioned by Harlow did not turn out exactly the way he said. The manicurist was neither blond nor beautiful, and in the hotel lobby, when I tried to fling the flower girl a compliment of doubtful taste, she reminded me so much of Cornelia that all I could think of to say was: "Thank you." I did not have time to eat at an expensive restaurant, and though I had a box at what was recommended to me as a good show with a chorus, I discovered too late that it was a Greek tragedy, acted by the pupils of the Pearl City Classical College, and the chorus were not dressed as cupids and, in any case, would not have invited leering.

Thus it can be understood that I was well pleased at 11:15 to find myself seated in the Oriental Gardens Night Club with every indication pointing to a large evening's supply of wild oats.

"We only live once," I remarked quietly, "so why not have a good time?" With this I filled my glass pretty full of the liquid in the lower bottle, added a little ginger ale, closed my eyes and waited to hear from my lower nature.

According to what Harlow had said the lights would immediately seem brighter, the ladies at the neighboring tables would begin to look like Oriental beauties, and I would be filled with dangerous thoughts. I also expected to find myself prepared to leer.

Instead of these results and instead of having that tired feeling eliminated, a depressing sadness stole over me, and when I tried to shake it off with another glass it not only continued but grew even more pronounced.

At this moment a saxophone player, standing up without his instrument and twisting his mouth into horrible contortions, obliged with a song about his Georgia home which he would never see again because his sweetheart had just died in a vine-covered cottage. By the time he finished I felt lower in spirits than at any previous stage in my entire existence, and as near as I could make out, all the other club members present felt the same way. And the sadder I got, the more I kept thinking of Cornelia and what a fine girl she was and how little she deserved the treatment I was giving her.

In this state I knew it was no use even trying to leer, when a rather stout middle-aged lady with a smiling face came up and introduced herself as Miss Belvedere, the hostess.

"I didn't greet you when you came in," she said, "so I want to welcome you and hope you are enjoying yourself at our little club."

"Yes," I said, and then added with a burst of frankness: "but it is hard to be happy when you know how many others are suffering, and not through their own fault."

Miss Belvedere had been smiling, but as I said these words the corners of her mouth turned down and she dropped into the other chair at the table.

"Isn't it the truth! And how many are there who ever give it a thought? More than one boob comes in here to make whoopee and I suppose he thinks I am tickled pink to see him cut up. But many a smile covers an aching heart, and if there is anybody who really appreciates my troubles, all I can say is, I have never yet had the pleasure of meeting him."

To say I felt sorry for Miss Belvedere would not be using the right word. It was more than sorrow: it was grief.

"I am sure I appreciate your troubles, Miss Belvedere. There are times, no doubt, when everything seems to go against you."

Her look of gratitude was almost more than I could bear. "Isn't it the truth! If it's not some hijacking bootlegger it's the police, and if it isn't the police it's the long-hairs; and when there's nothing else to go wrong my own help turns against me."

"I hope it is not so bad as that, Miss Belvedere," I replied, reaching for my handkerchief, because it did not seem to me I could stand much more without giving way.

"It's worse. Last night all the waiters quit on me and I had to fill their places with these girls. What would happen right now if some whoopee boy should start throwing chairs? Do you suppose any of those banjo bolsheviks would raise a hand? No, they'd say they weren't paid for anything but their music and they'd see me trampled in the dirt without raising a finger." Here she began to cry.

"Miss Belvedere," I said, keeping my voice from trembling as much as possible, "I want you to know I appreciate your position and if anything happens, please feel free to call upon me."

"Thank you," she remarked, winking back her tears, "and I want you to know that gentlemen like yourself are always welcome here and I hope you will come back often."

This interview left me so low-spirited that I feared I would make an exhibition of myself unless my lower nature started in immediately to do its stuff. Making an effort, I now downed two glasses in rapid succession, and at the appearance of eight girls dressed in the national costume of the South Seas managed a sort of a leer. Unfortunately at this moment I recollected a magazine article stating that the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands were dying out like flies.

The consideration of this depressing fact put me even farther back than I was before. And when the girls were followed by a *danseuse* dressed Russian, the memory of the sad fate of the czar and imperial family settled down like a weight on my chest. In fact, I was obliged to watch the Russian dance through a mist of tears. And I can only state I was in a very bad way when the *danseuse* seated herself at my table with the suggestion that she would like a lemonade.

"I suppose," I said in as steady a voice as possible, "that you were driven out of Russia by the revolution."

Her pearly teeth gleamed as, extending two voluptuous white arms along the table, she leaned and laughed. "Absolutely," she said. "I am a grand duchess from Grand Rapids, Michigan."

It may not have been much of a crack, but its effect on me was electrifying. I felt so relieved that the entire club seemed to light up and throb with gayety. Pearls gleamed from swanlike necks. Ladies at the neighboring tables took on the appearance of Oriental beauties. I felt I would never experience anything more exhilarating if I should live to be a hundred years old. I looked at the red lips, the sparkling eyes and the beautiful throat of the *danseuse*, while in a hoarse, insistent voice my lower nature remarked, "Wild oats—wild oats—wild oats."

Mustering my first real leer of the evening, I said in an insinuating manner, "That is the most wonderful dance I ever saw in my life. I am surprised you are not on the stage in New York."

It was unbelievable how her entire expression changed at these words. The smile vanished; she pulled back her arms and seemed to wilt into herself as she began the story of her life. As a young girl, pronounced by all the leading teachers as the best tap dancer they had ever seen, she had gone to New York to make her way. Though she had struggled, struggled, struggled, yet, as the result of professional jealousy in high places and the actions of human wolves, she had never reached the place to which her talent entitled her. Before her pitiful story was half finished I had broken down myself, just out of sympathy.

"Yes, that is what a poor girl has to expect," she said finally, wiping her eyes and getting up from the table. "I ought not to have told you all my troubles, but it is so seldom I meet a gentleman who is a real gentleman that I get started and can't stop. This is no business for a talented girl who wants to go straight, and that is why, as soon as I finish my engagement here, I am going to quit dancing and marry a refined gentleman engaged in real-estate operations in Dubuque, Iowa."

For at least five minutes after she left me I sat without moving a muscle and letting the tears roll down my cheeks. In fact, I was on the point of sobbing audibly when the door opened to admit a gentleman in a dress suit.

It was Harlow. And he was smiling.

IV

IF YOU have ever felt yourself all alone in a world of suffering and struggle and human wolves and professional jealousy in high places, and then remembered you still had one true friend and pal, suffering and struggling by your side, you will understand about how I felt when through my tears I made out Harlow's smile.

It was a very pronounced smile. It did not shift or change, but stayed right in the same place, as though tacked on. And only the thought that perhaps this smile covered a breaking heart gave me a depressed sensation.

Still smiling, Harlow looked all around the hall at the various club members and then came directly to my table.

"Herman, old fellow," he said, "we are pals. Never forget that."

"I will never forget it, Harlow," I replied with deep emotion.

"That is the way to talk, Herman, old fellow. . . . What are you inhaling with that ginger ale?"

"I am mixing some of this with it, Harlow."

"That is what I like to hear from a young man. Always remember that pure ginger ale is the worst thing you can put into your stomach. If you must drink the vile stuff add a little antiseptic." Here he poured a large glassful of the second mixture on about six drops of the ginger ale. "That is what makes red blood, Herman, old fellow. By the way, who is your lady friend over at the table with the retired sausage manufacturer?"

"I have never met her, Harlow."

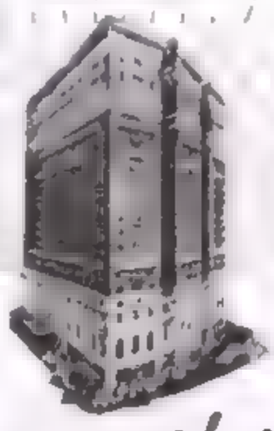
"Then what have you been doing with yourself all evening? Get the sleep out of your eyes. Herman, I will bet you five hundred dollars you don't even know who I am."

I was on the point of revealing his identity when he said: "Sh-h-h. Don't utter my name aloud. It would be serious: perhaps fatal. I am here investigating conditions in disguise. My disguise is a layer of hollow gayety—very hollow. Listen to me laugh—ha-ha and ha-ha again."

As Harlow got this off in a hoarse way many of the club members looked around at him. Harlow stood up, bowed to all present, and then poured himself another drink. (Continued on Page 85)

coming to NEW YORK?

NEW MANAGEMENT
NEW FURNITURE
NEW CARPETS
NEW HIGH SPEED ELEVATORS
NEW RATES



Everything NEW but its convenient location!

From lobby to roof, the well-known McAlpin is now a NEW hotel—completely modernized—providing the finest accommodations in New York.

NEW, modern furniture designed for "solid comfort".

NEW, luxurious carpets throughout—

NEW, beautiful decorations—selected with the same care and thought you would exercise in furnishing your own home.

NEW, high speed, self-leveling elevators that whisk you quickly and safely to any one of the 24 floors of the McAlpin.

A NEW type of courteous service ranging from quietly slipping the morning newspaper under your door to the iron-clad guarantee of the new management to *completely satisfy every guest!*

With our knowledge, no guest will ever leave the McAlpin dissatisfied!

FRANK A. DUGGAN
President and Managing Director

new rates!

ROOMS with BATH
from $3.50 *per day*

McAlpin Rates NEVER VARY—in each room is plainly posted the RATE OF THAT ROOM

HOTEL McALPIN

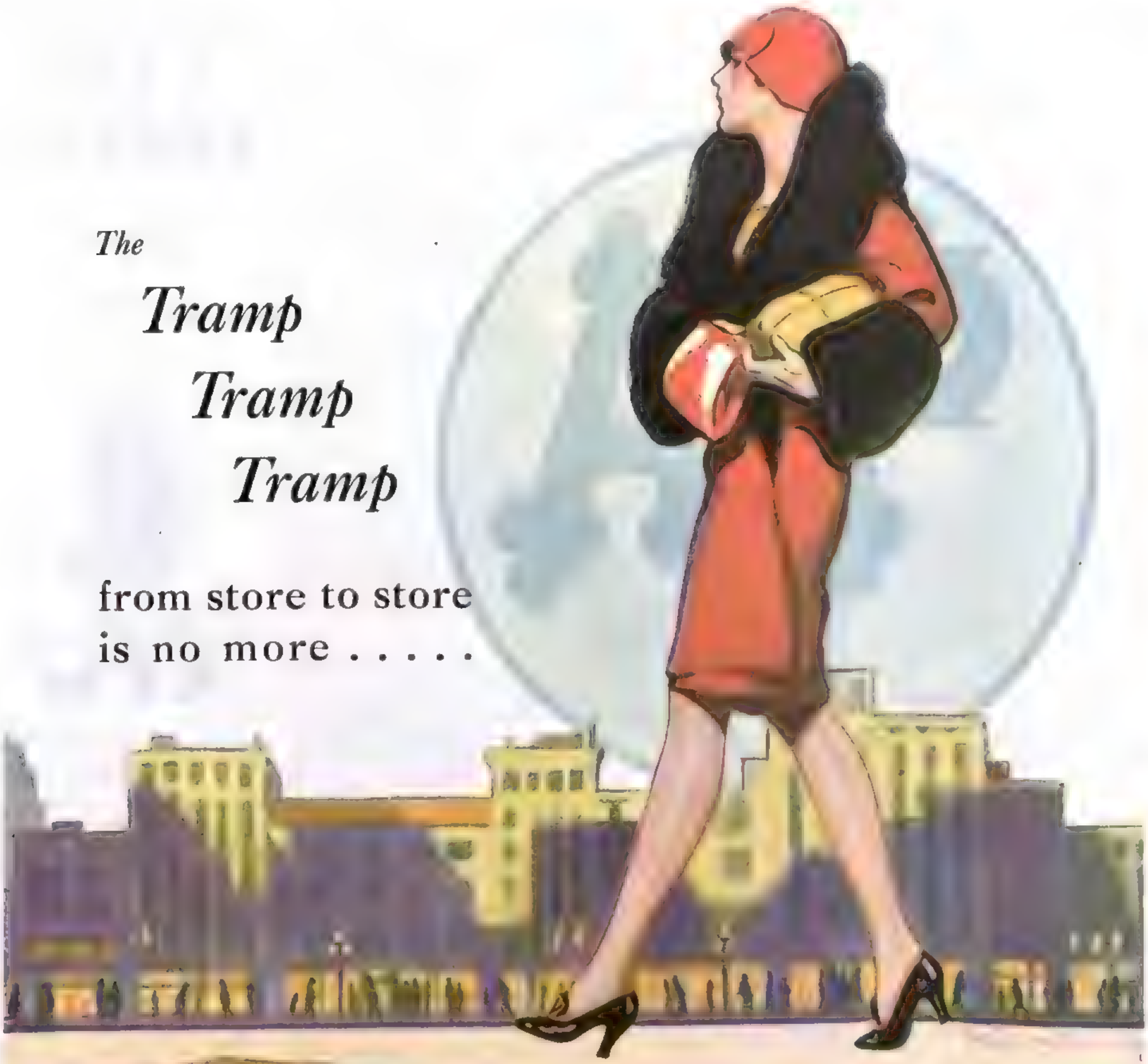
ONE BLOCK FROM PENNSYLVANIA STATION

B'WAY at 34th ST

The

Tramp Tramp Tramp

from store to store
is no more . . . . .



MODERN WOMAN . . how differently she buys her food needs to-day.

Instead of the tramp, tramp, tramp from store to store, she has adopted the new and better way . . one store, the A & P store, for all her food needs.

Fine foods from across the seven seas . . fruits and vegetables . . the popular nationally advertised brands of groceries . . fancy butter . . really choice teas and coffees, in fact A & P's assortment is so complete there's no longer any need to "shop around."

Visit the A & P store in your community to-morrow. It's the modern way to shop and the sure way to save.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

(Continued from Page 83)

"Herman, old fellow, we are pals. Am I right?"

"Harlow," I replied, speaking with difficulty and at the same time shaking him by the hand, "you know it. I consider you not merely a good friend but the only friend I have in the world."

"Then I will tell you my secret, Herman. Are you all ready?"

"Yes, Harlow."

"Then come close to the telephone and have your nickel ready. Promise me, Herman, that when you find out who I am, you will mention my right name to the chief of police and make a careful note of everything he says."

"I will, Harlow—I will."

"Herman, I am known all over Europe, Asia and Africa as the Angel of the Night Clubs. Listen to the rustle of my wings."

With these words Harlow stood up once more—this time on the chair—extended his arms on each side and fluttered them, at the same time continuing to smile.

The fact that Harlow was known all over three continents as the Angel of the Night Clubs left me practically overcome with emotion.

"I have never seen anything like it, Harlow," I said when he was once more in his place.

"It is nothing to what I can do. Call off a series of numbers of any length whatever and I will memorize them instantly and give the total as a free-will offering to the nearest orphan asylum. Ha-ha and ha-ha again."

I was now surprised to see Miss Belvedere approaching with a frown on her face.

"Never mind our hostess, Herman, old fellow. Remember, she is merely the hideous side of the picture. Give me your entire attention and watch me closely, because the hand is quicker than the eye and my right hand is a pass to the hospital and my left a free ticket to the nearest undertaking establishment. . . . Hello, babe!"

This last remark was not addressed to me but to a lady entertainer who was making a collection with a tambourine. Saying the words, Harlow grabbed at her nearest ankle.

As she squealed Harlow immediately let go his hold, and rolling the bill of fare into a tube, began staring at the top of my head.

Miss Belvedere now planted herself at Harlow's side. She looked very severe.

Turning the tube in her direction, Harlow remarked, "I am the boy with X-ray eyes. I see all; I tell all."

"We are ladies and gentlemen here," Miss Belvedere said in a cold voice as she concentrated her gaze on Harlow.

Lowering the tube and still smiling, Harlow said, "Where is here and where do we go from here? Bring me a double order of caviar and tell the cook to count it."

Miss Belvedere's expression remained the same.

"What do you think your mother would say if she should see you acting like this?"

The transformation which now occurred in Harlow was remarkable. The smile vanished, his eyes closed halfway, and his lower lip began to stick out. At the same time three large wrinkles sprouted above his nose.

"I never had a mother," he said; "I only had an uncle."

"Well, then, think what your uncle would say; and remember, if you don't, you'll wish you had." With this, Miss Belvedere walked back toward the door.

For some time Harlow stared at the table, and as the seconds passed his face got longer and longer, his lower lip stuck out farther and farther, and his right upper lip curled till it showed a couple of teeth. Anybody could see he was suffering with internal thoughts; so, after swallowing a couple of times so as to be able to speak in a steady voice, I remarked, "Is your uncle dead, Harlow?"

"No," he said, "but if I ever run into him again he'll wish he was."

Once more he began looking through the bill of fare at the top of my head, but this time there was no smile on his face. In fact, the serious expression was even more pronounced than before. Twice I asked what was the matter and each time his only response was: "Ha-ha and ha-ha again."

"Is there anything wrong, Harlow?"

"Never mind if there is anything wrong, Jack. I am an authorized investigator and I want to know what is the big idea of wearing that thing on the top of your head."

"What thing, Harlow?"

"Don't ask foolish questions. Who gave you a license to wear a contraption like that on your head in the presence of ladies?"

"I am not wearing anything on my head, Harlow."

"Do you mean to call me a liar?"

"No, Harlow, but I have not got anything on my head except the natural hair."

Removing the paper tube from his right eye, Harlow brought his fist down on the table with a crash.

"One of us is lying," he said, "and lying is a vice I will not tolerate—lying, deceit or falsehood in any form. Take that hat off or I will kick it off!"

I now perceived that Harlow was drunk.

V

PREVIOUSLY I had felt sorry for Harlow, because I felt his hollow gayety probably covered a breaking heart. But that was nothing to the wave of sympathetic emotion which washed over me as I realized his present condition. Once more I could feel the tears welling in my eyes and my heart beating faster, and when I tried to breathe, it was just as though somebody had gripped ten fingers around my throat.

"Harlow," I said, "you are not only the best friend but the only friend I have in the world, and I think I had better take you home."

"What is that, my bucko?"

I repeated the statement.

For a long time, without saying anything, Harlow looked at me through the paper tube, while his lower jaw projected farther and farther.

"What is the matter, Harlow?"

"What do you mean—what is the matter?"

"What are you staring at me that way for?"

"Because I would like to find out who you are. I never saw you before and I don't like your face. Who stepped on it?"

"You know me, Harlow; I am engaged to Cornelia."

"What is Cornelia—some new kind of breakfast food?"

"She is your cousin, Harlow."

"That might go some places, but you can't get away with it here. I never saw you before and I don't like your looks. When you speak to me call me Mr. Waterman."

"What was that?"

"I say when you speak to me call me Mr. Waterman."

I was so overcome it took me a minute to get my breath, and even after this, all I could think of to remark was to repeat the question.

"You heard what I said."

"Yes, I heard what you said," I replied, "but I know you didn't mean it."

"Try it once more, buddy—just once more—and you will find out whether I meant it or not. You will catch something right in the hideous side of the picture."

It was the worst shock I had ever received in my life. Though I managed to pull myself together and keep my lower lip from quivering, I still could not believe he was in earnest.

"Do you mean I can't even call you Harlow in a joking way?"

"No, not in a joking way or any other way. My name is Mr. Waterman, and anybody who has a different idea will have to accept the consequences."

"Can't I even think of you as Harlow?"

"No, you can't even think of me as Harlow; and I am a mind reader and clairvoyant, and if you try it you will wish you hadn't."

"Well," I said—and I felt as if my heart would break as I said it—"when I talk to Cornelia, can't I speak of you as Harlow?"

"No, you can't do that either. My full name is Mr. Waterman, and I have got diplomas from every university in Europe to prove it."

The expression on his face as he got this off was the most ferocious I have ever seen on anybody's outside of the movies. But it was the remarks themselves that cost me the most anguish. As never before, I realized that Harlow had been my best friend and that outside of Harlow nobody had ever really cared for me. And now that he had turned against me I would have to drag out my existence more and more friendless and lonely, until at last I would be laid away in a forgotten grave, probably by the side of a tree struck by lightning.

It was too much to bear. Previously that evening I had felt a subdued sorrow for several other persons present, including Mr. Waterman, but these earlier sensations were nothing to what I now felt for myself. The mental anguish started somewhere around the stomach and worked up and down my frame until I fairly quivered all over.

"Is that your last word, Mr. Waterman?"

"Yes, that is my last word. Take it or leave it. Where is the bottle?"

Miss Belvedere was standing by the door, a worried look on her face. As I slipped away from the table it was with the intention of telling her frankly that since nobody understood me or cared about me, I had made up my mind to leave home and take a correspondence course in parachute jumping. But before I could explain this she had started talking herself:

"I know what you have come to say and I am going to do something about it right off. These banjo busters won't lift a hand to help me, but if necessary I will call the cops and put that whoopee boy who is annoying you where he will not annoy anybody for the next ten days." Here she pointed at Harlow.

"Miss Belvedere," I remarked, and my voice trembled, "please do not act hastily. He is my best friend and I know his relatives. Leave him to me. I will soothe him—I will soothe him."

"Somebody had better soothe him in a hurry," said Miss Belvedere, "or I will take a brick and soothe him myself."

It was a ghastly situation, and when I took my place again in the chair I was trembling so I could hardly pull my left shoe off. Most of this emotion was selfish and on my own account, but I also trembled to some extent because I felt so sorry for what was going to happen to Harlow.

He was still staring across the table, his lower jaw out so far he looked like a gorilla.

"Every time I turn my eyes in your direction," was his opening remark, "I want to blam you on the button. Take off that hat or whatever it is."

"Yes, Mr. Waterman," I said, picking up the shoe, but keeping it concealed under the tablecloth.

"I don't like your looks and I don't believe you are a 100 per cent American."

"Yes, Mr. Waterman," was my only response as I got a better grip around the sole.

"Yes what? What is the big idea of saying 'Yes, Mr. Waterman,' like a parrot? Nobody can insult me the way you have been doing and get away with it. So laugh that off."

"I will laugh it off, Mr. Waterman. Ha-ha and ha-ha again. And now, if you will just take this paper tube"—here I rolled the bill of fare into the proper shape—"and keep your eye on my hat——"

"Which hat?"

"The one on my head, Mr. Waterman. . . . You will see it turn around three times and then a little birdie will come out and whistle."

With these words, and while Harlow was still squinting through the tube, I lifted the shoe and brought the heel down where I thought it would do the most good. Then, while Harlow was still looking dazed, I caught his coat collar and ran him to the door.

"Mr. Waterman," I said, working him into the right position and with the tears choking me, "you are my best friend and I am going to prove it by kicking your hat off." The reason for the tears was not only on my own account, because of being alone in the world, but also the result of being forced to tell Harlow a deliberate falsehood, because I had no intention of kicking him in the hat, and, anyway, he was not wearing a hat.

"Are you all ready, Mr. Waterman?" And then, without waiting for him to answer, I gave him such a good start that he went down the stairs practically without using his legs.

"Miss Belvedere," I said, closing the door behind Harlow and drying my eyes, "the reason I feel so bad about this is because Mr. Waterman was not only my best friend but my last friend. And the way I feel now I think I had better go myself." Here I broke down.

"I would like to have you stay," she said. "I will never let your friend put a foot inside the club again, but any time you care to come you will be welcome, because we appreciate the patronage of gentlemen." She now turned to the rest of the club members. "Folks, I want you to give this little boy a big hand. It isn't his fault if his pal is a born boob."

The orchestra, which had been playing the Heebie Jeebie Blues, now broke into The End of a Perfect Day, and when they reached "For I knew I had found a friend," they changed into "For he's a jolly good fellow." The gentlemen stood up on their chairs and cheered, some of them with tears streaming down their shirt fronts; and as for the ladies, they took all the flowers off the table and threw them at me, mostly without the vases.

And that is about the last thing I remember, except a policeman saying in a friendly way, "What is the idea of pointing your cane at that hydrant and saying 'Bang!'" and my reply, "I am practicing marksmanship, and as soon as I get to be a good shot I will either commit suicide or else take a friend of mine by the name of Harlow Waterman and plug him full of moral lessons."

VI

IT MUST have been this policeman that got me back to the hotel, though two days later, when I started home, I was myself again and needed no outside assistance except in the matter of counting the change after buying my railroad ticket.

The first thing I did was to call on Cornelia. "But," she said, "I still don't understand why you had to rush off to Pearl City in such a hurry."

I explained it was not only on account of business but also on account of Harlow.

"Oh, did you meet Harlow in Pearl City?"

"Yes, Cornelia, I did."

"Did he talk to you much, Herman?"

"Quite a lot, Cornelia."

"And did he bring up the subject of sowing wild oats?"

"He certainly did, Cornelia."

"And did he convince you, Herman, that there was nothing in that sort of thing?"

"He did, Cornelia—he did."

"Well, Herman, I am sure you are all the better for Harlow's moral influence. I hope you will never forget his kindness to you, and perhaps some day you will be privileged to demonstrate to some other young man the folly of sowing wild oats. For, oh, Herman, isn't Harlow just wonderful?"

"He is more than that," I replied, and then in a clever way changed the subject by bringing out the wedding ring which the clerk at the Pearl City House had sent out for and bought at my request.

FOR THREE WEEKS ONLY this *amazingly* easy way to own an Estate Heatrola

Read all the details of the
"ENJOY-IT-NOW" *Club . . . open for members*
from January 12th to February 2nd

1 You deposit with your Heatrola dealer a small membership fee—which is the first payment on your Heatrola.

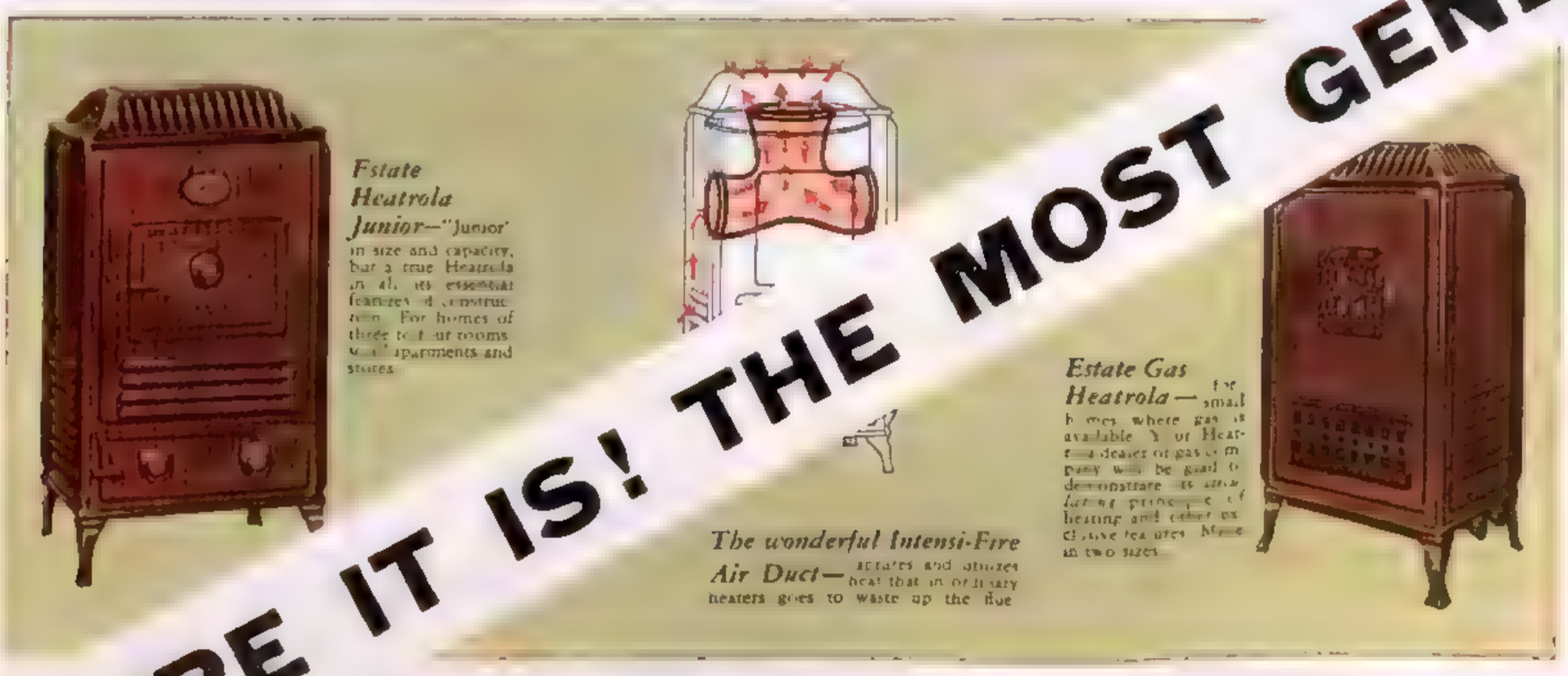
2 You do not make another payment until next Fall.

3 Your Heatrola dealer removes your old stove and allows $10 for it ($5 if you decide on a Junior Heatrola or a Gas Heatrola). This is also applied on the purchase price of your Heatrola.

4 Your Heatrola is installed. You enjoy its whole-house comfort and convenience *now!*

5 In the Fall, you begin your regular payments on the convenient deferred-payment plan. And, remember, you are already credited with your membership deposit and old-stove allowance.

SEE YOUR HEATROLA DEALER AT ONCE AND "ENJOY IT NOW"


HERE IT IS! THE MOST GENEROUS
Estate Heatrola Junior—"Junior" in size and capacity, but a true Heatrola in all its essential features of construction. For homes of three to four rooms and apartments and stores.
The wonderful Intensi-Fire Air Duct—
Estate Gas Heatrola—

Estate HEATROLA

There is

© 1929, The E. S. Co.

One of these beautiful cabinets in the living-room floods the whole house with balmy, breathable warmth

That longed-for luxury of whole-house heat . . .

ENJOY-IT-NOW!

More cold, biting weather is coming! Might as well have real Heatrola comfort! The "Enjoy-It-Now" Club makes it amazingly easy on your pocketbook. Join the club today.

OF COURSE, you know what genuine Heatrola heating means . . . Great floods of balmy, breathable warmth circulating through *every room* — upstairs and down! No drafty floors or chilly hallways to set the children sneezing! No hot spots, no cold spots! No shut-off rooms! No dust, no dirt!

Just a house full of even, healthful heat *from about half the amount of fuel used by old-fashioned stoves!*

Don't waste this winter in half-heated waiting

Don't wait until *next* winter for the comfort and convenience of modern Heatrola heating. Enjoy it *now*—and through these blustery winter months still to come.

Ordinarily, it takes but forty-five minutes to install a genuine Estate Heatrola.

Imagine! The same beautiful Estate Heatrola, with its rich, mahogany finish and its graceful, furniture-like lines, that you have seen and admired.

And the same exclusive Heatrola features that make this original living-room house-heater the favorite of them all!

The famous Intensi-Fire Air Duct that gives the Heatrola such great heating capacity—the Vapor Tank that keeps the warm air *naturally, healthfully* moist—the ash, dust, and fume-tightness that have made Heatrola and Cleanliness mean the same thing in tens of thousands of homes!

Thousands joined last year

You can see for yourself that the "Enjoy-It-Now" Club Plan makes it so easy to enjoy luxurious Heatrola heating from *now on!* It makes it simple to protect the family from winter coughs and colds and what these ailments lead to. It makes it certain that you will cut your fuel bills practically in half! Is it any wonder that thousands of home-owners are now signing up as members, just as thousands did last January?

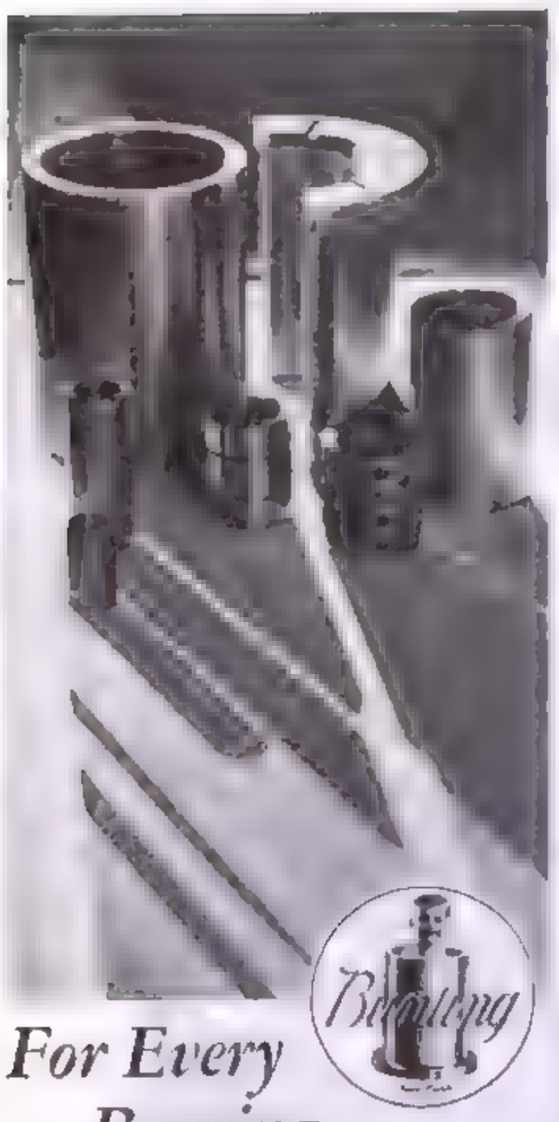
Don't delay! Remember that new members will not be admitted to this year's "Enjoy-It-Now" Club after February 2nd. See the nearest Heatrola dealer today. Get complete details of the most amazing, money-saving house-heating plan ever offered. Or write direct to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 9-A, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices.

* * *

Branch Offices: 225 W. 34th Street, New York City; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 801 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Ore.

ATROLA

only *One* Heatrola—*Estate* builds it



For Every Bearing Requirement

TODAY this organization offers to all mechanical industry the most valuable and comprehensive bearing service the world has ever known. Here all users of bushings and bearings can get:

Counsel—The knowledge gained in a vast and varied experience and in years of research

Product—Bearing Bronze at its best—the product of new specialized equipment. Absolute accuracy in alloy, design, and dimension.

Service—Patterns and tool equipment for over 20,000 designs. 440 sizes of "Ready-Made," completely machined and finished Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings—ready for assembly—always carried in stock. 88 stock sizes of Cored and Solid Bars of Bunting Phosphor Bronze. Bushings and Bearings for all automobile service replacements. Offices and stocks in the six industrial centers of America.

Responsibility—Abundant resources, ample plant capacity. For years the outstanding supply source for over 5,000 leading industries consuming bronze bushings and bearings.

The one who uses a few bushings or bearings and the one whose requirements demand tremendous volume can both be served with equal efficiency and economy. We will gladly discuss *your* bearing problem with you.

THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO

Branches and Warehouses at

NEW YORK 276 Lafayette St. Canal 1374
CHICAGO 2015 S. Michigan Ave. Calumet 6850-6851
BOSTON 96 Oliver St. Hancock 54
PHILADELPHIA 13th and Spring Garden Sts. Spring Garden 4296
SAN FRANCISCO 170 Townsend St. Douglas 4245
EXPORT Office: Toledo, Ohio

BUNTING
PHOSPHOR BRONZE
BUSHING BEARINGS
PATENTED

FLASH

(Continued from Page 15)

"You know there's plenty o' girls after a job like this," he went on. "And any time you think you're too good for it I can get a girl in an hour's notice."

Tony had half a mind to go in and take a sock at him. The small-timer! Talking to a girl like that. But he knew better than to butt in. He had heard these fights before. Every week it was a new one. Somebody was always stepping on a laugh or playing upstage or stealing bows. Tony was used to it. So he unlocked his own door and went inside. He could still hear.

"You listen to what I tell you after this," Doyle threatened. "One more performance like today and you can go back in the chorus."

Tony heard him slam her door and go down the hallway. He turned and started removing his make-up. Then he heard a sob—a tiny, childish sob that made his fists clinch. He was about to go in and tell her not to mind the big stiff, when Ernesto came up the stairs with Max. He was excited, asking Max questions and answering them himself.

"How do you like the new finish, Max? Great, ain't it? And the triple somersault into the chair? That's the one we got in Australia from the Victoria Trio. Looks like a million dollars, don't it?"

Max said nothing. He went on smoking a huge cigar, in spite of the POSITIVELY NO SMOKING AND THIS MEANS YOU signs all around him.

"Sit down, Max," Ernesto panted. "I suppose you got the route all set for us, huh?"

Max was not anxious to break the news, evidently.

"Well, boys, the best I can do is ten weeks of Poli, if you want to take it, or fourteen weeks on the Loew at a fifty-dollar cut."

"Four shows a day and fifty-dollar cut!" Ernesto was dumfounded. "We're working on a cut now."

Max was laconic. "Well, it's the best I can do for you, boys. I tried my best to get you the Orpheum or Eastern, but there're a hundred acrobatic acks out of work right now. You can't sell 'em for love or money unless you give 'em a novelty."

"But our routine is new, Max; nobody in the country is doing that triple somersault."

"They don't want it, Ernesto." Max's voice was gentle. "I got the Sorrel boys and the Three Gallos and Yami, Yoki and Keo, and all I can get 'em is week-to-week bookin'. You got to give 'em flash these days."

"That's what I was tellin' him only this afternoon, Max," Tony said, somewhat triumphantly now that his argument was proved.

"Maybe we better get a new drop, Max." Ernesto was anxious.

Max tilted his chair back and thought.

"You know what I was thinkin' you ought to do, boys? You ought to take a girl in the ack. You know, a pretty girl, with pretty legs, in shorts and black silk stockings, doing a few little flip-flops and smilin' at the audience and askin' for a hand, will do more to get you a good hand at the finish than all the fancy drops you can buy."

Tony knew what Ernesto's answer would be. A woman in the act! He was right.

"Listen, Max," Ernesto said seriously. "Any time I got to sell my ack on a woman's legs I'll go outa the business." He started removing his make-up.

"Well, you gotta give 'em what they want these days, Ernesto. Vaudeville ain't like it used to be. You give 'em a pretty little blonde running around, doing a few high kicks and flashing sex appeal at the audience, and you'll have a better chance gettin' big-time. Look at this Yvette on the bill with you. She don't do nothin' new, and she's been doin' that old teeth-pullin' act for twenty years. She gets a good hand. And why? Well, she ain't pretty, but she's a woman and they ain't so hard-boiled with women."

"I think he's right, Ernesto," Tony put in tactfully.

"Sure, I'm right," Max went on. "I saw the Parisian Trio last week get a good hand because they put their kid in the ack. Got all the hands. You try it and see if it don't make a difference. You can get hold of a girl around the N. V. A.—a young one, none of these old-timers like Yvette, with fat knees and gold teeth. The younger she is the better you'll go. I'll book you in Mount Vernon or Port Chester—somewhere where it don't matter. It won't be hard to work her in. Let her do a little specialty and work her in the finish."

Ernesto stopped him. "I won't have no woman in the act, Max, and there's no use talking about it."

Max got up, offended.

"All right, Ernesto, if that's the way you feel. I'm telling you for your own good. I been booking your ack for ten years, haven't I? I booked you when you were the Four De Angelos and I booked you when Leo dropped out and you were the trio. And I booked you after your old man died and left you and Carlo. And after Carlo dropped out, you took on the kid here and I done the best I could for you. Nobody knows your ack better than I do. And nobody knows vaudeville better than I do. And I know times are changing. You can't give 'em straight acrobatics any more. They don't want it. You got to change your ack."

"That's what I keep telling him, Max, but he won't listen."

"All the acrobatic acks are changing their routine, Ernesto. You got to be a comedian these days to be a good acrobat. Lookit Mitchell and Durant stoppin' the show at the Palace last week, doing comedy acrobatics. Your dad was the only one who could do that stuff. You can't and the kid here can't."

"I can do acrobatic dancing," Tony interrupted. "I bin wantin' to put in a dance for a long time and Ernesto won't do it."

"We're acrobats," Ernesto insisted. "We ain't a dancing act."

"See, Max?" Tony gave up. "He thinks it's something to be proud of to be an acrobat. Gee! They treat you like you didn't belong in the theater. Even the dumb-animal acts get more respect."

Max got sentimental.

"Listen, Ernesto, I'm your friend, ain't I? Didn't I send you a telegram when I heard about your dad popping off, and didn't I lay you off for two weeks to bury him, and didn't I collect for a sympathy ad, and didn't I book you with no commission when you had to take a cut? You know there's no one that wants to see you on top more'n I do. And when I tell you it'll help to take a woman in the ack ——"

Ernesto had had enough of it. He got up, his face suddenly white and set.

"I said we wasn't takin' any woman in the ack," he said angrily, "and I don't want to hear any more about it!" They said nothing. Max picked up his hat and Tony turned away. "If we didn't take no woman in the ack," he went on apologetically, "we'd still be the Four De Angelos."

There was something so pathetic about the way he said it, it brought back to Max the way he had taken the death of his two brothers and father. He had never been the same since.

"Well, you can't go through life harborin' grudges, Ernesto." Max's voice was gentle now. "If it hadn't been Fania bustin' up the ack it woulda been somethin' else. You couldn't 'a' performed together always."

Ernesto's face was dark with the bitter memories of the once happy quartet who had trouped to the ends of the earth together and who might still be together if it hadn't been for the dark and laughing Fania with the face of a Madonna and the soul of a Circe.

"You take what you can get for us, Max." That was all.

"All right, Ernesto. I can get your Loew contracts in the morning. You're not sore, are you?"

"No, I'm not sore, Max." His face looked old and infinitely sad, and the good-hearted Jew went downstairs feeling sorry he had said anything.

Tony, too, was sorry for all he had said that afternoon. He couldn't remember his pop or Leo and Carlo except as having been the sources of innumerable playthings and much rough-and-tumble playing. It had all happened when he was so small, but he knew when Ernesto was thinking of them. There were times when he looked longingly over the big book with the press clippings and the funny old pictures. Ernesto had been big brother to them all.

"Come on out, Ernesto. We gotta eat."

They put on their coats and left the room. The little girl from the next room stood in the doorway of her own, evidently waiting for something.

She spoke to Tony, a little frightened:

"Mr. De Angelo, I heard what your agent said to you about taking a girl in your act. I know you told him no, but I thought maybe if you could get somebody easy—well, you see, I might leave the act I'm in now – Mr. Doyle—well, it's my first job out of the chorus and I guess he don't like me very well –and if I do, I got to get a job right away, and I thought maybe you'd give me a chance. I can dance, high kicks and acrobatic too. I studied with Ned Wayburn. I would work cheap to get the experience," she finished breathlessly.

"I watched her act, Ernesto; she dances great."

He shouldn't have said this. He knew the moment he spoke. Ernesto was soft-hearted. If he had left it to him he might have been touched by her timidity and the fact that she had been crying. But Ernesto answered quickly.

"We decided not to take a girl in the ack," he said abruptly, looking away, the way he always did when a woman spoke to him.

She was hurt.

"Well, I just thought I'd ast you," she stammered. "I didn't mean to listen, but you know how it is—the walls are so thin I couldn't help it."

"That's all right," Tony spoke up quickly. "I heard what he was saying to you after the show."

She was ashamed.

"You see, it's my first job and I—well, I guess I'm not so good. But no matter how hard I try he always jumps on me like that. I ——" She stopped and caught her breath childishly. Ernesto turned down the stairs, afraid he would weaken. "But it's no use to bother you with it," she said.

"That's all right," Tony answered warmly. "I understand."

He would have liked to ask her to come out and eat with them, but Ernesto was already halfway down the stairs. Tony ran to catch up with Ernesto. They walked up the street a little way, Tony almost running to keep up with Ernesto, who walked in silence.

Ernesto broke the silence: "That Doyle's a no-good bum," he said; his apology for his hardness.

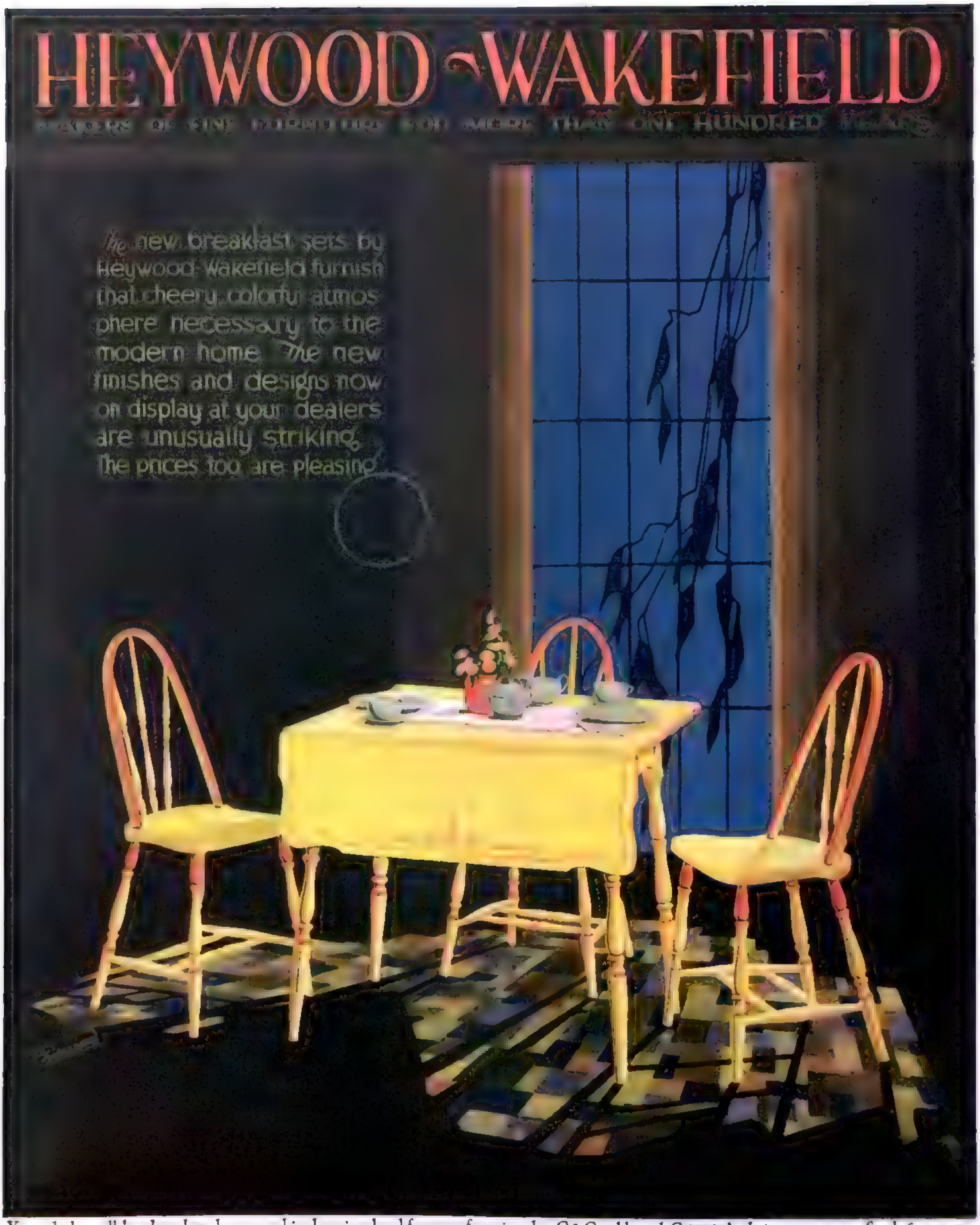
As they passed the front of the house they glanced at the mounted photographs of Doyle & Co., mostly pictures of Doyle—Doyle in a straw hat, Doyle with a cigarette, Doyle in comedy make-up, Doyle in Tuxedo. In the lower corner was a picture of the girl. "And Company!" Tony reflected indignantly that she was better than Doyle in his palmy days and should be featured. While they were eating he figured out a routine which he could teach her if she were in the act.

(Continued on Page 90)

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

MAKERS OF SINCE DISTINCTIVE FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS

The new breakfast sets by Heywood-Wakefield furnish that cheery colorful atmosphere necessary to the modern home. The new finishes and designs now on display at your dealers are unusually striking. The prices too are pleasing.



Your dealer will be pleased to show you this charming breakfast set, featuring the C 1 G table and C 1819 A chairs . . . . . Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Company, 209 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., to cover the cost of mailing our new edition of "Color Furniture in the Home," a helpful book on interior decoration.

Now! A Drugless Way to Instant Sleep!

Makes You Feel Like A NEW PERSON THE NEXT DAY — Please Accept 3-Day Test

NOT A MEDICINE

A Food Discovery From Switzerland

Doctors The World Over Are Advising

Here is sleep a few minutes after you go to bed . . . without the use of drugs or soporifics! Sound sleep, natural sleep; eight or nine hours of it.

Then a wonderful day tomorrow . . . new energy and new life! For, besides inducing sleep, this new way builds up your depleted tissues while you sleep. It is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink.

Do you wonder, then, that nervous, restless people are flocking to its use? Mail coupon below for a 3-day test.

What It Is

It is a scientific food-drink called Ovaltine . . . the discovery of a Swiss scientist of world-fame. It contains no medicine; no drugs of any nature.

New to America, it has been used over 30 years in Europe. Over 20,000 doctors advise it. Its use has spread over 50 different nations.

You take it before going to bed. Soon you fall asleep. And while you sleep, new energy is developed.

For, note particularly *it does more than induce sleep.* Its unique dietetic power resupplies your system, during the night, with the energy you lost the day before. You feel like a new person all next day.

Builds Health

Thus you can take it night after night, year in and year out. And not only not

Doctors everywhere advise this drugless food-drink—for nerve strain, sleeplessness, "run down" condition. To build health without medicine

form a habit, as with drugs, but build your health as well.

20,000 Doctors Advise It

Rated as one of the most important

Because Ovaltine is not a drug, but a unique food-drink; because it brings instant, all-night sleep that builds up tremendous energy for the next day—over 20,000 doctors endorse this natural way to healthful sleep.

scientific findings of the day, Ovaltine is being advised, by doctors, and used in hospitals, not only for sleeplessness, but for nerve-strain, malnutrition, nervous, underweight children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Its standing in the scientific world is unquestioned. Ovaltine is different from all other food-drinks known. Widely different from "Malt" or "Chocolate" drinks in this country that may strive to imitate it. Watch out for this.

Accept 3-Day Test

Sleep will be yours. Your days will take on new vigor. Your whole appearance will show the results of sleep obtained in this natural way.

Obtain Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Also served at soda fountains. Make the test for your own sake. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring for three [illegible] Mail coupon, with 10c, [illegible] 3-day introductory package

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

The Wander Company, Dept. P 20 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine
(Print name and address clearly)

Name

Address

City

One package to a person)

Continued from Page 88

When they got back to their dressing rooms she was just going downstairs, her changes over her arm, looking very small and cute in the fluffy dancing skirts. Ernesto had remained behind to recommend the Italian place where they had eaten to Yvette, so Tony was alone. She smiled, and this gave him courage.

"Say, listen," he said bashfully. "I'm awful sorry my brother feels like he does about that. I'm gonna try and get him to change his mind. I think you'd go great in our ack."

"Honest?"

"Sure, I do. You're too good for that small-time bozo."

She looked around, frightened. "Don't let him hear you say that," she whispered, running on down.

"I'm gonna watch your ack," he called after her, "so you better be good."

She stopped on the stairway.

"Oh, please, Mr. De Angelo, don't! I'm sure to be rotten after he bawled me out that way."

"You couldn't be rotten!" he called after her. Then leaning perilously over the stairs, "Say, what's your name?"

"Margie," she called back, laughing, suddenly skipping down the stairs, her heart not quite so heavy.

He watched her pass Ernesto on the stairs and smile up at him appealingly while he stood by to let her pass, a little embarrassed over what had happened.

When Ernesto came into the dressing room, Tony was making up feverishly—strange for Tony, who usually had to be reminded that it was time to dress. He preceded Ernesto down for once, and made his way to the other side, not wanting to talk to her on her entrance. It might make her nervous. But she saw him as she passed, and smiled. Billy Doyle was singing a mother song in a nasal tenor voice. Tony held his nose and imitated him for her benefit. She smiled again. Then he went around to the other side, knowing she would presently come off and stand there to make her change. He parted the curtains carefully so she wouldn't see him. He couldn't see her very well, but he could hear her.

What was the matter with that guy, anyway? She got a laugh on everything she said. Jealous! They went into their dance and he could catch glimpses of her silk-stockinged legs flashing. He watched the front row, observing that everybody was looking on her side of the stage. Max was certainly right. If only she were in their act!—— Now she was going into her song again—the one she had sung that afternoon. She had to look longingly up at Doyle, her face against his, singing about his curly hair and his big blue eyes. He felt sorry for her having to pony up to that stiff.

She ran off and with one motion was out of the ruffled dress, completely un-self-conscious at revealing herself in the short costume.

"I'm scared to death," she whispered. "He keeps talking to me under his breath."

"Don't you let him get your goat, kid," Tony sympathized. "You got every one o' them laughs. I heard you."

"I know I did! He thinks he got them."

"By mugging that way on your number? Say!" With one scornful gesture Tony disposed of Doyle.

"He's awful mad about something; he's—— Oh, my goodness!" She made a sudden dive through the curtains and precipitated into their closing number three bars behind.

"Gee, I made her miss her cue." Tony moved away, worried. He didn't want to hear her bawled out again, so he crossed to the other side of the stage, went into their set, pretending to be occupied with the props as she came off and gathered up her things. Sure enough, Doyle caught up with her as she went across the stage, yelling at her in front of everybody.

"Listen. Don't tell me you didn't hear me! I said it three times and the orchestra played your cue twice! What do you think this is, anyway—a Coney Island side show?"

Their music started just then and they had to go on, but when they came off and went to their dressing room he was still at it. She was getting angry.

"Well, I told you I was sorry, Mr. Doyle. I won't do it again."

"You bet your life you won't. I can get twenty girls as good as you any day. All I got to do is ring up the N. V. A."

She was sore now, and who wouldn't be?

"All right, Mr. Doyle, if you feel that way you can take my two weeks' notice."

Doyle was sarcastic. "'Two weeks' notice!' Where do you get that stuff? This is vaudeville. I don't have to give no two weeks' notice. This is a tryout and you didn't make good."

Now she was frightened. "You got to give me some notice, Mr. Doyle; you can't just let me out. I spent all my money on these clothes."

"I'll give you the shows you worked and no more. And it's more'n anybody else would give you, the way you crabbed my ack. I oughtn'ta give you anything."

Then he went out and slammed the door. Presently they heard her crying again Tony said nothing, knowing how soft-hearted Ernesto was, and hoping she would keep on crying. She did. Funny, choking little sounds penetrated the thin walls. Ernesto stood it as long as he could.

"It might not be a bad idea to try a girl in the ack," he said finally, with all the casualness he could muster.

Half an hour later the three left the theater together, Ernesto carrying her bags.

"You be at the theater at ten o'clock," he said at her door.

She stood in the doorway, looking very small and appealing as she looked up at Ernesto.

"Gee, Mr. Ernesto, I don't know how to thank you," she said gratefully. "I'm just going to try awfully hard to make good for you, that's all."

"You'll make good," Ernesto promised gruffly, moving away quickly.

He was embarrassed, but already happy in the rôle of benefactor.

"I can teach her a few tricks in no time," he said generously.

"Sure," Tony agreed absently, already lost in a routine for an acrobatic number which he would do with her.

So the last of the De Angelos had a woman in the act.

"Well, didn't I tell you, boys?" This was from Max, two weeks later—on the day Margie went into the act. "Say, that kid has personality," he beamed. "And looks like a million dollars from the front. Did you hear the hand she got on her number? Now, you want to work her in the ack more."

"Ernesto's going to teach me some acrobatic stunts," she told him.

Max vetoed this at once.

"Don't do it, Ernesto," he warned him seriously. "Let the kid dance. You got enough acrobatics in the ack now that you can't sell. Let her and Tony, here, work out a dance routine."

Tony and Margie were all enthusiasm.

"I know an Apache number I learned at the school. I could teach it to Tony."

But Tony, maul-like, was scornful of her ability to teach him anything.

"I can do that stuff they do, easy," he said carelessly. "I got a great idea for an Apache."

"Work it out and put it in," Max advised. "You can make a quick change while Ernesto does his balancing stunt with the tables, and the kid here can make a change too. The more changes she makes the more flash you've got. If it gets over big I'll bill you as a dancin' ack and get you a spot." He finished triumphantly, looking from one to the other for approbation.

"But how can you bill us as a dancin' ack with our apparatus?"

That was easy to dispose of.

"You won't need to use that at all. Instead of doing aerial work, Ernesto here

(Continued on Page 93)

$1125.00

F. O. B. Peoria
Illinois

The price of the new Model Ten "Caterpillar" Tractor

Little brother to the big "Caterpillar," a sturdy new track-type tractor in a smaller size! Balanced power and traction...a 14 h.p. engine delivering 10 h.p. at the drawbar...destined to bring "Caterpillar" fame to thousands of smaller farms and to new users in industry!

With a track that bridges soft going (and without packing)...with all "Caterpillar" qualities of ruggedness and dependability.

THE NEW MODEL TEN

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.

Executive Offices: San Leandro, California, U. S. A.

New York Office: 50 Church Street

Sales Offices and Factories:

Peoria, Illinois — San Leandro, California

CATERPILLAR

REG U S PAT OFF

TRACTOR

"Faith in American Industry is constantly revived by its remarkable achievements. Since the invention of the first balloon tires, I have had my cars equipped with them. I now ride on Miller De Luxe Balloons with even greater security. It is truly a Wonder Balloon."

M. LEE MARSHALL
Chairman of the Board
Continental Baking Corporation
Largest Baking Company in the United States

"It is truly a Wonder Balloon"

M. Lee Marshall.

AMERICAN industry—more especially the tire industry—has seen no more remarkable an achievement in a decade than the bringing to perfection of the pioneer super-tire—the Miller De Luxe Balloon.

Its reward has come in the form of tributes such as this one—from men and women who weigh their words of praise, and commend only that which has demonstrated itself to be worthy.

"It is truly a Wonder Balloon." What words of ours could carry the force of that statement from a user who knows from experience?

A wonder—because users usually receive from this amazing new tire *double the mileage of ordinary balloons.*

Wear that defies punctures. Due to its 50% heavier tread you ought never to puncture this tire from ordinary causes.

A wonder—because it should last as long as most people keep their cars, and, regardless of speed, road, or driving condition, it will live up to its promise of extra mileage, extreme durability, freedom from puncture and slow tread wear. Actual tests have proved it.

A wonder—because even the most beautiful car built becomes *more* beautiful when equipped with Miller De Luxe Balloons.

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller

TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR · SHUGLOVS · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

(Continued from Page 90)

can fill in on floor tumbling between numbers, like they do in the movie houses. That stuff gets a better hand when you pass it off as dancing. I could easy get you billing as a dance ack. Why, a lot of dancing acks are big headliners. With this little girlie here—she's a real find—why, you boys ought to be playing the Orpheum this fall."

"Oh, wouldn't that be wonderful?" Margie was ecstatic. "Wouldn't it be wonderful, Mr. Ernesto?"

Nobody noticed Ernesto's silence. Max left, feeling proud of himself for his goodness, and Tony was himself again.

"I saw a team do a wonderful Apache at the Palace!" Margie called from her room.

"Yeah?" Tony was in her doorway, listening eagerly while she described it.

Ernesto's eyes, in the mirror, reflected the bitterness he felt at the thought of the Four De Angelos brought so low.

Then began the lonely mornings when Tony began working on their new routine with Margie. Ernesto did not want to come along, but was unable to spare himself the pain of watching De Angelo Bros. become a dancing act. Tony wasn't interested in practicing their own stunts any more. He was a dancer now. Ernesto, watching him leap about the stage in pursuit of a woman, was filled with shame. Day after day he resolved to put an end to it, but when he saw Tony eager at the thought of coming to the theater and talking no more of leaving the profession, he hadn't the heart. And there was no denying that the act was going better. That made Ernesto more bitter. The years he had taken to perfect his art! The long hours of grueling practice almost amounting to pain! The strict living! And all for what? One little girl could spin around the stage in a short skirt and smile at the audience, and his work was as nothing.

Then came the tryout of the new Apache number, on the opening day at the promised Fifth Avenue, that dreaded break-in house where the audience is composed largely of hard-boiled booking agents and vaudeville producers. Where an act is booked solid or relegated to the five-a-day, or, even worse, to Cain's storehouse, the most dreaded doom of Broadway. And Ernesto stood in the wings for the first time in his life, his perch drawn up in the flies, a curious, bitter smile playing on his lips, and watched while Tony, the last of the De Angelos, in wide-bottomed black velvets and a scarlet sash, danced with a now strange woman in a tight-fitting crimson dress that flashed purple when she moved, and held breathless the audience so indifferent to his Herculean efforts. He watched her sway backward, her dark hair falling on the floor behind her, while Tony leaned over her; retreating breathlessly while he advanced dangerously; whirling in his arms in a final passionate crescendo, her skirts in a vivid, undulating rainbow around them, until they paused suddenly at its height, to bring the house down! He watched them take bow after bow, having no encore, while he moistened his lips and listened, unaware of the other performers watching enviously in the wings.

"They brought the house down!"

"A last act!"

"Listen to 'em!"

They came off, still breathless, to make a quick change, and Ernesto was suddenly brought back to earth by the sound of familiar music. It was his audience now! He fairly leaped on the stage, lost in a whirlwind of furious somersaults, not even stopping to flash his introductory smile. His smile was set and grim as Ernesto fought for the name of all the De Angelos. Back and forth he went, now in mid-air, now a ball of flashing white, now on his feet, leaping two complete back somersaults and miraculously on his feet again, great beads of sweat standing on his forehead, his heart pounding in his bosom, his arms outstretched, asking his audience for his share of applause. It came up to him in a sickly wave from the polite few in front. By this time Margie and Tony were back for the finale, Tony leaping to his spring, preparatory to making his final sensational mid-air back somersault into the chair on his brother's head, Margie whirling around them both in a swift succession of pirouettes that made her resemble a dainty top in motion. She came to a sudden pause downstage, her arms toward Tony, now poised for his final leap.

The drums rolled softly; he smiled and leaped outward, cutting the semidarkened stage like a searchlight, turning twice in mid-air and landing miraculously in the chair held aloft in Ernesto's safe hands. The rolling drums came to a quick crescendo, footlights flared and they were hand-in-hand, bowing and running toward the exit, Margie flashing a final appealing smile at the audience, the wide skirt flaring to show a last glimpse of her pretty silk-clad leg—the sex appeal so priceless.

Five bows! And last on the bill! At the Fifth Avenue! Margie and Tony were clinging weakly to each other, laughing in sheer relaxation, still breathless.

"Did you see me slip? I was panicked!"

"My sash caught in the flat and I thought I'd pull it down!"

"The adagio was terrible!"

"You threw me on the floor so hard I thought I was killed!" They ran upstairs, still laughing, while Ernesto lingered behind on the mercifully darkened stage, pretending to gather up the props.

Max came back that night, bursting with praise.

"Well, what do you think now, Ernesto?" He slapped him on the back jovially. "Didn't want to take a woman in the ack, huh? Why, she's a knock-out! Now all you got to do is cut out your trapeze work, leave out the acrobatic costumes and change to Tuxedos. The three of you work out a fast jazz finale and we'll change the name of the ack and book you over the Orpheum."

Change the name of the act! Tuxedos! Fast jazz finale! It was too much for Ernesto.

"I can't perform in no Tuxedo," he said stubbornly, "and I ain't changing the name of my ack."

Max was surprised.

"Why, you're gonna give this little girl credit, ain't you, Ernesto, after what she's done for the ack? I can get you a week at the Palace right now on the strength o' that new number."

Margie spoke up quickly. "I don't want credit, Mr. Bloom. Honest, I don't. I'm grateful to Mr. Ernesto for giving me a chance and I don't want him to change the name of his act."

Ernesto was ashamed. "We could call it the De Angelo Trio," he compromised grudgingly.

"But that sounds like a dumb ack, Ernesto. We want to get away from the old ack as far as we can. If they know it's the same ack they'll want to give you the same money. And I can get big money for you as a new ack."

"Can you, Max?" Tony was radiant. "Wasn't it a lucky break for us she was on the bill that day?" He took Margie's hand affectionately.

"It was lucky for me, I'll say," Margie insisted. "Gee, they been wonderful to me, Mr. Bloom. Tony and Mr. Ernesto both." She put her hand on Ernesto's shoulder.

"Mr. Ernesto!" A great wave of loneliness swept over him. He wanted to get away by himself somewhere, where he could be alone and think. Everything was confusing—all these changes, coming so rapidly, seemed suddenly to uproot his life, which up to now had been a simple matter of performing and killing time between performances. The excitement of it all took away the old feeling of familiarity and left him bewildered and unhappy. But he said nothing.

They all went out to eat after a little, Max, now fairly assured of 10 per cent of forty weeks' big-time booking, insisting at his expense. Ernesto would have liked to remain behind, but there was no way. So he followed them silently as they chattered their way out. As he crossed the darkened theater behind them he could see his trapeze dangling high in the flies—the beloved trapeze that was to be exchanged for a Tuxedo and a fast jazz finale.

A few days later Tony triumphantly exhibited their notice in Variety.

The De Angelo Brothers sent the bill at the Fifth Ave. off to a flying start, taking five bows from a half-filled house. The thanks go to an unbilled girl who puts across some of the neatest top dancing seen in these parts, filling in with an Apache number that knocked the audience for a loop. In this she was assisted by the lightweight of the team, who is a better dancer than acrobat, and no mean looker. The underman filled in with some neat floor tumbling. Leave out the acrobatics and this act could pull down a better spot.

So the following week the trapeze went with the finale that had been conceived in long hours of sweat and patience. In its place went the fast jazz finale by the unbilled girl and the younger acrobat, while the underman filled in the waits. And the applause gave assurance of the coveted booking over the Orpheum.

Yvette, playing the same house again and listening in the wings, was the only one who understood why Ernesto ran off after the first bow. She had heard the polite applause for the "neat floor tumbling."

"Vaudeville ain't like it used to be, Ernesto," she had sympathized, standing near. But Ernesto, awkward and uncomfortable in the first Tuxedo he had worn since the one he had hired for the N. V. A. Benefit, had no word even for Yvette.

Finally the hard-lived week was over and the curtain rang down on the old act for the last time—the old act that would next week be billed at the Riverside as The High Steppers. Ernesto went about slowly, gathering up the props, laying them in the battered, much-labeled trunk—the one with the picture of the Four De Angelos pasted on the cover. Pop, the underman then, with his big mustache and the tattoo on his chest, and Carlo and Leo and himself, almost the same size. He was almost glad that they hadn't lived to see the change that had come over vaudeville. The drapes came down and he laid them away sadly—the old drapes that would next week be changed for new ones with funny figures in all colors that didn't look like anything at all. These were heavy with the dust of many theaters, the weighted bottoms worn and discolored, the spangles missing. His big hands touched them tenderly as he laid them away.

Yvette, who should have been out of the theater long ago—her act being first on the bill—crossed the stage now, dressed for the street. Yvette, big and buxom and tender, who had known pop and the boys. She would understand.

"Gosh, it's a bother, tending to all these trunks and things," she fretted, making her way among her stuff. "These lazy stage hands won't do a thing unless you're after them all the time. And after tipping them two dollars too. Look at the way they put that drop in, will you?" Ernesto looked, saying nothing. "I wish you'd team up with me, Ernesto, like I always wanted you to." No answer to this. Yvette puttered around, waiting. "Coming over to Joe's to eat, Ernesto?"

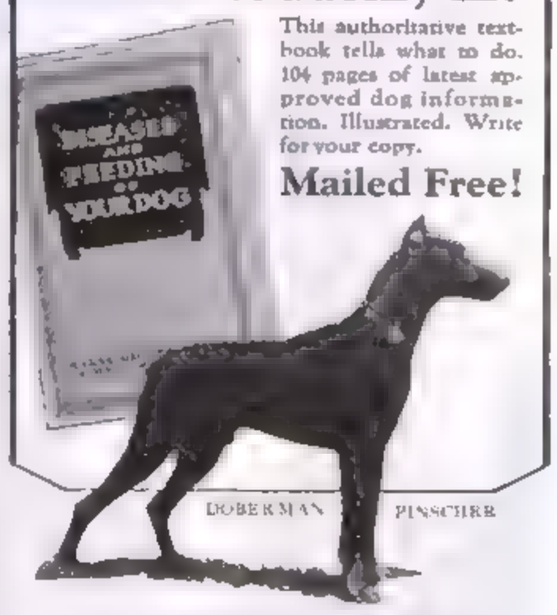
That lonely room at the Times Square, with nothing to do till the opening Monday. All the performers going out in pairs. The sister team, the mind-reading act, the colored blues singers, the comedian and his straight man, the girl who did the kid act and her two children, Tony and —— It was hard to think of her!

She waited for Ernesto's answer—lonely Yvette, too big for a man to love. It came after he had closed and locked the trunk—the worn old trunk with its jaded labels from all over the world.

"Yeh, I'm comin', Yvette. Wait for me."

He went up the four flights of stairs slowly, so slowly that his soft shoes made

What if your dog became suddenly ill?



This authoritative textbook tells what to do. 104 pages of latest approved dog information. Illustrated. Write for your copy.

Mailed Free!

An intelligent, alert and active terrier. Generally black with tan markings. His short, smooth coat displays his graceful and muscular form. Weighing about 45 pounds he stands almost two feet tall. A real "one man" dog and a successful police dog.

YOUR BEST FRIEND DESERVES THIS TREATMENT

TRY this expert care on that dog of yours. Keep him free from fleas; his skin clean and coat thick and gleaming. Treat him for round-worms which afflict most dogs from early puppyhood. Keep him regular with Glover's Laxative Pills and toned up with Glover's Condition Pills. Use Glover's Cresol Disinfectant as a germicide both for the dog's protection and for your own.

Glover's medicines for dogs are as carefully compounded and as effective as any used for humans. They are safe for every breed. The six shown here are just a few of these medicines.

GLOVER'S FLEA SOAP
GLOVER'S KENNEL FLEA SOAP
GLOVER'S CRESOL DISINFECTANT
GLOVER'S LAXATIVE PILLS FOR DOGS
GLOVER'S CONDITION PILLS FOR DOGS

GLOVER'S

Imperial

MEDICINES FOR DOGS

Sold by Drug Stores, Pet Shops, Kennels and Sporting Goods Stores

VETERINARY WELFARE SERVICE FREE

Dogs, Cats, Birds and Farm Livestock

Our Veterinarian will gladly advise you in any matter concerning sanitation and the health and care of animals. Write giving full particulars.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.

Dept. P, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. 40 East 34th Street, New York

A Modern Convenience That Every Person Needs
Pays For Itself Many Times Over
Just think of the many times that you could have used a flashlight advantageously . . . . . saved yourself time, delay and irritation. Possibly personal injury, as well. History repeats itself. There will be many times in the future that The Burgess Flashlight will be invaluable to you. Get one! Carry it with you. You will find scores of uses for it . . . . . far more than you now suspect.
Burgess Flashlight Batteries Save You Money
The same scientists, resources and facilities that gave to the world a better radio battery—Burgess "Super B" Batteries—have likewise built a flashlight battery which lasts an unbelievably long time. One of the secrets of the longer life in Burgess Flashlight Batteries is Chrome. Chrome is a preservative that keeps power from escaping when the battery is not in use. It is an exclusive and patented feature of Burgess Batteries—radio, ignition and flashlight. Buy them and save money.
BURGESS UNI-CEL NO. 2
BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
General Sales Offices CHICAGO
In Canada:
Niagara Falls and Winnipeg
BURGESS
FLASHLIGHTS &
BATTERIES

no sound. They did not see him—Margie and Tony—standing, as they were, in an embrace in the doorway of her dressing room

He stood still for a moment and then stepped down the stairs again softly, out of their sight. A moment later they heard his big voice, singing the only thing he could think of—the *Ach, du lieber Augustin* that warned them in time. They began talking excitedly.

Later, while Tony washed noisily, his back toward him, he said casually, his own face buried deep in a make-up towel

"You know, Tony, I'm getting kinda sick of doin' acrobatics."

Tony looked up, his face dripping, a little frightened.

Ernesto made it plausible, avoiding his eyes as he spoke:

"I think maybe you was right all along about audiences not appreciatin' acrobats, and I might as well get out while I got a stake. Yvette wants me to go with her, and I thought if you and Margie could get along without me 'Course you could have all the stuff and half we've saved "

"Gee, Ernesto," Tony spoke up quickly, "I don't want to work without you. Gosh, it wouldn't seem the same. We always worked together."

Ernesto smiled wistfully and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I guess you could get along somehow," he said. He lingered in his dressing room, telling Tony to go on. "I'm goin' over to Joe's to talk it over with Yvette," he said

He could hear them in the next room, whispering together, and hearing them, his heart was washed clean of its resentment. Tony was his little brother; he had taught him to somersault almost as soon as he was able to walk

After a little while he heard them leave the room and go down the stairs lightly, until they reached the floor below, and then bursting into excited plans.

He sat for a long time alone, looking backward. Victor, Carlo, Leo and Tony! Then he rose abruptly and went out, leaving the room to its only occupant—the closed and battered old trunk that was marked with the name of De Angelo.

MUSKICKADEE

Continued from Page 5)

haphazard voyage with no more definite destination than the general continent of Europe. It was a leisurely adventure that lasted something more than ten years, and again the image of Joe Burbage grew faint and faded almost completely from my mind. Then one day it became a little more vivid when a friend from home happened to hear that I was living in Paris and dropped in to see me. Like Joe, he was a boyhood schoolmate, and we fell into talk of those old times.

"Who in the world do you suppose I ran into on the street at home just before I sailed?" he said, chuckling over this chance thought. "You probably remember him, and certainly you haven't forgotten the great ball game he engineered. It was Joe Burbage—old Muskickadee Joe! He remembers you all right; talked about you almost as much as he did about Muskickadee. Yes, sir!" My friend laughed aloud and slapped his knee. "Still talking about Muskickadee! Have you a clear recollection of him?"

I said I had indeed, and made inquiries. Joe's brickyard had failed and he was pretty well down in the world, but still cheerful and inspired by an indomitable faith in Muskickadee.

"Fact is," my friend said, "he was as thin as a rail and was so shabby he was darn near ragged. Told me his brickyard had been such a success for a while that he got married and had two or three children. Said he wasn't discouraged—not a bit! Brickyard was in the hands of a receiver, but it was going to pay out every cent, and he thought he'd get enough of it back to start making tiles. 'Nothing easier in the world,' he told me, 'than to turn a brickyard into a tile works, especially in such a thriving and go-ahead town as Muskickadee.' Well, sir, he brought back the old days, and the way he used to brag about that one-horse crossroads, all so clear to my mind I just burst out laughing right in his face. I couldn't help it. But he didn't mind. Bless your heart, no! He laughed, too, in a funny, apologetic way he's got, and then invited me to visit him. He said he wished I'd get hold of you sometime. He missed you a lot, he said, you being so far away for such an everlastingly long time. He wanted us to come down there together and visit him and see Muskickadee. He looks a good deal older and kind of worn, but he certainly hasn't changed inside him by a hair!"

III

DURING my journeys and sojournings abroad I had been writing plays, and now some of these began to appear on the stage in my native land, so that when I returned to my own proper hemisphere I came back, not to a peaceful residence in the city where I'd grown up but to the perpetual motion of a life that centers upon the theater. More years passed and I was worse than middle-aged before I could be wise enough to go home and settle down, uninspired by any great urge to enlighten the world further with my dramas; but when I did finally take this step it was not long until I found myself again in contact with the whimsical personality of Joe Burbage.

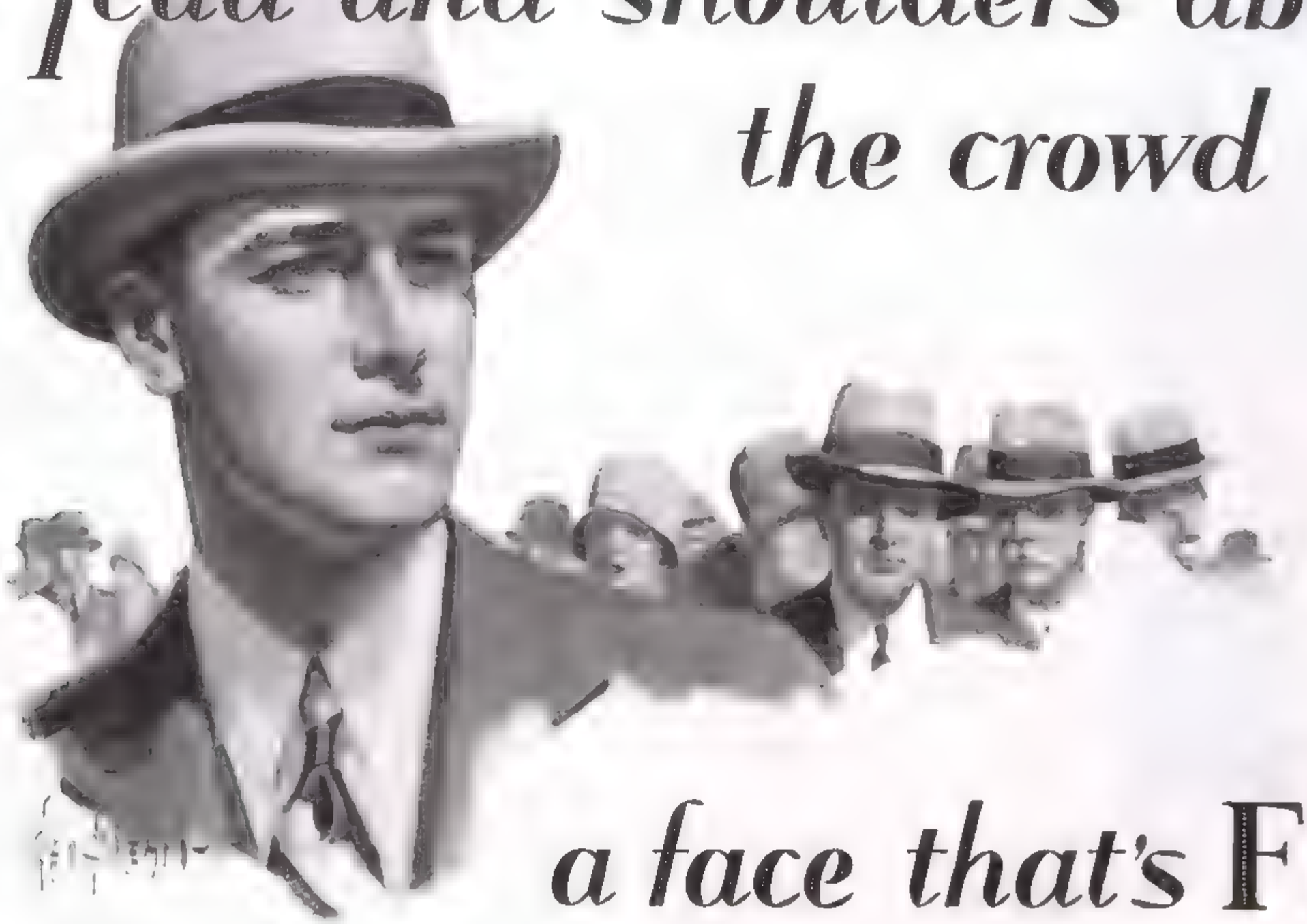
Most of a boy's schoolmates slowly disappear one by one out of his ken as he grows into manhood, and by the time he reaches elderliness they have become only memories; but a few, seemingly by chance, keep a surviving place in his friendship, and I was a long while realizing that for me Joe Burbage was one of these. To my surprise, I began to hear of him by popular report on the very day of my return home; destiny had swung decisively in his favor; he had proved that a brickyard may be converted into a tile works, and a remarkably important tile works at that. Business men at the club assured me seriously that he was one of the principal industrial magnates in the state. "Burbage successful?" they said. "Well, rather! Rich? Well, his income tax would probably make a pretty fair gross return for a good many running businesses!"

I was pleased to hear this good news of him, of course; my interest was benevolent though mild, and, supposing him to be busily preoccupied with so much prosperity, I had no expectation of hearing from him or of seeing him again except by some possible chance encounter. He did not leave such a matter to chance, however; I had been in town but two days when he called me on the long-distance telephone.

"Yes, everything's come out pretty well for me," he said, when he had made inquiries in regard to my health and plans, and I in turn had begun to interrogate him. "Yes, sir, I could hardly ask for better; and yes, I'm still living right here in good old Muskickadee." He chuckled, and at that pleasing sound reminiscent of other days his boyhood face came so clearly before me that I seemed to be talking to the eleven or twelve year old schoolmate again, and not to an elderly industrial magnate. "Right here in good old Muskickadee, you bet! That's what I called you up about. Couldn't you come down here and visit me for a while? It's about time you kept that promise, isn't it? I want you to meet my wife and family; you've never even seen 'em. I've got two girls and a boy mighty near grown up, you know, and they're

(Continued on Page 96)

Head and shoulders above the crowd



a face that's FIT

Williams has spent eighty-nine years of specialized study in developing products that make for quick, smooth shaving. Products that help vitally in keeping *Faces Fit!*

And the best formula for *Face Fitness* is this—first, Williams Shaving Cream; then, Aqua Velva.

Williams Cream is pure with the purity of triple distilled ingredients. With not one atom of artificial color. Incomparably (*incomparably!*) mild. Absorbs, *by actual test,* 10 per cent more moisture than any other cream we know of, with all the super-softening power such extra moisture brings. With a glow of satisfaction you watch it rise quickly, in thick, smooth creaminess, beneath your lather brush.

You can't lose this cap!
Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
J B WILLIAMS CO GLASTONBURY CONN U S A

Then Aqua Velva! Made scientifically and expressly for the newly shaven surface. First it gives a sprightly tingle. Then it cares for nicks and cuts, mostly unseen. Protects from outdoor wind and weather, indoor dryness. Prevents chapping. Conserves the skin's natural moisture, keeping it flexible, pliant to the touch. *Keeping* it, as Williams lather *leaves* it, all day long well conditioned and Fit!

Try this Williams shaving service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. Millions of well groomed faces the world over bear cheerful witness to their virtues.

Test the truth of what we say, if you wish. Use Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva five or ten days before you vote for or against them. Send the coupon for a sample of each. Or a post card. You can't lose!

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

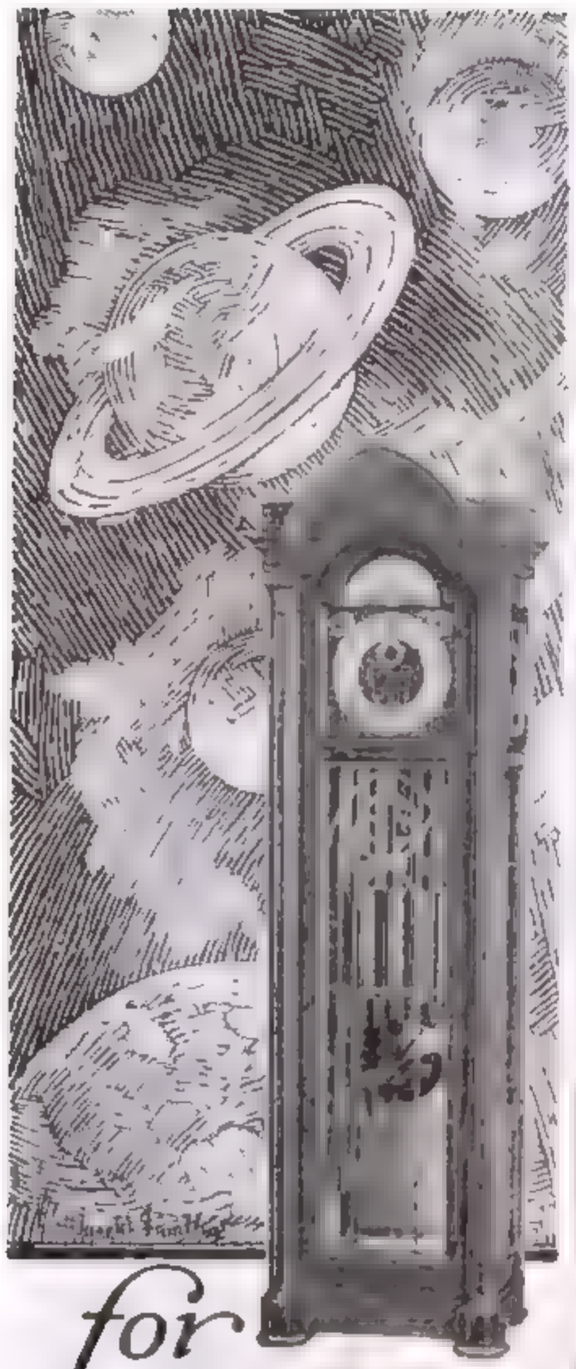
Williams

SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
DEPT. 21B GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.



for All Time~

PRAISED as they are for accuracy, Colonial Clocks are infinitely more than faithful timekeepers. In the fortunate homes where you find them, Colonial Clocks are cherished for their beauty, their soothing chimes, but most of all for their increasing hold on one's affections. Treasure-like, a Colonial Clock is of enduring worth, prized the more highly from generation to generation. Such a clock has been built for you in the size and style you want. Inside the door you'll find the "Colonial" name-plate that signifies the highest in clock-making art. All cases of Solid Honduras Mahogany, Duco finished; all movements and chimes imported.

Colonial Manufacturing Co.
Zeeland, Michigan

COLONIAL CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 94)

pretty near as anxious to see you as I am; I've told 'em so much about you. Couldn't you come down right away?"

I made some shuffling apologies: I'd be delighted to come, I told him, but it was impossible just at present; things naturally needed my attention after so long an absence.

"Oh, dear, can't you?" he said; and he was obviously disappointed; his tone became gloomy. "I did hope you could come this week because in about ten days it'll be too late. The family's got me signed up to go on a trip abroad. None of us have ever been, and I just couldn't hold out against the pressure any longer. They're just the finest family any man ever had and I'm mighty proud of 'em, but the truth is on this question they've kind of got the better of me. Yes, sir, I held out as long as I could, but I guess they've got me down, and I'm stung to go. Steamboat tickets bought for a week from next Tuesday, and I don't see any way out at all. You sure you couldn't come down before then?"

I was sure, I told him, and upon his urgency, registered a solemn promise to make the visit to Muskickadee upon his return—a promise of which he reminded me at intervals during that winter by means of picture post cards from various capitals and historic points on the continent of Europe.

The historic points appeared to cause him a not inconsiderable ennui. Upon the brilliant reproduction of the azure sky above Naples he wrote: "Well, more smells and worse. We wouldn't stand for them one minute at Muskickadee. Family all well and still got me going, but I guess I'll live till I get home."

The stay of the Burbages in Paris was protracted, for he sent me seven post cards from there; intervals of a fortnight or more elapsing between their arrivals. All of these cards depicted the Tomb of Napoleon, in which he evidently took some interest, and all of them expressed nostalgia.

"Well," he wrote upon one of these, "they gave him a mighty fine funeral I expect, because it's a mighty noble tomb. I don't believe he'd care to be out of it much—not in this city, where you can't get a drink of water to save your life except in a bottle." And upon another: "This tomb's about as good as any to hang around in while the family's shopping. One thing I'm glad of is that I don't speak the language. If I did I'd have to tell them what things are like back home and they'd probably put me in jail for a liar. They'd never be able to believe it." And upon the last: "How'd you ever stand it over here so long? Thought I had the family fixed to come home, but now Mrs. B. says it's no use my hollering, we've got to go over every inch of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Yes, sir, Wales too! They've got me pluck-broke, and I wish old Napoleon here would trade places with me. He probably wouldn't do it if they piled Wales up on him. The P. O. dept. must have spang busted—not a Muskickadee Herald's come through to me in five weeks. It was somebody at our hotel told the family about Wales."

IV

FINALLY I did make that visit to Muskickadee, though not immediately upon the return of the Burbage family to our shores, and Joe and I had forgathered half a dozen times in the interval. He came to see me on his way from New York after he landed, and the only change in him visible to me was that his hair had grown gray. He would have wanted me to come straight down with him to Muskickadee then, he said, except for the fact that he was going back to rejoin his family in New York within a few days. He explained, with an indulgent laughter in which I thought there was a note of distress, that he had already found it difficult to get them out of New York; and, as it proved, this difficulty was a prolonged one; he stopped off to see me several times that winter on his way to and from the metropolis, and, though he always contrived to appear more buoyant than downcast, I was aware that his distress increased, and gradually I came to have some understanding of it. He adored his family, and they on their part had the warmest affection for him, as the letters he read me gave strong evidence; but they lacked his enthusiasm for life in Muskickadee.

However, on a day late in the spring, when he broke one of his eastward journeyings for an hour with me, he had brightened. Clara, the older of his two daughters, had become engaged to a young New Yorker, he informed me, and that was a blow, since she would have to live in the East; but at least he had persuaded his family to come home for the wedding. Once there again, and upon so lively an occasion, his wife and son and younger daughter could be persuaded to remain in Muskickadee thenceforth, he hoped.

"It's almost like they've kind of got weaned away," he said. "You know how it is—when some people stay away for a long time they almost sort of forget how nice it is at home; but law! once they get back there again and kind of settle down, why, they're just as contented and happy as they used to be. Of course, though, with a family like mine, a man has to give 'em a little time. The boy and the two girls went East to school and college, and Mrs. Burbage was away a good deal with 'em, and what with this terrible foreign travel and all, of course I couldn't expect 'em to settle right down at home all of a sudden. But they'll come round to it now, and I certainly thank my stars they're going to, at last!"

His tile business was expanding and prospering more than ever, he told me; and it was through the business, in fact, that Clara had met her fiancé whose father was the great Eastern tile man, Emery. Here, I thought, a shadow came upon the countenance of my friend, but he became cheerful again immediately.

"You're going to see Muskickadee at last," he said jovially. "I'll never forgive you if you let anything interfere with your coming to Clara's wedding."

I had made up my mind, however, not to let anything interfere with that, and I didn't. Joe himself met me at the station and put my bags in a rather shabby little open car that stood in waiting. "The family give me thunder for flopping around in this old machine," he said, chuckling, as we drove up to the Square. "But I've always been a great fellow to get attached to things, I guess—even things that maybe ought to be junked, and so ——" He broke off to speak to a citizen in overalls who lounged at a corner: "Howdy, George."

"Howdy, Joe," the man in overalls returned with some languor, yet affably; but his attention was less given to this greeting than to an opulent and shining limousine just then passing down Washington Street. It was driven by a professional-looking chauffeur and contained a party of laughing young people obviously not indigenous to this soil and—as I interpreted their merriment—amused by the bucolic aspect of what they now found about them.

"Mrs. Burbage's car," Joe explained. "That's some of the wedding party in it. There's a whole possetucky of 'em come on from the East. But don't you be worried; we've got room enough; she's had three different additions built onto our old house in the last twelve years." He shook his head ruefully. "Didn't improve its looks much, to my way of thinking, but of course the space comes in handy just now. I wouldn't get you down here without making you comfortable, and tomorrow, after the wedding, they'll pretty near all be gone and we can begin to have a good time just to ourselves. That's one reason I made you promise to stay over a couple of days. You've got to see the town, and besides"—He hesitated—"besides, I might kind of have to get you to help me a little."

"How?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I won't have a chance to tell you until after the wedding," he said, and laughed apologetically. "Just wait till all the fuss and commotion settles down a little. Mrs. Burbage is mighty anxious to talk to you too; but I expect she won't get a chance, either, right away."

"Well, but couldn't you ——"

But there was no further opportunity for explanation; we had turned from Washington Street, driven out through the little town to the banks of Muskickadee Creek and were upon the short driveway that led to an incongruous, big brick-and-stucco house, with an old apple orchard gay in May blooms behind it. Beyond the orchard the creek frothed over a yellow sand bar, then wound its tranquil way between sycamores into the distance, and as a colored man came from the house and carried in my bags Joe told me that a path through the orchard still led down to the old swimmin' hole of his boyhood days.

"I got her to leave the orchard and the path too," he said, chuckling; then he sighed. "Well, I guess I won't have time to show it to you until we get the big doings over. Everything'll be pretty much all hustle and bustle until poor Clara's married and off on the train to her new home so far away."

He was right about that, I found. The house was full of people, for all of the wedding party and the bridegroom's family were staying there, and they were served by a caterer and his crew from some distant urban center. For dinner that evening we sat at seven or eight small tables in the capacious dining room, and I found my place at one presided over by Emily, the younger daughter of the house. She was a comely girl of twenty—a little mannered as is natural at that age—and her resemblance, like that of her brother and the bride, was to their mother, not to Joe. Mrs. Burbage, ample in figure but still handsome, was seated at the next table; and she had upon her right, as honored guest, the dryly polished, pearl-studded, white-mustached little old gentleman, Emery.

She paid him great court, and the talk between the two went on busily and confidentially; although sometimes Joseph Burbage, Jr., who was also at that table, projected himself into this intimacy. That young man had astonished me, by the way, when I held a short conversation with him in the afternoon; his manner was of the graciousness with which youth, intending cordiality, addresses persons obscured by elderliness, and this of course was to be expected. The cause of my surprise was the extent to which he employed what is sometimes known as the "Harvard accent."

The host and titular head of the family was at the other end of the room with the bridegroom's mother, and I could not see him; nevertheless, I was easily able to imagine that one episode of the feast added no special happiness to his expression. At the central tables the youthful bridal party were rallying the bride and making a little merriment at the expense of Muskickadee; and it was noticeable that their assuming the place to be something in the nature of a vaudeville bucolic skit offered for their entertainment was far from offensive to the members of the Burbage family within my range of vision.

A bridesmaid loudly affected commiseration for Clara: "How can you bear to leave Muskickadee to spend a honeymoon in mere London!" And one of the ushers shouted the toast, "Here's to London—the Muskickadee of the British Isles!" At that, both Mrs. Burbage and her son clapped their hands in delight; but it was Emily who laughed the loudest.

"You don't share your father's admiration for his native heath, then?" I asked.

"His native heath!" Emily exclaimed. "Good heavens, no! I don't care to live out my life being nothing but a biological specimen. I've told father a thousand times that's all he is, but it's been a mere

(Continued on Page 99)

You can tell genuine puddled wrought iron by the spiral knurl cut into the surface of every piece of Reading pipe.

PUDDLED

To Guard Each Fiber From Rust

Reading Puddled Wrought Iron is *kneaded in the furnace*—constantly stirred and worked—to make sure that each fiber of the metal is coated with rust-proof silicious slag.

Reading knows that there can be no "short-cuts" in making pipe that will last for generation after generation, resisting corrosion and vibration through the years.

That is why it is worth your while to insist on *puddled* wrought iron when you buy pipe for a lifetime of satisfaction. You will know the genuine by the Reading name and spiral knurl mark on every piece.

READING IRON COMPANY, *Reading, Pennsylvania*

READING PIPE

GENUINE PUDDLED WROUGHT IRON

FREEZE *with* HEAT

THE ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR

One Tiny Gas Flame

in place of many moving parts

No motor, pump, belt, flywheel, valves, springs, or machinery of any kind . . . Free from noise and wear

Simply light Electrolux once, then—noiseless, endless cold—without attention — without fuss or trouble on your part. Chef Model pictured here—7 cubic feet food space—50 large ice cubes between meals.

Sparkling ice cubes in abundance . . . the quick preparation of delicious drinks—this is just one of the many conveniences an Electrolux brings you.

THE wonder is how this refrigerator works and keeps on working, with apparently so little to make it go—with no machinery about it anywhere.

Yet this very simplicity is the surest guarantee that the Electrolux will continue giving perfect service. In fact, scientists can see no reason why it should wear out any more than your kitchen sink.

There are no moving parts to get out of order. There is nothing to wear, to need replacement, unless it be the inexpensive little gas burner after years of use.

Apartments at 106th St. and Broadway, New York—Electrolux equipped, like so many of the newer and finer apartments everywhere.

* * *

The little gas flame and a permanently sealed freezing liquid—there's little else to the Electrolux. Once you light the flame the freezing action starts, and continues endlessly, without effort, without thought.

You'll always have a constant, evenly low temperature in the spacious food chamber. You'll always have a dependable supply of big pure ice cubes. But you won't have the slightest noise or vibration—ever. You won't be bothered about mechanical trouble. And you will be astonished at the ridiculously low operating cost of your Electrolux.

Discovered by two engineering students at the Royal University of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden, in 1922, the simple freezing principle of the Electrolux has had six years of thorough practical test, not only in the laboratory but in thousands of homes here and abroad.

Architects, national and local testing bureaus, women's institutes—all these have examined the Electrolux Refrigerator thoroughly and approved it enthusiastically. Hundreds of the country's leading public utilities, after long and careful tests, have endorsed and are now selling the Electrolux.

The convenient Double Duty Model; with its white enamel top serves as a beautiful kitchen table. It saves time, steps and room. 3 cubic feet of food space—makes 40 ice cubes.

* * *

Today this remarkable refrigerator is a sensation, an assured success, with orders flooding the factory from all parts of the country. Today the newest, finest, largest apartment buildings—those of the New York-Park Avenue type, are installing the Electrolux throughout because of its noiselessness, freedom from trouble, long life and low operating cost.

If your home is not supplied with manufactured or natural gas, you may have the Electrolux for operation with Pyrofax tank gas, or a small electric heating element.

You can buy the Electrolux on convenient monthly terms. A small deposit puts it in your kitchen to stay. There are sizes and models for every home. The Kitchenette Model for small apartments, the Double Duty Model that serves as a white enameled table, the Combination Electrolux Refrigerator and Gas Range, the Mansion Model—these are especially interesting. The Mansion Model, with separate freezing units above and below, is really two refrigerators in one.

Each model is offered in white or four beautiful color harmonies, to go with modern kitchen decoration. These colors—Crystal Green, Biscay Blue, Ivory Tan, and Silver Grey—are obtained by a special new "veiling" process that is exclusive with Servel, Inc., the well-known manufacturer of this refrigerator. Prices, depending upon size, range from $225 to $550. Return the coupon below for booklet giving detailed information. Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

IT COSTS LESS to operate

Gas and water are not only relatively cheap, but the Electrolux uses just a tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water. That is why the operating cost is ridiculously low. Ask your gas company or dealer for exact figure in your locality.

ELECTROLUX

THE GAS REFRIGERATOR

MADE BY SERVEL

SERVEL SALES, INC., EVANSVILLE, IND

Gentlemen: Without obligation to me, please send me free, illustrated literature giving complete information about Electrolux.

Name_____

Street_____

City & State_____

(Continued from Page 96)

waste of breath, so far as making any impression on him is concerned. He's absolutely incapable of understanding it."

"Is he? I confess I don't quite understand it myself."

"Nothing is simpler," Emily explained. "The exaggeration of the concept of home is one of the primitive animal impulses. The prehistoric creature connected the idea of shelter and safety with its own cave or shack in a tree or hut on stilts in a lake; it couldn't be got to wander any distance from its own miserable habitat; and of course it's that sort of thing, after ages had made it instinctive in the race, that produces all this idiotic civic pride and Rotarianism, and this terrible clinging of poor old souls like father to what you call the native heath. It's absolutely biological, of course, merely primitive, not tolerable for emancipated, civilized creatures, and none of us have any sympathy with father in his own special clinging to his heath. We could hardly be expected to have much patience with his purely biological tendencies, I think!"

I thanked her for so amply scientific an analysis and inquired if her mother had no share in her father's biological tendencies.

"Mother? Mercy, no!" she said. "She's going to have a talk with you about it, and we all think that you can be of the greatest use. Clara's going to live on Long Island. Mother doesn't want to be separated from her, and there's no reason we shouldn't take the house near Clara's that we all want. We're all absolutely determined on it, in fact; and after this merger goes through there won't be a bit of use on earth in father's hanging around here. We're counting on you to help, but mother'll make everything clear to you when she has her talk with you after the wedding."

The mother did as her daughter had promised; she made everything clear to me on the next day, when the noon wedding and the breakfast that followed it were over, and the bride and groom and the wedding guests, except old Emery, his wife and myself, had gone away. Almost suddenly, it seemed, the house was as quiet as a country Sabbath; Mrs. Emery had disappeared for a nap; Joe and his son and old Emery were talking earnestly in a corner of the veranda, and I was with Emily and her mother in the living room, when abruptly the former said "Well." Then, as if that were sufficient explanation, she stepped out through an open French window and strolled away over the lawn. Mrs. Burbage began at once:

"Emily's already given you some idea of our unhappy family dilemma, and I don't want you to think that my children and I are entirely selfish in our point of view. Nine-tenths of the people my husband grew up with here and knew in his younger days are either dead or have moved away; and of the few old fossils that are left among his contemporaries he really sees nothing at all except to say something about the weather now and then when he happens to meet them on Washington Street. So, you see, even for him there's absolutely nothing in the place; there's no such thing as a club, of course; there isn't even a golf links; there's nowhere to go and nothing on earth for him to do. So I hope you'll believe I'm asking you to use your influence with him as much on his own behalf as on ours."

"My influence with him?" I laughed to cover an embarrassment already rising within me. "Do you think ——"

"Certainly you have," she interrupted a little pettishly. "You carry more weight with him than any other of his old friends, though I confess it's always been something of a mystery to me that you do, and I've never understood it."

"No," I said meekly, "neither have I—except that he seems to be of a faithful nature."

"Faithful!" she echoed, and she frowned. "Is that what you call it? Never in my life have I known a nature comparable to his for obstinacy—sheer, persistent, dumb, dogged obstinacy. When I say 'dumb,' I mean it literally. In all this long time that the children and I have been arguing, begging and pleading on our knees for him to let us get away from Muskickadee and out into the air and sunlight where there is a little chance for us to have something worth living for, he hasn't had a word to say! All he does is just sit! He just sits and looks badgered—and stays here! Now I'm asking you: Can you tell me what for?"

"Well, of course," I murmured, "there's his business. Isn't it pretty important?"

"Important?" she returned impatiently. "His business? As a matter of fact, the plant almost runs itself; and it did do that perfectly well the whole year we were in Europe. So far as the business is concerned, all it's needed of him for years could easily have been attended to if he'd come here for a day or so every two or three months; but from now on even that won't be necessary. Mr. Emery has just made him an offer that can't possibly be refused. The plant here is to be taken into a merger that will more than double its value and increase our fortune to the same extent; but it isn't the money I'm anxious for, though anybody on earth would be crazy to refuse it. What I want is to sever completely this last connection with Muskickadee; and with the plant gone into the merger, that's done. Well, then, without the old flimsy excuse of a business here—the excuse he's clung to even though we all knew the plant practically ran itself—what's he going to say?"

"I'm afraid I don't know."

"I do," she said sharply. "He'll just sit—if we let him! He'll just sit as he always does, and feebly tell us we'll get used to it again pretty soon and find ourselves liking the life here, and happy the way we used to be when he and I were first married and the children were little. I wonder how many times he's made that answer when I've asked him what there was for the children in such a place as this—what there was for anybody, for that matter! I tell you I never in my life have known such a man! What is it that possesses him? Where did he get it, or how did it get into him? What is it he sees in Muskickadee? It's mystified and baffled me for years, and when I've asked him to explain it he couldn't. He couldn't, himself! All he could do was to look badgered some more and tell me Muskickadee was a mighty fine place. Do you understand it?"

I shook my head. "No, it's always been a mystery to me, too, and it still is."

"I think Emily's right," Mrs. Burbage said grimly. "It's just a biological tendency—a kind of animal instinct."

But at this I feebly protested: "No, I'm afraid that doesn't cover it, especially as it seems to have been the instinct of the ancestors of most of us people in this part of the country to keep moving—for generations they were nomadic westward. I think we'd better merely agree that we poor human beings don't understand one another's loves, and that Joe's for Muskickadee is just one of those mysteries. I think we're compelled to let it go at that, Mrs. Burbage."

She came to the point: "Well, mystery or whatever it is, will you help me and my children to get the better of it? I don't speak for myself, though the truth is I've reached the state in which a few unbroken weeks in the place would give me nervous prostration, I think. Clara's escaped, and my son and my other daughter have got to escape too. So far as we're concerned, it's all settled. We can be near Clara at an ideal place with an ideal life to live, and New York within half an hour's run in a motor car; but we can't do it without my husband. We can't leave him here and go and live there, ourselves. For one thing, I simply couldn't stand it to have people saying there's been a separation; I'm not going to a new place and let people look on me as a woman separated from her husband—not at my age. But even if it weren't for that, Joe's so fond of his family I don't think he could live without us, and in spite of his stubbornness, we're pretty deeply attached to him too. Well, the time's come for him to give way. We've vegetated long enough in Muskickadee on his account, and we can't bear it any longer. He's got to come with us now and let us live a little somewhere else. Will you use whatever influence you've got with him to help us make him do it?"

I tried to temporize. "That mystery we were just speaking of," I said—"that inexplicable passion of his for a little town that looks so dull to the rest of us—mightn't we consider it a little? Whatever it is, it's been pretty deep in him all his life; so much so that it may almost be a vital part of him; it might even be dangerous to him for us to touch it too roughly. And after all, haven't you a little of it yourself, Mrs. Burbage? At least, didn't you have it at one time—perhaps in your girlhood here, or when ——"

"Good heavens!" she cried, and her tone had the sharp incredulity of a person unexpectedly insulted. "Do you think I'm from Muskickadee?"

Such indeed had been my conception, but I hurriedly muttered apologies. "No, of course—I might have known—I should have ——"

"I came from Buffalo!" she said with the utmost severity. "I met Mr. Burbage when he was on an excursion to Niagara Falls."

I continued to stumble over words of contrition: "I beg your pardon; I—I should have known ——"

But she cut me short and, with a heightened color and a louder voice, brought me back to the point at issue: "I simply want to know if you'll use whatever influence you have with my husband in the right direction."

"If I could be sure what that direction is ——"

"What!" she exclaimed. "Are my children and I to understand that you're against us? Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

Embarrassed, I began to stammer that I wasn't against anybody; but at this moment Emily reappeared at the French window. She was still in her pretty bridesmaid's dress, and even in my confusion I thought how lovely a picture she made against the late afternoon sunshine that gilded the long lawn outside; but her expression was of a tensity incongruous with this soft and peaceful background. She came in grimly.

"Mr. Emery's given him up," she said to her mother. "Mr. Emery says it's been all an absolute waste of breath, and he and Mrs. Emery might as well leave for home right now. He wants to catch the six-forty-five, and he's gone up to pack."

Mrs. Burbage drew a deep breath. "Where's your father?"

"He's just out here with Joseph."

"You tell him to come right straight to me!"

Then, as the daughter called from the window, I turned to leave the room by an inner door; but before I reached it Joe Burbage came in through the window and spoke to me.

"Here!" he said. "Where are you going? I've just been looking for you. We haven't got time enough left this afternoon to go through the works; but the hullabaloo's all over at last and I've got rid of that old codger from New York, thank goodness, so you and I are going to begin seeing the place right now!" He crossed the room and took my arm with a friendly gesture in which I thought there was perhaps something, too, of an appeal to stand by him and second him. "The first thing we're going to do ——"

But he got no further with this rather obvious project of escape from the house. "No!" his wife interrupted. "The first thing you're going to do is to march upstairs and tell Mr. Emery to bring his papers down here for you to sign them."

"What?" he said mildly, as if in surprise. "Mr. Emery? Why, he's packing up to go back to New York."

"Is he? Well, he's not going till you've signed those papers!"

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

THERE is one good resolution that should not be allowed to lapse—"My apparel will be appropriate to the occasion and the best my purse will allow!"

The Happy New Year hat is the Knapp-Felt BOLINGBROKE

It will be shown everywhere Friday, January 11th

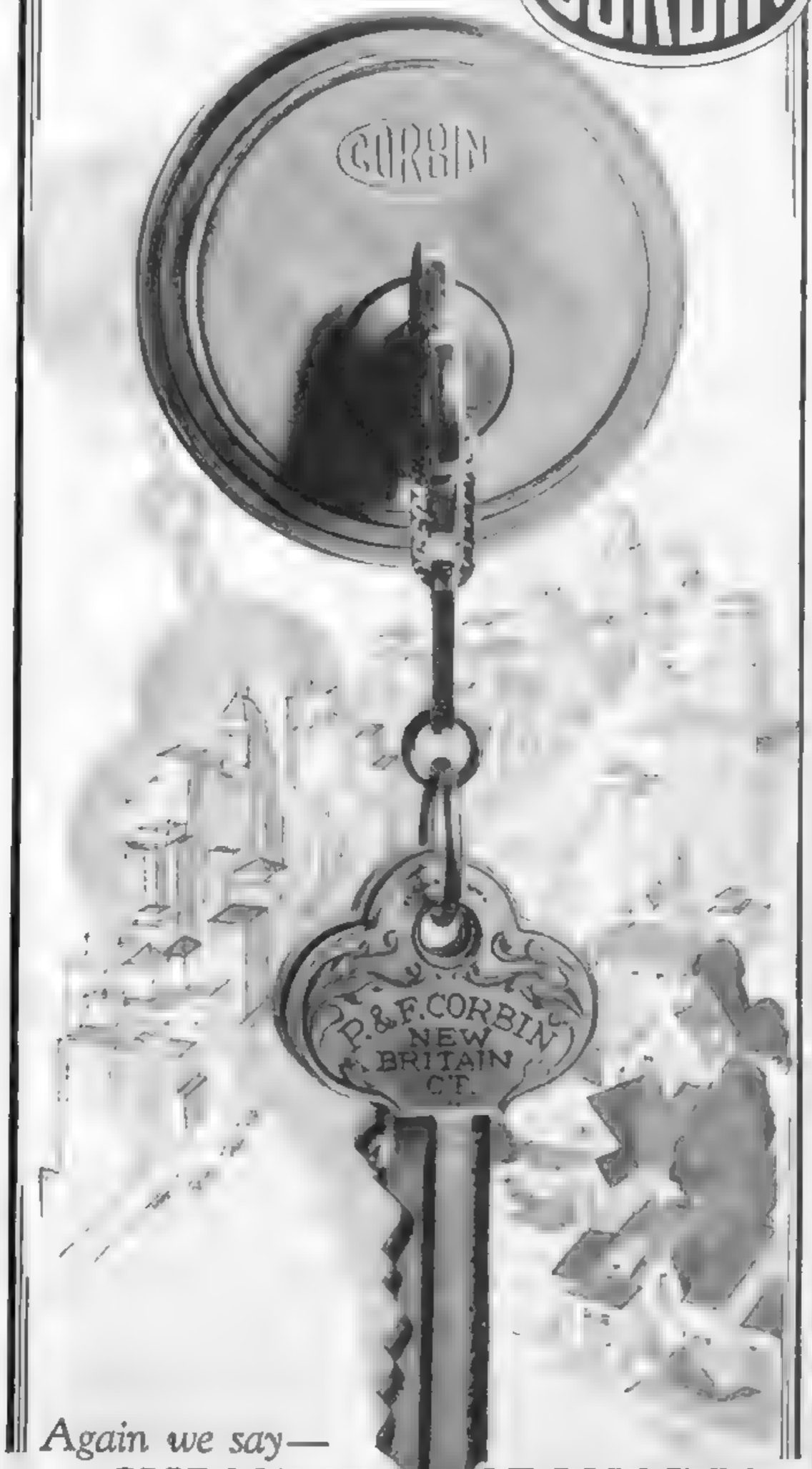
It is well to start with a Knapp-Felt hat. The dignity, the quality and the good taste of seventy-five years' experience in making fine hats is in evidence.

Knapp-Felt Hats range in quality from $8.00 to $40.00 each. The Superfine Grades are $20.00, $25.00 and $40.00.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — President
620 Fifth Avenue — New York City

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

CORBIN



Again we say— SUPREME SECURITY

TO fasten and secure doors. To keep out those not entitled to enter. That is what locks are meant to do.

To do what locks are meant to do and do it quietly and supremely well over long periods of time. That is what Corbin cylinder locks—the product of 80 years' experience in lock-making—will do.

And they do more. For if you would like to be able to open all your locks with one key and still have individual keys for each lock, Corbin master-keyed cylinder locks will enable you to do so.

When your home, your office, your garage are equipped with Corbin cylinder locks intruders are apt to find easier modes of entry than through the Corbin guarded door.

Cylinder locks are but one of many Corbin items. All come in many styles and designs. All are Good Hardware—Corbin.

If you would like to know how and why Corbin cylinder locks give supreme security ask our Department S-1 to send you our booklet K 169.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corp., Successor

New York Chicago Philadelphia

"Papers," Joe repeated meditatively. "Papers? What papers?"

She uttered an incoherent sound of contempt for this shilly-shallying. "You march straight upstairs and tell him that you accept, that you will go into the merger and that you're ready to sign. Do you hear me?"

"Well, no," Joe said gently. "That is, of course I hear you, mother, but it's all settled about the merger. Of course I couldn't think of it."

"You couldn't?" she said angrily. "We'll see if you can't!"

At that I made another movement toward the door, but Joe had not released my arm, and now he tightened his grasp. "No, you don't!" he said aloud; then added in a hasty whisper: "Aren't you going to stick by me?"

Then, as I hesitated, cravenly anxious to get myself gone out of this family scene, and yet not able to resist the pathos of his appeal, Mrs. Burbage came close to us, and I could see that she was trembling.

"What excuse did you make to Mr. Emery?" she demanded.

"Excuse? Why, I just told him I didn't want to do it. For one thing, I wouldn't be sure that the new management would keep all those people that have helped build up the works."

"Mush!" she cried. "Nothing but sentimental mush! What's more, it's insincere at that, because Mr. Emery promised you they all would be kept, and I heard him give you his word on it, myself, last night. Didn't he promise you that?"

"Yes," Joe admitted, "he did. I guess he was willing to promise pretty near anything, and maybe he'd try to keep his promise too; but you see I wouldn't know for sure—unless I stayed here. Now, don't get excited, but I just couldn't do it, mother." He chuckled apologetically. "I guess that old codger's pretty mad!"

"Do you think he's the only one that is?" she asked, and her trembling increased.

"I hope so," Joe said soothingly. "Anyhow I hope you wouldn't want to do what he said he was going to—he said he was going into my market to undersell me until I came to him on my knees and begged to be taken in! I expect he'll have to wait a pretty long day before that happens."

"No, he won't!" she said, and she called to young Joseph, who had followed his father as far as the open window and now came into the room. "Joseph, you go upstairs and tell Mr. Emery I want him. Tell him I want him to come down here immediately because your father's going to sign."

"Now, mother," her husband remonstrated. "I asked you not to get so excited. It wouldn't be a bit of use making Mr. Emery any madder than he already is, and that's all that'll happen if you get him down here."

Mrs. Burbage uttered a cry of despair and turned toward her daughter: "If he doesn't do this now he never will! For heaven's sake, help me to try and make him see what an injury he's doing to all of us!"

"No, no," Joe protested. "It's the best thing that could happen to the children, mother. The way they loved this place before they went away to school and ——"

But as he spoke both his son and daughter came and ranged themselves beside their mother. "We hate it now," Emily said tearfully, for she had begun to weep. "We hate it, and you know we do. And if you intend to go on sacrificing us ——"

"Sacrificing you?" Joe said huskily. "Why, Emily, if you'd only just once give yourself a chance to kind of get settled down to it, and look around and see how nice it is ——"

"Is that what she'd see?" his son interrupted bitterly. "I don't think so! I think she'd see how dull it is. I think she'd see how unbearable it is."

"You hear them?" the mother cried, and to my consternation she began to weep with a vehemence much surpassing Emily's; her large figure shook convulsively; she clung to her son and then, with his arm about her, let herself collapse into a chair. "You hear them!" she sobbed aloud. "You hear them, and you stand there and let that stone you have in your breast for a heart sacrifice them! You want to keep us in prison for life—that's what you want to do! You want to kill us, and what do you care! You just want to kill us ——" She became incoherent as her voice choked with her loud sobbing; and my loyalty to Joe did not convince me that I should remain longer a witness of this domestic spectacle. I could be of no possible use to him and he was able to see that himself. "Joe," I muttered hastily, "I really can't ——"

"I know," Joe said. "You wait for me in the orchard. I'll be out pretty soon, and everything'll be all right." He tried to speak with a cheerful assurance, but there was a quaver in his voice; his fingers shook as he relaxed his grasp upon my arm, and, in the glance he gave me over his shoulder as I left the room and he went toward his stricken wife, I thought there was desperation. "Now, mother!" I heard him say. "Now, mother, it isn't good for you to get so excited. If you and the children could just kind of get settled down ——"

But I heard no more; I went out of the house and through the orchard behind it, down to the bank of the creek, and sat there on an old fallen sycamore that lay across the yellow sand bank. I was there half an hour, I suppose, watching the placid green water tumble itself into white and silver bubbles along the edges of the bar; then I heard Joe's chuckle behind me.

"Yes, sir," he said as he swung a long leg over the log and seated himself beside me. "Yes, sir, that's the deep hole over yonder close to the other bank. We had a springboard over there when I was a boy, and a feller could dive his best and not bring up any mud from the bottom. Of course this wasn't the only swimmin' hole we had; Muskickadee Creek is just full of 'em. It's the best creek to swim in I ever heard of!"

"Is it, Joe?" I looked at him and found the old, plaintive, genial smile upon his face; but I thought that just then its plaintive quality was somewhat emphasized; and perhaps he in turn thought that my own expression was a little plaintive in sympathy with his, for he made with his head a motion toward the house and said reassuringly:

"Oh, that's all right; it's all fixed up. The wedding and all was a little too much for mother, and her nerves kind of gave way—that's all it was. She's all right now, and so are the children; they're just fine."

"Are they, Joe?"

"Yes, indeed," he returned; and, at the sound of a motor car's signal bleating under the porte-cochère, he laughed. "It's for that old codger and his wife—to take 'em to the station. Thank goodness they're gone and you and I can have a great old time tomorrow! We'll take the morning to the works, and then we'll just start in and see the town. There's a ladder factory here that's doing mighty well; we'll take that in, and we'll go over the courthouse and the jail and the cemetery where all my folks are. Then we'll stop at old Doc Hood's drug store—old Doc Hood's a grand old man and you'll laugh your head off over him! Then we'll go up in the Elks' Hall—they've got it fixed up just beautiful—and after that—well, my goodness, there's so many things we'll do I can't think of 'em all. What I don't like about Paris and New York and all those big fancy places is that there isn't anything to do. That's the trouble with 'em; they look as if everything on earth was going on, but when you come right down to it you can't find anything to do."

I did not respond at once, but remained for a moment in troubled thought. Then I said: "Joe, I think it might be better if I went back home on an evening train. I think perhaps ——"

"No, no!" he protested instantly and vehemently. "Mother and the children are absolutely all right, I tell you. It was just a little nervousness after the strain of the wedding, and Clara's going away and all. My not going into that merger didn't make any real difference, you see, and ——"

"You didn't do it?"

"No, I couldn't; but it's all fixed up and they're just as pleased as anybody you ever saw. Of course"—he paused, and that plaintive look of his was emphasized again—"of course, it's going to get me pretty well acquainted with sleeping-car porters, I expect—about a thousand miles each way between here and Long Island every week ——"

"What are you talking about?" I interrupted. "Are you going to commute between here and Long Island?"

He laughed a little uncomfortably. "Well, that's about it, I guess. I certainly can't get along without my family and they seem to need me with them; so we had to fix up kind of a compromise. The idea seems to be that they're going to live in that house East they've picked out, and I'll spend Saturday nights and Sundays with them, but I'll get back home every week for the balance of the time, anyway. That seemed to be the best way we could fix it up." He looked thoughtfully out upon the water near us and then up and down the winding stretches of the creek. "Mighty pretty here, isn't it?" he said. "Don't you think it is?"

"Yes."

He exhaled a long sigh. "I don't understand," he began—"I don't understand how anybody in the world ——" But here he broke off, and brightened. "Well, anyway," he said—"anyway, I'll be back home for the balance of every week. I've got some pretty big plans of things I want to do for old Muskickadee."

V

HE DID not tell me then, or the next day, or at any other time, what those plans were, but when I questioned him, he smiled and shook his head and asked me to wait and see. I think he was reluctant to talk more about them until he had perfected them, but one in particular must have lain near his heart, since he provided for it in an elaborate codicil to his will. He confided this much to me one day when he stopped over to see me on his way from Muskickadee to Long Island.

"It's something the old town needs first of all," he said, "and I've got it all fixed up to be looked out for, anyhow—in case—well, in case something should happen to me." Then he laughed a little, as a man usually does after mentioning such a contingency; but he probably understood well enough that he was overtaxing his strength.

He could not live without his family and he could not live without Muskickadee; it was his trying to live with them both that broke his health. Physically he was not equal to two thousand miles a week on trains, and the last time he stopped to see me I thought he looked pathetically frail, though he was as cheerful as ever. He caught a cold on his next trip eastward; and when his family tried to dissuade him from returning to Muskickadee as usual, he made light of his ailment and would not let them. On the train his cold developed into pneumonia, but he reached Muskickadee and had himself carried to a room in the old part of his house where, from his bed, he could look out over the town. I do not know that the beloved word was the last upon his lips. I think it may well have been, and that probably it was.

His family conscientiously executed the provisions of his will, and even came out to Muskickadee for the dedication of the great hospital that was the subject of the codicil. Some credit must go to Mrs. Burbage and her children, I think, for their exact fulfillment of Joe's wishes in regard to its dimensions, because the size of the building was enormously beyond the needs of Muskickadee, and a great part of it has since then been put to other than hospital uses, with the consent of the Burbage family. The town library has its quarters there, I believe, and one wing is used as a community center and for educational movies and itinerant entertainers and lecturers. Nevertheless, it is the pride of the town—perhaps the single explicable one—and upon the wall beside the principal entrance of the main building there is a tablet that citizens point out with somewhat the air of conscious merit. To my mind, the inscription upon the tablet is the most interesting thing about the place. Joe, himself, had written it in his will.

IN THE HOPE THAT AN ABODE OF HEALING
MAY BE FOUND USEFUL
THIS HOSPITAL
HAS BEEN ERECTED
BY A CITIZEN, A NATIVE OF THIS PLACE
AS A TOKEN OF HIS LIFELONG GRATITUDE
TO MUSKICKADEE

At the dedication, when I read this inscription, I wished that I had pressed him to tell me all he had in mind to do for Muskickadee, and why. I have often wished the same thing since. For, perhaps, if I had urged him, he could have found a way to become more articulate, so that this old secret of the human heart might a little more clearly stand revealed to me. I am still unable to accept as entirely satisfactory Emily's explanation of the place home holds within that heart; a "biological tendency," or inheritance, does not seem to me to express Joe's feeling. What could express it I do not know; for after all, no words of his, but only his life, might tell a little of what it was that made his native place so dear to him.

The College Girl Who is Home Spending the Holidays With Her Parents

"Intelligent loafing"

Winter or summer vacation should mean not only rest and relaxation but complete change of scene, of "atmosphere." Vacation should re-energize you, physically and mentally . . . Nowhere else in the world may be found more fascinating sights, nor more varied, romantic things to do than in your own Southern California. . . . Much of your country's finest scenery is here—giant forests, mountains, desert, the Pacific. Here are the golden beaches of the Riviera, winter and summer snow-capped mountains rivalling the Alps, sea islands of the blue Pacific as fascinating as Capri, Sahara-like deserts (including Death Valley, lowest spot on the continent), the Missions of Old Spain, oranges, palms and figs of the tropics . . . and, Los Angeles, Pacific coast metropolis and fifth city of the country! Gay hotels, cafes; great theatres! . . . Los Angeles County has oil fields rated at a billion dollars and agricultural products annually approximating $95,000,000. . . . The All-Year Club constantly receives hundreds of letters asking for complete and authentic information concerning climate in Southern California. Here is what you may expect in winter and in summer:—

A Story

THE CAMERA CANNOT TELL

CLIMATE cannot be pictured. Yet it is an important vacation factor.

Southern California is properly known as the Land of Sunshine. United States Weather Bureau records show that in winter and summer for the last seventeen years there has been an average of 8¾ hours of sunshine daily.

During the "winter" months there are occasional days of rain, varying with the years. "Winter" flowers—sweet peas, roses, stocks, snapdragon, iris and other annuals and perennials—bloom joyously. Vast orchards bear golden oranges, lemons and grapefruit.

Successive days of rain in winter are rare; *nine days out of ten are delightful with warm, brilliant sunshine and cloudless skies.* Nights are bracingly cold. Nearby mountains are snow-capped during this "winter" season. A mile below their ice-locked summits oranges ripen in the mellow sunshine! It is during "winter" and spring that you visit the desert where gorgeous flowers bloom, usually during February, March and April. This also varies with the years.

Formerly the "winter" season attracted more visitors to Southern California, but in recent years, summer has brought a larger number of vacationists.

Summer days are rainless. *Thunder and lightning are practically unknown.* You may plan a picnic, motor or camping trip weeks and months ahead. "Weather" rarely, if ever, interferes!

Mid-summer mid-days are warm enough to make sea bathing a pleasure—but they are free from the humidity which makes warm days so uncomfortable elsewhere. Southern California air is dry and keen. And, on the warmest days there are delightful breezes from the nearby Pacific Ocean.

During the summer months, say after four in the afternoon, a strange atmospheric change takes place. It becomes distinctly cooler. By sundown, there is almost a touch of chilliness in the air. Wraps begin to appear. Motorists don light coats or sweaters. As the evening advances, coolness increases. Blankets are a summer sleeping-comfort necessity—not one night in ten *but ten nights out of eleven—all summer long!*

Summer cool gardens do not exist in Southern California—nights are cool enough for dancing indoors! Hence, it's good advice to bring along light wraps if you come out in summer—but leave your umbrella at home!

Nowhere else in the world are there so many happily combined inducements to make vacation joyously restful and refreshingly uncommon as in your own Southern California. Nowhere else is there such an opportunity for re-energizing through "intelligent loafing." Mail the coupon for "Southern California Through the Camera"—a new photograph book of 73 large pages in rotogravure showing what you may expect to see here winter and summer. Plan to come—NOW, just as "spring" is about to arrive, or next summer. *But Come!*

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. I-B,
Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free book "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

A New Year's showing of

Endorsed by Good Housekeeping's Studio of Furnishings and Decorations

The Good Housekeeping Suite—Especially created and designed for the Good Housekeeping's Studio of Furnishings and Decorations from authentic models in the Metropolitan Museum. Hand-matched crotch figured woods. Hand-rubbed finish and hand-fitted drawers and fine features of convenience. Upholstered chair and bench.

These two suites created by America's style trends of the New Year—beginning January 10th

To everyone interested in adding more style, convenience, charm and beauty to their homes this year, the Good Housekeeping Bedroom Suite and the Franklin Dining Room Suite illustrated on these pages offer a rare opportunity.

For 75 years Berkey & Gay designers have deserved and held the leading place as America's foremost furniture stylists. These and the other new designs brought out by this famous house are accepted everywhere as indicating the style trends for the coming season.

The leading Berkey & Gay dealers listed on these pages are making a special presentation during

Attend The Nation-Wide Showing of These 1929 Suites

ALABAMA

JASPER ..... Conwell Furniture Co.
MONTGOMERY ..... Frank Tennille Furniture Co.
SELMA ..... J. C. P. Heins

ARIZONA

PHOENIX ..... Barrows Furniture Co., Inc.
..... Dorris-Heyman Furniture Co.
TUCSON ..... Groves-Bryant Inc.

ARKANSAS

EL DORADO
McWilliams Hdwe. & Furniture Co., Inc.
FORT SMITH ..... Eads Bros. Furniture Co.
JONESBORO ..... Johnson Berger & Co., Inc.
LITTLE ROCK
[illegible]
PINE BLUFF ..... Knox-Walker Furniture Co

CALIFORNIA

PASADENA
[illegible]
LOS ANGELES ..... [illegible]
MODESTO ..... Wing Furniture Co.
OAKLAND ..... John Breuner Co.
PASADENA ..... Pasadena Furniture Co.
SACRAMENTO ..... John Breuner Co.
SAN BERNARDINO ..... Woodbee Furniture Co.
SAN DIEGO ..... The Bledsoe Co
[illegible]
SANTA ANA ..... [illegible]
SANTA BARBARA ..... [illegible]
SAN JOSE ..... [illegible]

COLORADO

COLORADO SPRINGS
The C. W. Daniels Home Furnishing Co.
Giddings & Kirkwood
DENVER ..... [illegible]
[illegible]
FORT COLLINS ..... [illegible]
GREELEY ..... [illegible]
LA JUNTA ..... Ivan Furniture Co
PUEBLO ..... [illegible]
The Talkins-Wade Bros. Furniture Co

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT ..... Geo. E. Nothnagle & Son
[illegible]
HARTFORD ..... G. Fox & Co., Inc.
NEW HAVEN ..... Bullard's
The Chamberlain Co.
NEW LONDON ..... [illegible]
NORWICH ..... The Paine Cadden Co
MANCHESTER ..... Watkins Brothers, Inc.
STAMFORD ..... [illegible]
WATERBURY
...Hampson, Mintie & Abbott, Inc.

DELAWARE

WILMINGTON ..... Wilmington Furniture Co.

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON ..... Mayer & Co.

FLORIDA

GAINESVILLE ...Gainesville Furniture Co.
JACKSONVILLE ...Chadwick Furniture Co.
..... John A. Cunningham
LAKELAND ... McKay Furniture Co., Inc.
ORLANDO ..... Yowell Drew Co
ST. PETERSBURG
St. Augustine Music & Furniture Co.
WEST PALM BEACH
The J. J. Cater Furniture Co

GEORGIA

ATHENS ..... Bernstein Brothers
ATLANTA ..... [illegible]
M. P. [illegible]
[illegible]
COLUMBUS ..... Martin Furniture Co.

IDAHO

BOISE ..... Standard Furniture Co.
POCATELLO ..... Petersen Furniture Co.

ILLINOIS

ALTON ..... C. J. Jacoby & Co.
ARCOLA ..... Adam L. Bleits
[illegible]
BLOOMINGTON ..... [illegible]
CHICAGO ..... John A. Colby and Sons
..... Alexander H. Revell & Co
..... John M. Smyth Co.
DECATUR
Wellenz & [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
QUINCY ..... Roy Bennett, Inc.
ROCK ISLAND ..... [illegible]
SPRINGFIELD ..... [illegible]
WAUKEGAN ..... J. Blumberg, Inc.
[illegible]

INDIANA

ANDERSON ..... Stein-Canaday Co.
EAST CHICAGO ..... [illegible]
ELKHART ..... The Curtis Furniture Co
EVANSVILLE ... The R. & G. Furniture Co.
GARY ..... Radigan Bros.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
LA PORTE ..... Fenker & Co.

LOGANSPORT ..... Fisher & Case
MARION ..... Johnston Furniture Co.
MISHAWAKA ..... Berger Furniture Co.
MUNCIE ..... Banner Furniture Co.
NEW CASTLE ..... Johnston Furniture Co.
WHITING ..... Seifer's

IOWA

DAVENPORT ..... W. S. Holbrook Co.
DES MOINES ..... [illegible]
[illegible] ..... [illegible]
MARSHALLTOWN
Ryder Furniture & Carpet Co.
MASON CITY ..... Mier Wolf & Sons
OTTUMWA ..... W. H. Cooper & Sons
SIOUX CITY ..... Anderson Furniture Co.
..... The Pelletier Co.
WATERLOO ..... Davidsons

KANSAS

ARKANSAS CITY
..... The Newman Dry Goods Co.
CHANUTE ..... Koch Bros.
CONCORDIA ..... McCrary Furniture Co.
[illegible]
MANHATTAN ..... [illegible]
SALINA ..... Bogle Brothers & Co.
WICHITA ..... The Geo. Innes Co.

KENTUCKY

ASHLAND ..... Jonesboro Bros.
LEXINGTON ..... C. P. Brower & Co.
LOUISVILLE ..... Central Furniture Co
[illegible]
The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
PADUCAH ..... Rhodes Furniture Co

LOUISIANA

ALEXANDRIA Homeaway Furniture Co., Ltd.
BASTROP
[illegible] Hardware & Furniture Co., Inc.
BATON ROUGE ..... [illegible]
MONROE ..... Monroe Furniture Co., Ltd.
NEW ORLEANS ..... Barnett's
..... Bradford & Inc.
SHREVEPORT ..... Johnson Furniture Co.

MAINE

LEWISTON ..... B. Peck Co

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE ..... [illegible] & Bernsch
[illegible]
Stewart & Co.
BROWNSVILLE ..... William P. Bott & Son
CUMBERLAND ..... L. Bernstein Furniture Co.
FREDERICK ..... Casper F. Classe
HAGERSTOWN
[illegible] H. Eyerly, Department Store
SALISBURY ..... R. E. Powell & Co., Inc.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON ..... Paine Furniture Co.
EAST RIVER ..... Modern Furniture Co
FITCHBURG ..... Kidder & Davis
HOLYOKE ..... McLean Bros., Inc.
SPRINGFIELD ..... Forbes & Wallace, Inc.
WORCESTER ..... Fowler Furniture Co.
..... Chas. E. Matteson & Co.

MICHIGAN

ADRIAN ..... Walper Furniture Co.
ALBION ..... Bishop-Porter Co.
ANN ARBOR ..... Larsen Furniture Store
ANN ARBOR ...Handicraft Furniture Co.
BATTLE CREEK ..... The Jury Rowe Co.
..... Turner Furniture Co.
BAY CITY ..... C. F. Rosenbaum & Sons
BENTON HARBOR ..... W. G. Newland & Son
CADILLAC ..... J. A. Long
DEARBORN ..... [illegible]
DETROIT ..... Pringle Furniture Co
FLINT ..... [illegible]
GRAND RAPIDS ..... [illegible]
..... Klingman Furniture Co.
[illegible] ..... Van Dorn Bros.
[illegible] & Co. [illegible]
GREENVILLE ..... [illegible]
IRONWOOD ..... M. Kaye & Parr & Co.
JACKSON ..... The Jury Rowe Co.
KALAMAZOO ..... [illegible]
LANSING ..... Jarvis [illegible]
..... The Jury-Rowe Co.
LUDINGTON ..... The Palm Furniture Co.
MARQUETTE ..... Tonella & Rupp
MT. CLEMENS ..... The Schmidt Furniture Store
MUSKEGON ..... Bishop-Porter Co.
NEWAYGO ..... J. C. Ballard & Co.
PETOSKEY ..... Hamilton Anderson Co.
[illegible] ..... [illegible]
PONTIAC ..... [illegible]
PORT HURON ..... [illegible]
ROCKFORD ... The Dick Kimm Furniture Co.
SAGINAW ..... Henry Fesge & Son
SAGINAW ..... J. C. Ballard & Co.
SPARTA ..... [illegible]
ST. JOHNS ..... St. Johns Furniture Co.

MINNESOTA

ALBERT LEA ... Skinner Chamberlain & Co.
AUSTIN ..... Mier Wolf & Sons
CROOKSTON ... The Fournet Furniture Store
DULUTH ..... French & Bassett Co.
FERGUS FALLS ..... Johnson Furniture Co.
MINNEAPOLIS ..... Bassett Bros. Inc.
[illegible]
The New England Furniture & Carpet Co.
RED WING ..... [illegible]
ST. PAUL ... St. Paul House Furnishing Co.
TRUMAN ..... E. E. Olson
WINONA ... The George Hillyer Furniture Co

MISSISSIPPI

GREENVILLE ..... C. B. Jordan & Co.
GREENWOOD ..... Jordan & Co.
JACKSON ..... [illegible]
[illegible]
MERIDIAN ..... J. A. Hulett & Son

MISSOURI

COLUMBIA ..... Parker Furniture Co
KANSAS CITY ... Duff & Repp Furniture Co
ST. LOUIS ... The Lammert Furniture Co
SEDALIA ... McLaughlin Bros. Furniture Co

MONTANA

BILLINGS ..... Billings Hardware Co
BUTTE ..... [illegible]
GREAT FALLS ..... Standard Furniture Co

NEBRASKA

AURORA ..... Chapman Furniture Co.
BEATRICE ..... [illegible]
COLUMBUS ..... A. P. [illegible]
LINCOLN ..... Henry Gass & Co
[illegible]
NORTH PLATTE ..... [illegible]
OMAHA ..... Orchard & [illegible]
SEWARD ..... F. W. Goehner

NEVADA

RENO ..... Dunnels & Steinmetz, Inc

NEW HAMPSHIRE

MANCHESTER ..... Chas. A. Hoitt Co

NEW JERSEY

ASBURY PARK ..... Capitol Furniture Co
ATLANTIC CITY ..... M. L. Rue Co
BAYONNE ..... M. L. Shapiro Est
CAMDEN ..... J. B. Van Sciver Co
ELIZABETH ..... McManus Bros.
ENGLEWOOD ..... Franklin Parlors
JERSEY CITY ..... J. W. [illegible] Inc.
KEARNY ..... West Hudson Co
PATERSON ..... [illegible]
[illegible]
PERTH AMBOY ..... Albert Leon & Son
PLAINFIELD ..... Tepper Bros
RUTHERFORD ..... Hayman Furniture Stores
SALEM ..... J. E. Hutchner & Son
TRENTON ..... James J. Bowden & Son
WESTWOOD ..... Westwood Furniture Co

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE ... Pioneer Furniture Co.
ROSWELL ..... Purdy's Furniture Stores
SANTA FE ..... H. Livingston & Co

NEW YORK

ALBANY ..... John B. Haul Inc
[illegible]
[illegible]
The Van Heusen Charles Co.
AMSTERDAM ..... Holsheimer & Shaul

Berkey & Gay

the new Furniture Styles

leading designers—Indicating the Special nation-wide showing at the stores listed below

the first days of this new year of these two suites which are prophetic of the style preference of the coming year. Advanced in style today, they may be purchased with confidence that they will be "in style" for years to come. Elegant in appearance, reasonable in price, they will add that touch of distinction and style rightness, a prime requisite to business and social success in American life today.

Visit your nearest Berkey & Gay dealer listed below. His display of these new, special Berkey & Gay suites offers a "furniture style show" well worthwhile.

The Franklin Suite—18th Century English—the most popular style today. Sideboard in fan-shaped pattern of burl walnut veneer with parquet shaped ends. Extension table. Popular type of pedestal table with brass tips on the legs. Convenience features for silver and linen in the sideboard.

Exclusively At These Stores Beginning January 10th

BINGHAMTON ... Sanitary Bedding & Furniture Co.
ROCHESTER ... F. A. Loop & Son Co.
BROOKLYN ... Anderson & Son, Inc.
Brooklyn Furniture Co.
The Namm Store
BUFFALO ... Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
... Select Furniture Corporation
CANISTEO ... Earnest C. Jeffers
DUNKIRK ... Geo. H. Graf & Co., Inc.
... Dodge & Son, Inc.
... Dolling & Denton Co.
... Fish & Klossenberg
... H. G. Munger & Co., Inc.
... C. F. Babcock Co., Inc.
NIAGARA FALLS ... The Arnson Furniture Co.
H. J. Stone Furniture Co., Inc.
OLEAN ... Bradner's
ONEIDA ... Markson Bros.
PATCHOGUE ... Sweezy & Newins, Inc.
PORT CHESTER ... Joseph Tunick & Sons
ROCHESTER ... E. W. Edwards & Son
... H. B. Graves Co., Inc.
... Howe & Rogers Co.
TROY ... Rosner Furniture Co.
UTICA ... Wallens, T. L. Millspaugh Furniture House
WATERTOWN ... Frank A. Empson & Co.
WHITE PLAINS ... Frost & Lockwood, Inc.
YONKERS ... M. Doe & Son

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE ... Sterchi Brothers, Inc.
... J. B. Ivey & Co.
GREENSBORO ... Meyer-Blum Co.
WINSTON-SALEM ... Miller & Rhoads, Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA

BISMARCK ... Bismarck Furniture Co.
FARGO ... W. O. Olsen Furniture Co.
MINOT ... Minot Furniture Co.

OHIO

AKRON ... The J. H. Seiberling Co.
ALLIANCE ... T. W. Cope & Sons, Inc.
AMHERST ... The Amherst Furniture Co.
ARCHBOLD ... Rapp's Furniture & Undertaking Co.
ASHTABULA ... The Penny Furniture Co.
ATHENS ... The Swanson Furniture Co.
CAMBRIDGE ... Gillespie-McCulley Co.
CANTON ... The Livingston Furniture Co.
... The Sell Co.
CHAGRIN FALLS ... Brewster & Strand
CHILLICOTHE ... Ehenback & Son
CINCINNATI ... The G. Henshaw & Sons Co.
... The Kroemer & Brother Co.
... The Robert Mitchell Furniture Co.
CLEVELAND ... The Stearns & Wheeler Co.
COLUMBUS ... The J. & R. Lazarus & Co.
... The M. Values Mercantile Co.
CONNEAUT ... The Lyon Co.
DEFIANCE ... The P. M. Furniture Co.
DENNISON ... The Hicks Co.
DOVER ... The Reed Furniture Co.
EAST LIVERPOOL ... The Mayer Furniture Co.
ELYRIA ... Brown-Fenton Furniture Co.
FREMONT ... The Fatzinger Furniture Co.
GALION ... Rowland's
HAMILTON ... George Kreis Sons
KENT ... S. C. Bissler & Son
LIMA ... R. T. Gregg & Co.
LISBON ... The Dorrance Furniture Co.
LORAIN ... The Wickens Co.
LOWELLVILLE ... The J. Cunningham Co.
MARIETTA ... The Wiener & Cawley Co.
MARION ... Schaffner's
MASSILLON ... C. O. Finefrock Co.
MIDDLEPORT ... Sample Furniture Co.
MT. VERNON ... The Cappel Departments Co.
NEWARK ... The Carlile Furniture Co.
NILES ... H. Pearl Furniture Co.
OBERLIN ... T. Sedgeman
SANDUSKY ... The Herb & Myers Co.
SPRINGFIELD ... The Cappel House Furnishing Co.
STEUBENVILLE ... H. Lazarus & Sons
STRASBURG ... The Garver Bros. Co.
TIFFIN ... The J. N. Fasold
TOLEDO ... The Buckeye Furniture Co.
... The Lasalle & Koch Co.
... The Howard R. T. Radcliffe Co.
VAN WERT ... Balyeat Furniture Co.
WARREN ... The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
WAUSEON ... R. & R. Furniture
WAVERLY ... G. M. Rose
WOOSTER ... The Daniel Co.
XENIA ... Adams
YOUNGSTOWN ... Arthen-Mooney Furniture Co.
... The O. Schuman Furniture Co.
... The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
ZANESVILLE ... The Heuneberg Furniture Co.

OKLAHOMA

BARTLESVILLE ... Grimes & Co.
CHICKASHA ... Owen & Yates
ENID ... Ray G. Johnson
HOBART ... Steele Furniture Co.
MUSKOGEE ... Street-Eicholtz Furniture Co., Inc.
OKLAHOMA CITY ... Harbour-Longmire Co.
SHAWNEE ... Schlapp
TULSA ... Genet's
... Mayo's

OREGON

PORTLAND ... Meier & Frank Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

ALIQUIPPA ... Plodinec Furniture Co.
ALLENTOWN ... C. A. Dorney Furniture Co.
ALTOONA ... Mentzer Furniture Co.
ASHLAND ... The Mowery Furniture Co.
BEAVER ... J. C. Wagner
BEDFORD ... The Mengel Furniture Co.
BERWICK ... Fisher & Mercur
BETHLEHEM ... Home Furniture Co.
BRADFORD ... J. Knutson & Brother
BRISTOL ... Bristol Furniture Co.
BUTLER ... Boyd & Boyd
CARLISLE ... H. M. Bosler
CHAMBERSBURG ... H. Fussenegger
CLEARFIELD ... Mentzer Furniture Co.
CONNELLSVILLE ... Aaron's
CRAFTON ... Sherna's
EASTON ... Werner Co.
EPHRATA ... Pott's Department Store
ERIE ... Epp Furniture Co.
... Klick Furniture Co., Inc.
GETTYSBURG ... R. W. Wentz
GREENSBURG ... Aaron's
GROVE CITY ... Shelley Undertaking & Furniture Co.
HARRISBURG ... Pomeroy's, Inc.
HAZELTON ... Mrs. E. Reinhart's Sons
JACOBUS ... S. J. Leader
JOHNSTOWN ... Lowe & Co., Inc.
... John Lee & Son
KITTANNING ... J. W.
LANCASTER ... Watchinger, Mayer & Myers
LEBANON ... Berks Furniture Co.
LEWISTOWN ... Central Furniture Co.
LITITZ ... Beck Brothers
MEADVILLE ... J. H. Swan
MONESSEN ... John G. Cheek
NEW CASTLE ... Haney Furniture Co.
... Robin's Furniture Co.
NEW CUMBERLAND ... George W. Rutherford Co.
OIL CITY ... Economy Furniture Co.
PHILADELPHIA ... Strawbridge & Clothier
PITTSBURGH ... Kaufmann's
READING ... Bickel's
SCRANTON ... Select Furniture Corporation
SHARON ... J. M. Willson & Sons
SHARPSBURG ... Murray Furniture Co.
TAMAQUA ... H. J. Jennings
TARENTUM ... Der Bros.
UNIONTOWN ... Rapp-Shreve Decorative Co.
TYRONE ... The Templeton Co.
WARREN ... Penfield Furniture Co.
VERONA ... E. N. Miller & Co.
WAYNESBURG ... Hallam Furniture & Undertaking Co., Inc.
WEST CHESTER ... William J. Kauffman
WILKES-BARRE ... Spohn Furniture Co.
WILKINSBURG ... Faller Brothers Co.
WILLIAMSPORT ... A. H. Heilman & Co.
WYNDMOOR ... Eureka Store

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE ... Callender, McAuslan & Troup Co.
... Joseph Marcus & Co.
... The Shepard Co.
WESTERLY ... The Gavitt Furniture Co.
... Westerly Furniture Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

ANDERSON ... Belk Store Service
CHARLESTON ... Belk Store Service
GREENVILLE ... Craig Rush Furniture Co.
LAURENS ... S. M. & E. H. Wilkes & Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN ... The Home Furniture Co.
HURON ... Axelrad Brothers
MITCHELL ... F. M. Johnson Furniture Co.
SIOUX FALLS ... The Home Furniture Co.

TENNESSEE

CHATTANOOGA ... Clemons Bros.
KNOXVILLE ... Henry G. Trent Furniture Co.
NASHVILLE ... Cain-Sloan Co.

TEXAS

ABILENE ... G. W. Waldrop & Co.
AMARILLO ... Pollard Furniture Co.
AUSTIN ... Swedish Furniture Co.
BEAUMONT ... Crescent Furniture Co.
BRYAN ... Hoyt Bros.
CORPUS CHRISTI ... Avon Furniture Co.
... Calvert Furniture Co.
DALLAS ... Fakes Furniture & Carpet Co.
EL PASO ... Hoyt Furniture Co.
GALVESTON ... Kempner Furniture Co.
HOUSTON ... Weddell's Housefurnishing Co.
LUBBOCK ... Baker Furniture Co.
SAN ANTONIO ... Household Furniture Co.
TEMPLE ... Best Furniture Co.
WICHITA FALLS ... Freese Furniture Co.

UTAH

OGDEN ... Royle Furniture Co.
... Sterling Furniture Co.
PROVO ... Dixon-Taylor-Russell Co.
SALT LAKE CITY ... Auerbach Co.
... Standard Furniture Co.

VERMONT

BURLINGTON ... The W. G. Reynolds Co.
RUTLAND ... Cutler-Mower Furniture Co.

VIRGINIA

BRISTOL ... Bogue-Rice Co.
... Schaad Furniture Co., Inc.
NEWPORT NEWS ... Newport News Furniture Co.
RICHMOND ... Thalhimer Bros.
... Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
... Sydnor & Hundley, Inc.
ROANOKE ... Thurman & Boone Co.

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN ... Kaufman-Leonard Co.
BELLINGHAM ... B. H. Eisenhardt Co., Inc.
SEATTLE ... Frederick & Nelson
SPOKANE ... Allen Furniture Co.
TACOMA ... Tacoma Furniture Co.
WALLA WALLA ... Empire Furniture Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

BLUEFIELD ... Bluefield Furniture Co.
CLARKSBURG ... Peirce Furniture Co., Inc.
FAIRMONT ... Ross Furniture Co.

WISCONSIN

APPLETON ... Breitenbacher Furniture Co.
FOND DU LAC ... Kremer Bros.
FORT ATKINSON ... Banwart Furniture Co.
KENOSHA ... Bode Bros. Co.
... Mica Furniture Co.
MADISON ... Frautschi's, Inc.
MANITOWOC ... The Urbanek Furniture Co.
MILWAUKEE ... Gimbel Bros.
... Schuster's
NEENAH ... Kimberly & Nelson
OSHKOSH ... Gay Mercantile Co.
RACINE ... Porter Furniture Co.
SHEBOYGAN ... M. Kroos & Son
STEVENS POINT ... Rosenow's
SUPERIOR ... Superior Furniture Co.
WAUSAU ... Wausau Furniture Co.
WAUWATOSA ... Ruth & Dorner Co.

WYOMING

CASPER ... Callaway's
CHEYENNE ... Frontier Mercantile Co.

CANADA

HAMILTON ... The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL ... The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
MOOSE JAW ... The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
REGINA ... The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
SASKATOON ... The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG ... The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
TORONTO, ETC. ... The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.

Furniture's Proudest Coat-of-Arms

Look for this Shop Mark inset in every Berkey & Gay suite. Also Berkey & Gay dealers' windows. It is your protection when buying, and your pride ever after.

Furniture

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE CO.

Classified Telephone Directories now help you find *who sells it*

An additional Bell System service for the telephone user

How easy it is, in this new way, to find where to buy just what you want

THE BELL SYSTEM has introduced a new feature into its classified telephone directories. It is called the "Where to Buy It" service.

Often you may find it necessary or desirable to buy certain articles or services such as sewing machines, washing machines, shoes, paints, vacuum cleaners, and a hundred other things whose names and trade-marks you see constantly advertised. You know *what* you want—it is simply a case of knowing *where* to go for it. The new feature of the Bell System directory service gives this information.

Many of these familiar names are listed alphabetically in the columns of most classified telephone directories. With each appears its easily recognized trade-mark and a "Where to Buy It" list of local stores and dealers. By making a simple reference to this "Where to Buy It" list you can choose the store nearest or most convenient to deal with.

For quick reference, use your classified ("Where to Buy It") telephone directory

Of course, your directory still contains those classified lists which have enabled you to find physicians, plumbers, radio repair shops, service stations, florists, etc., quickly and easily. With the new listings of trade-marked articles and dealers added, your classified telephone directory now becomes more valuable than ever as a handy and reliable buying guide.

The "Where to Buy It" feature is new and, therefore, incomplete. It is growing rapidly. Many articles are already listed, and others are being added as new editions of the telephone books are issued. Manufacturers and business men are welcoming this new trade-mark listing feature as an effective way to let you know exactly what stores and dealers in your community carry their advertised products.

Your classified telephone directory "tells who sells." Use it freely. It will save miles of steps and useless shopping around. It will tell you *where* you can get the things you want.

"WHERE TO BUY IT" THE NEW SERVICE IN YOUR CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

THE TRICKY SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 25)

exigent matter of how we all make a living. But in no other subject that I can think of is it so necessary to take all generalized theory with caution and always to turn from the printed page, if it is a page of theory, to the real world about you, checking up by actual experience. For it is in the nature of this subject that you can theorize yourself clean out of the real world as easy as falling off a log.

Suppose we turn back to Thomas Mun, able merchant, born in London 1571, died 1641. He traveled much in pursuance of his flourishing business and resided at various times in various foreign parts. With a good eye to observe and a shrewd head to reason, he finally wrote for his son a famous economic treatise that became the guidebook of international trade for a hundred and fifty years. The title page reads:

England's Treasure by Forraign Trade. Or the Ballance of our Forraign Trade is the Rule of our Treasure. Written by Thomas Mun, Merchant of London, and now published for the Common Good by his son John Mun, of Bearsted in the County of Kent, Esquire.

The introduction lays down the qualifications of a perfect merchant, and thereby gives you a notion of foreign trade in Thomas Mun's day. The perfect merchant must be a good penman, a good arithmetician and a good "accomptant." He must be expert in the order and form of charter parties, bills of lading, invoices and policies of insurance; know the measures, weights and moneys of all foreign countries, and their customs, tolls and prohibitions; go to sea in order to become skilled in navigation; know how to build ships and how to select their masts, cordage, tackling, ordnance, victuals and munitions of every kind. He must know the ordinary wages of commanders, officers and mariners. He ought to be a traveler and sometimes abide in foreign countries to attain the speaking of divers languages. He should be diligent to observe the revenues and expenses of foreign princes, together with their strength by land and sea. He need not be a scholar but should at least learn the "Latine tongue."

The whole argument of the treatise is expressed in this paragraph: "The means to increase our wealth is by foreign trade, wherein we must ever observe this rule: To sell more to strangers yearly than we consume of their value. For suppose that when this Kingdom is plentifully served with cloth, lead, tin, iron, fish and other native commodities, we do yearly export the overplus to foreign countries to the value of £2,200,000, by which means we are enabled to bring in £2,000,000 of their goods. We may rest assured that this Kinguom will be enriched yearly £200,000 because that part of our stock which is not returned to us in wares must necessarily be brought home in treasure."

The Last Gold Piece Wins

He likens the kingdom to a private man who has £1000 income yearly and £2000 ready money in his chest. If he spends £1500 yearly, all his money will be gone in four years, but if he spends only £500 yearly, his stock of money will double in four years. In fine, the whole object of foreign trade should be to increase the stock of gold and silver in the nation.

Now, Thomas Mun lived in troublous times. Every forehanded man had his chest of coin, for that was about all he could certainly reckon on. When the Dutch fleet threatened London a generation after the merchant economist died, thrifty and immortal Samuel Pepys, the diarist, anxiously dug his gold out of the cellar and sent it into the country to be buried with many qualms and prayers. Hard cash was what finally counted. Nearly all Europe was under absolute princes, mostly quarrelsome and forever at war. National credit did not exist, and for war, coin in hand was the first and last requisite. Louis XIV was laying down his famous war axiom: "The last gold piece wins." Thomas Mun was no fool. He looked with open eyes at the real world in which he lived and formulated an economic theory to meet conditions as he found them.

His doctrine had nothing to do with protection as we understand it. He writes, "I will here remember a notable increase in our manufacture of winding and twisting of raw foreign silk, which within 35 years to my knowledge did not employ more than 300 people in the city and suburbs of London, but now employs more than 14,000." The virtue of that, as he saw it, was not that it gave employment to more British labor, but that the value of the manufactured goods, when exported, would much exceed the value of the raw imported silk; therefore, creating a trade balance in favor of England, it would contribute to the prime object of drawing foreign gold into the country. He argues that exports of specie are desirable if their final effect is to "mightily encrease" the trade balance.

For example, he says England should not hesitate to ship £100,000 of specie to the East to purchase pepper which can be sold in other foreign parts for £700,000. He records that "Ferdinando the First, Great Duke of Tuscanie," once lent him 40,000 crowns gratis for a whole year, knowing that he would ship it as specie to Turkey, whence it would return, "with a duck in its mouth." But always the grand objective of foreign-trade policy should be to increase the nation's stock of gold.

The Rise of Banking

Every European state wanted gold, first for offense or defense in war. But by and large, lack of hard cash has been the heaviest handicap of absolute princes; they have had everything except money in hand. Naturally, therefore, Mun's doctrine was popular with the rulers of his world. Under the name of the mercantile system it governed foreign trade long after his death.

In fact, long after the conditions which he observed had passed away banking developed; it was half a century after Mun's death that the Bank of England started. National credit was established. In Mun's lifetime—1627—the King of England, in order to get money to carry on war with Spain, levied a forced loan on his most opulent subjects and jailed those who failed to come across. But in the next century British Government 3 per cent bonds sold at par. In nine years at the end of that century the government borrowed £91,000,000 at 3 to 5 per cent. Business and personal credit expanded. People had long left off burying gold. Then along came another Englishman and published a much more famous work of economics.

Adam Smith, in much changed times, perceived that useful goods, not dead gold, were the real wealth. To nations and individuals credit was more important than the stock of coin in hand; and legitimate trade, foreign or domestic, may benefit both parties. Foreign trade was still deeply entangled in the old mercantilist restrictions. Domestic trade was entangled in old restrictions, partly surviving from feudal times. The modern economic world was just cracking its shell. James Watt took out the first patent on a steam engine seven years before Wealth of Nations was published.

Smith's main argument was for a free field all around. In effect he said, take off the restrictions and trust to the free play of competition. His great merit was that he disregarded old theories, looked shrewdly at the world around him and founded his doctrine on common sense applied to actual conditions. His book came out in the year the American colonies declared independence. On the heels of the American war came the French Revolution, Napoleon and twenty years of almost constant warfare over the Continent of Europe. During that time England, secure behind her wooden walls, developed the new steam technic of manufacturing, far ahead of all rivals. This almost unchallenged manufacturing supremacy continued long after Waterloo. In the 1840's, generally speaking, English manufacturers gave little thought to foreign rivals in the home market. Their great concern was to find foreign markets for their expanding manufactures.

But England had a high protective system for the benefit of landlords. Some protective duties on manufactures remained in it, like dead flies in amber, but its only practical purpose was to raise the price of foodstuffs, chiefly wheat, which was then as now the workman's staff of life. After Waterloo, when it seemed that a long era of peace might bring low prices, the landlords, who largely controlled both houses of Parliament, put through a bill prohibiting the importation of foreign wheat into England unless the domestic price arose above eighty shillings a quarter, or about $2.50 a bushel. That was finally replaced by Peel's sliding scale, but high protective duties on wheat remained the national policy.

Wages were low and the condition of labor scandalous. Writing of 1841-42, Macaulay said: "So visible was the misery of the manufacturing towns that a man of sensibility could hardly bear to pass through them. Everywhere he found filth and nakedness, plaintive voices, wasted forms, haggard faces." Richard Cobden and John Bright, both prosperous cotton manufacturers, started a famous agitation for free wheat, which remains a masterpiece of political agitation. Manchester, chief seat of the cotton trade, enthusiastically filled their war chest, subscribing £60,000 at a single meeting. In one year the campaign fund reached £250,000, an immense sum for such a purpose in that day.

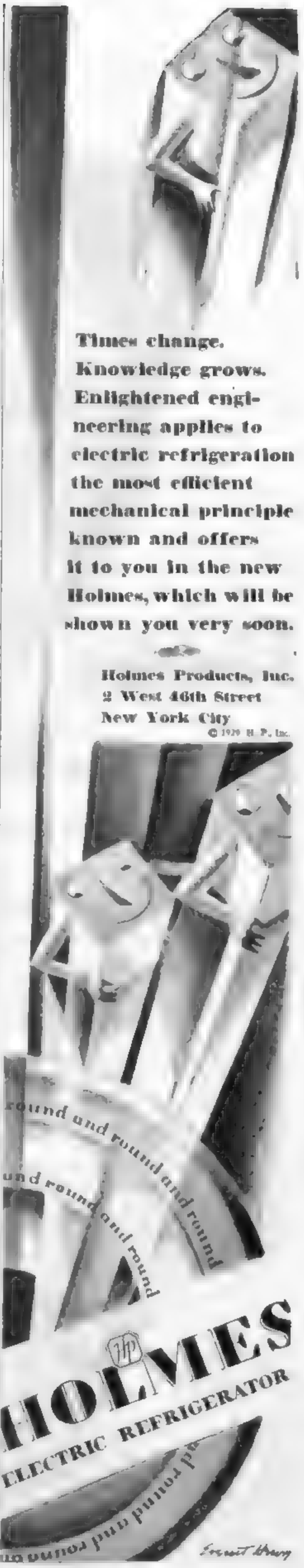
The plight of the poor workmen furnished the emotional appeal. But noble landlords bitterly declared that what Cobden, Bright and their cotton-manufacturing backers really wanted was cheap bread, because that would give them cheap labor in their factories. Bright was able to retort that the landlords had hogged all the benefits of protection, for as soon as they got their law prohibiting imports until wheat rose above eighty shillings a quarter, they readjusted leases on the basis of eighty-shilling wheat, and when the price fell below that mark thousands of their tenants were ruined; one newspaper, in Norwich, containing 120 advertisements of forced sales of tenants' property in one day.

Victory in Economic Warfare

As late as 1792 England exported wheat. In the 1840's her home crop supplied more than four-fifths of her consumption, the remainder being imported. Therefore, the protective wheat duty did raise the price; but under England's scheme of land tenure, with a great part of all the agricultural land in few hands, the landlords probably hogged much of the benefit.

The summer of 1845 was one of the worst for agriculture that the British Isles had known. The English wheat crop was bad. Worse still, the Irish potato crop, on which much of the population depended for sustenance, was a failure. With famine at the door the agitation for free imports of foodstuffs became irresistible. Sir Robert Peel, the prime minister, capitulated and repealed the Corn Laws in 1846. From that year free trade in England really dates, although some duties remained which Gladstone finally struck off. But to England free trade meant untaxed wheat and cheap bread. Manufacturers themselves took a leading part in accomplishing it. Both politically and economically, it was a victory of the new industrial interests over the old landed interests.

It was won on facts as they were at that time in that country. Labor was distressfully poor. It subsisted on bread that was


Times change.
Knowledge grows.
Enlightened engineering applies to electric refrigeration the most efficient mechanical principle known and offers it to you in the new Holmes, which will be shown you very soon.
Holmes Products, Inc.
2 West 46th Street
New York City
© 1929 H. P., Inc.
round and round and round
HOLMES
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A 35c package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

made decidedly dearer by the import tax on wheat. Whether manufacturers could have met the difficulty by raising wages is another question. The prevailing argument was that they paid as much as they were able to, and that the benefits of the wheat tax went mainly to landlords, comparatively few in number. Poor labor, dear bread, rich landlords, famine; also, supremacy in manufacturing that made the home market seem safe anyhow. Those were the facts of that time and place, on which facts free trade was adopted.

Meanwhile, Adam Smith's general ideas had been sweeping the field of theoretic economics. Ricardo, John Stuart Mill and many less-celebrated writers had worked them into a philosophical system that was confidently offered as an infallible guide for all times and places. It was declared that all the world would quickly follow England's example in adopting free trade; there were the irrefutable arguments to show that all the world must. In 1848 Mill mentioned America among the countries where "protection is declining, but not yet given up"; and some years later he was able to say, "The only writer of any reputation as a political economist who now adheres to the protectionist doctrine, Mr. H. C. Carey," and so on. In short, theoretically, it was all over.

But eighty years after Mill so mentioned America, one may speak of England as a country "where free trade is declining, but not yet given up"; indeed, as the only country in the world where free trade can still be called the national policy, and even there it survives in a damaged condition. The world has decidedly not followed England's example in adopting free trade; it is more decidedly protectionist now than it was twenty years after England set the example; and England has by no means followed her own example. She, too, has adopted protection in a limited way.

The trouble is that man loves to generalize. He isn't satisfied to say, "This thing is good in this time and place." He must extend it into a universal and infallible law good everywhere at all times. No doubt you can often do that in physical science, with fixed facts; but in economics the facts change. Thomas Mun and Adam Smith, able men both, shrewdly observed the world in which they lived and therefrom deduced certain theories which, no doubt, they fondly believed would live forever. But economically speaking, Mun's world had pretty much passed away in Smith's time, and in important respects Smith's economic world is as dead as the moon. In some respects even sixteen years ago—prewar 1913—is antediluvian now. There is an attraction in generalization. It seems to settle the point forever and save the trouble of thinking that ground over again. To many laymen it is predigested mental food. You just swallow it at a gulp and need not think on the subject thereafter. So a plausible theory may be depended upon to outlive its facts.

Just an Exchange of Goods

One may take the most influential book of economic theory ever written—Karl Marx's Capital. The author dug his facts out of the files of the British Museum—parliamentary reports, and so on, dated a generation before his own time. It is that chamber of horrors of starved workmen, sweated women, hungry little children worked ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day in poisonous factories that gives the book its driving power. On it Marx built his theory that capital can prosper only on the blood and bones of workmen. At the time Marx wrote his book, the very abuses that he most relied upon had been brought to light and published by capitalistic committees of investigation and a capitalistic parliament had passed laws to stop them. But that didn't stop the capital-devouring-labor theory.

I suppose no theory in any field has been more ably argued than the free-trade theory. Quite a lot of the best British minds of the nineteenth century devoted themselves to it. And if you keep your eye strictly to the printed page, it is just as convincing now as ever. There is no flaw in the logic. Read John Stuart Mill today—forgetting the world about you—and you can hardly help voting for free trade. The great point in the argument is that foreign trade is an exchange of goods; imports are paid for with exports; therefore, to stop imports is to stop exports. A distinguished English body laid it down categorically only a short time ago that to prevent £100 of foreign goods from coming into the country is to prevent £100 of English goods from going out.

To Eliminate Competition

So the importation of foreign goods does not displace home labor, for the home labor must be employed in making other goods that are exchanged for the foreign articles. Indeed, a very learned English book on the subject, published in the year 1928, shows that protection is a means of disemploying home labor. And protection cannot possibly raise wages as a whole in the protected country. Its effect, on the contrary, is to lower real wages. For the rate of wages depends on the productiveness of industry; and given industries are more suitable to some countries than to others, such countries having natural advantages for the carrying on of such industries. With free trade every country will develop the industries that are most suitable for it, exchanging the surplus product with other countries that are producing those things for which they have the greatest natural advantage.

Thus, all goods will be produced under the best possible conditions and everybody will have the benefit of the cheapest possible goods. Ruskin easily proved that under free trade competition would disappear altogether, for every industry would get located in the best possible place for it and be beyond competition. Obviously, industry will be most productive when it has the best possible situations. Free trade gives it the best possible situations, and as the rate of wages depends on the productivity of industry, real wages will be highest under free trade. But the artificial interference of protection forces the development of an industry in a country that is not naturally most suitable to it. An industry so disadvantageously situated will be less productive. Therefore, in a country whose industries are disadvantaged by protection, real wages, for the country as a whole, will be lower than under free trade. A hundred learned books prove it absolutely.

Of course the above is only an off-hand thumb-nail sketch. To do full credit to the free-trade argument would take a volume, and to any one of many such volumes the reader is referred. But the above, I believe, fairly gives the gist of the matter. Theoretically, protection is a scheme for making goods dear, real wages low and employment of labor uncertain. Only an insane country could adopt it—if the country were running on theory.

But ten years after Mill mentioned America as a country where protection was declining but not given up, two German immigrants, Andrew and Anton Kloman, set up a little forge on the straggling and muddy village street of Gerty's Run, near Pittsburgh. They bought scrap iron and forged it into various simple implements, particularly car axles, selling some of them to the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, of which Thomas Miller was purchasing clerk. Presently the Klomans wanted to enlarge their shack and offered Miller a third interest if he would supply $1600 for that purpose. Miller doubted the propriety of becoming a partner in a concern from which he bought axles for the railroad, but recommended a twenty-year-old friend, Henry Phipps by name, son of the village shoemaker. Phipps' father offered to raise $800 of the needed capital

(Continued on Page 108)

STRATHMORE PAPERS
The Distinguished Group
Extra fine papers for Distinguished Printing
The Prestige Group
Steam-proof papers for Prestige Printing
The Everyday Group
Inexpensive papers for Everyday Printing
The Decorative Group
Papers of wide price range for Decorative Printing
FOR COVERS OF YOUR Booklets or Catalogs for Broadsides, etc.
FOR YOUR FOLDERS, Booklets, Envelope Enclosures, etc.
FOR YOUR LETTERS, Envelopes, Billheads, Office Forms, etc.
FOR YOUR SPECIAL PAPER USES
PAPER IS PART OF THE PICTURE

He gets your advertising

Do *you* get his business?

Think of the *one man who gets one copy* of each of your folders, booklets or sales letters.

You "catch" him in his home or at his office.

He's thinking about other things...wrapped up in his own pleasures or problems.

Any advertising message you send him must be *good* enough to attract his attention before it can *sell* him your goods!

So, the success of your direct-advertising doesn't depend so much on how many pieces you mail out—as on *how good each piece is!*

Expressive Strathmore Papers will help you.

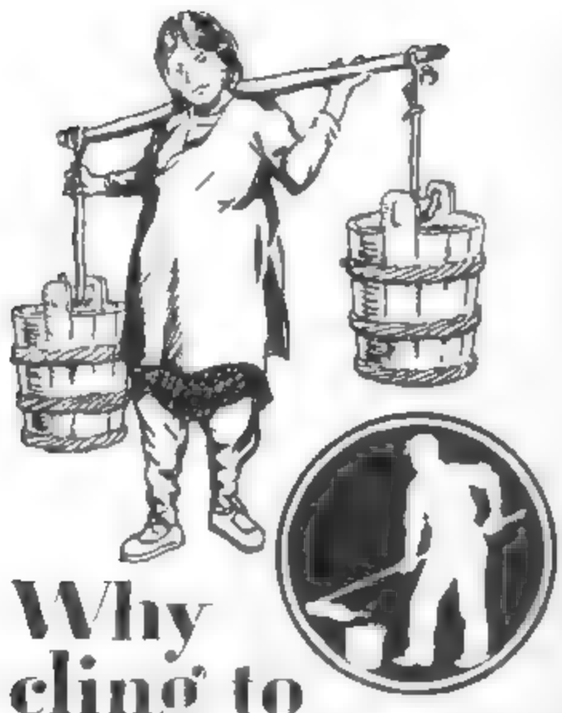
The unique textures, lovely colors and quality "feel" of Expressive Strathmore Papers give your mailings something which sets them apart from ordinary printed matter.

And there are inexpensive Strathmore Papers for your everyday use as well as better Strathmore Papers for your finest printing. But even the best Strathmore Papers are economical to use. For the purpose of your direct-advertising isn't to *save* you money . . . it's to *make* you *more* money!

Ask your printer to show you his copy of the Strathmore 4-Group Handbook and let him make "dummies" of Expressive Strathmore Papers for your next mailings.

If you'd like some helpful suggestions for your direct-advertising, write on your business letterhead for a free copy of "Sell More with Strathmore". Strathmore Paper Co., 24 Bridge Street, Mittineague, Massachusetts.

Expressive Strathmore Papers



Why cling to old methods?

IN SOME sections of China, the water supply of a town is carried in wooden buckets on the shoulders of women—a method as old as the Chinese race. Good enough, perhaps, centuries ago, but today there are better methods, easier, more efficient, and more sanitary.

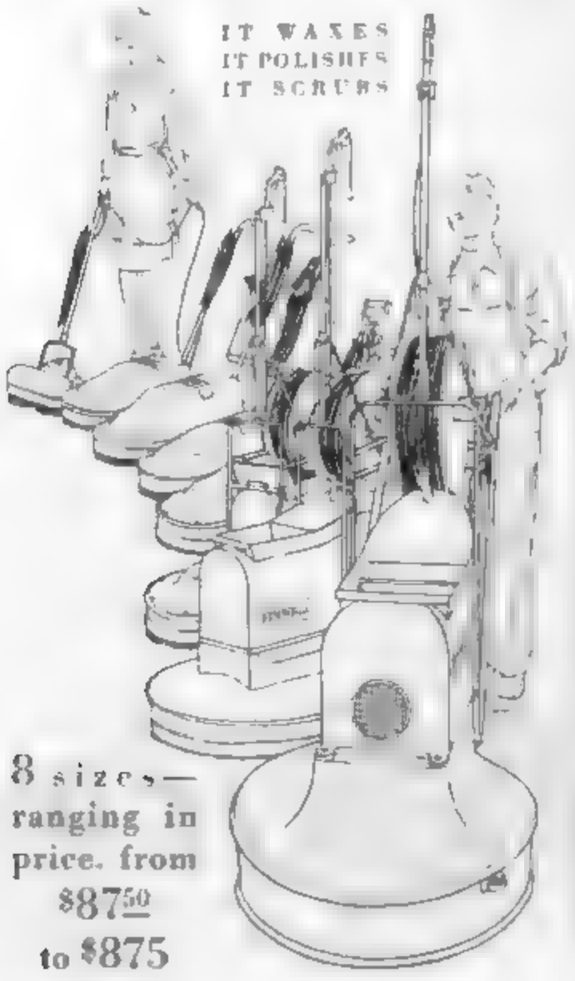
In some factories, buildings, stores and other places of business and public gathering, they still polish or scrub floors by hand. FINNELL Electric polishing and scrubbing—tireless, noiseless, efficient, and economical—is as great an advance over such methods as the modern water system is over the bucket.

The money saved through its use is reason enough for adopting the FINNELL System. But it yields extra dividends in sanitary, healthful surroundings and employee efficiency. It eliminates a possible cause of accident—dirty, slippery floors. Have a FINNELL Engineer make a survey, advise you which FINNELL you need, and what it can do.

For homes, too! The Household FINNELL refinishes floors like new, and keeps them beautiful. Light, easy to handle. Sold on terms.

Write for descriptive folder—stating whether for business or home use—to FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc., 2013 East Street, Elkhart, Indiana, or 130 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Consult telephone book for local offices.

FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE



8 sizes—ranging in price from $87.50 to $875

(Continued from Page 106)

by mortgaging his home, but there were some qualms about jeopardizing the family's rooftree, and finally Miller lent Phipps the whole $1600. Phipps was already employed as a bookkeeper in town, but he kept the Kloman books in the evening. The Civil War came and the price of axles jumped from two cents a pound to twelve. Then the partners disagreed and Mr. Miller called in another young friend, Andrew Carnegie, to smooth out the difficulties. Later on people who disliked Mr. Carnegie said that his favorite implement for smoothing out difficulties was an ax. At any rate, as the tariff-protected business expanded and blast furnaces and rolling mills were added, he became the dominant partner, and in time the name was changed to Carnegie Steel Company. That, in 1901, became the most important unit in the United States Steel Corporation.

Now, 1927 was not a first-rate year in the steel business. During the latter half of it the corporation's mills were employed to only 70 per cent of capacity. But the average number of employes carried on the pay roll during the year was 231,549 and they received $430,727,095 in wages and salaries. Back in 1913 the average number on the pay roll was almost the same—namely, 228,906—but they received in salaries and wages only $207,206,176. In 1927 the average daily earnings of each person on the pay roll, excluding the administration and selling force, was $5.86. In 1913 the average daily earnings, excluding administration and selling force, was $2.85, or less than half the 1927 figure. In 1913 bondholders and stockholders received $73,950,810 in interest and dividends. In 1927 they received $93,105,712 in interest and dividends, an increase of 26 per cent, while labor's increase was $223,520,919, or 108 per cent. Capital's increase was about half the increased cost of living as measured by advance in wholesale prices; labor's increase was double the increase in wholesale prices. It may be added that after paying interest and dividends, the net surplus carried forward was $15,582,183 in 1913 and $12,863,514 in 1927. Last year, with slack demand, prices were low. The average price received for each ton of finished product sold in domestic trade was $6.78 less than in 1924; the average price for each ton sold in export trade was $6.40 less. But the tariff was just the same in 1927 as in 1924, and in spite of the lower price in the latter year wages were not lower.

International Dumping Grounds

Theoretically, such things should not happen. But actually they did. The evidence of experience is so overwhelming that nearly all free-traders admit protective duties may be justified as a temporary expedient to foster infant industries. But that doesn't cover the ground. England's industries are by no means infants. On the contrary, they are the oldest of the lot. Yet, immediately after the war, free-trade England passed an antidumping law. In brief, it empowers the Board of Trade to levy high protective duties on any foreign goods that are offered in the English market below cost of production or at an unreasonably low price owing to demoralized foreign currencies. War, with its insatiable demand for munitions, greatly expanded every Western country's manufacturing plant and brought many women workers into industry; then, jobs must be found for the demobilized soldiers. In order to keep going and give employment to its labor force, a plant might sell its surplus product abroad at a loss—dump it.

If English statesmen had been the good theoretical free-traders they professed to be, that prospect would not have disturbed them—because foreign trade is an exchange of goods, imports are paid for with exports, to prevent foreign goods from coming is to prevent British goods from going out. So if Germany dumped a shipload of electric fans in England, English labor would be employed making other goods to exchange for the fans and England would be clear gainer by getting its fans at less than cost. But English statesmen were also practical persons with an eye to the real English world about them. They knew that the first effect of a shipload of German fans dumped in the English market would be to curtail the demand for homemade fans, therefore to curtail the demand for home labor in fan making, which would point to less employment or lower wages. So they said, "We want to know precisely where and how the British labor that is displaced in the fan-making trade is going to find other employment, making those other goods which will be exchanged for German fans. Show us exactly the plant and pay roll that are waiting to receive them. We have 1,500,000 idle men on our hands now that nobody seems able to find any actual plants and pay rolls for."

Melting the Economic Ice

No country's appetite for fans or any other article is unlimited. Foreign fans mean in the first instance less demand for home fans, consequently less demand for home labor in fan making. Finally it is an exchange of goods, but in a long, roundabout way. When a German manufacturer sells fans in England he by no means takes English goods in payment. He takes a pound sterling cash credit, which he turns over to a German importer, who uses it to buy any goods anywhere in the world; not necessarily, by any means, to buy English goods. Meanwhile the home fan trade is demoralized, and any demoralized trade is a national liability, as our soft coal and textile trades show.

There is no such natural industrial advantage in particular locations as the classic free-trade theory implies. To be sure, you cannot raise coffee in Indiana or cotton in Scotland, but you can ship them cheaply anywhere. You must have deposits of petroleum and iron ore in the ground before you can have oil wells and iron mines; but you can, and do, pipe and ship the raw oil and ore hundreds of miles. Automobiles, typewriters and thousands of other things can be made equally well—so far as the natural situation goes—in hundreds of widely separated spots. Mere natural advantage of location puts no limit upon competition nowadays.

Using better machines, we constantly make more goods with fewer hands, yet populations constantly increase. The first task of every industrial country is to find full employment for its labor. Protection, for one thing, is an employment-insurance policy. For while foreign trade is an exchange of goods in the long run, the immediate effect of an inflow of foreign goods, competing with home goods, is to lessen the home demand for the goods and home demand for the labor that makes them. Less demand for labor means unemployment or lower wages or both. Finding other employments, other trades, making other goods to exchange for the foreign articles by no means follow automatically. Long run may be a long while to wait for a job.

We rightly justify our protective policy on the ground that our wage scale is much higher than Europe's. But even that does not cover the whole ground. If that were the only reason for protection, then all European countries would be merely silly to set up protective duties against our products, when their wage scales are lower than ours, or to set up protective duties against one another when their wage scales are much the same. Europe and America started making automobiles about the same time, but we got a long jump ahead on technic and can now make cars cheaper than any European country. Theoretically they should have scrapped their motor factories, taken our cars and devoted their capital and labor to producing goods in which they could beat us, exchanging such goods for our motors. But there was the hard, practical question: "Just what are those other industries in which this labor is to be employed when we shut down the automobile factories? Point out the precise spot." They prefer, as a practical matter, to put duties on our cars and save some of the home market for their own products. It goes on experience, not on theory.

There remains the overwhelming free-trade argument which has been used to knock down all opposition for a hundred years. It is this: "If protection is profitable for the United States, as against Europe, then it would be profitable for New York to set up protective duties against Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania against Ohio, and so on, until not only every state but every town in the Union was duly protected against every other town."

Well, that was once the universal situation. In medieval Europe, when every town was a nearly self-sustaining, immobile, exclusive unit, and "foreigner" meant a man from twenty miles away as much as a man from overseas, every town did, by guild regulations, and so on, set up a tight protective system against every other town. In so doing it was merely applying hard sense to the facts of the situation. For under those rigid conditions, if Doxbury pastry cooks sent their wares into Roxbury, then Roxbury pastry cooks were out of employment until the Doxbury product was consumed. Gradually the economic ice melted; goods, persons, capital moved more freely; Roxbury could buy Doxbury pastry in full practical assurance that Doxbury would buy Roxbury jam and trim the ship. Free trade within national boundaries spread as a result of experience, gradually feeling its way.

Checking Theory by Facts

In that manner it now gradually spreads across international boundaries. In 1870 less than 5 per cent of the imports into the United States were free of duty and the average duty levied on all imports was 45 per cent. Now two-thirds of all imports are duty free and the average duty levied on all imports is 13 per cent. The proportion of free imports has risen and the average duty on all imports has fallen pretty steadily ever since 1870, while the average duty on dutiable imports has, as a rough-and-ready statement, hung around 40 per cent. The lowest protection was under Wilson, when the average duty on all imports fell to 6 per cent, and the duty on dutiable imports in one year was under 20 per cent.

But note that our imports of finished manufactures ready for use are more than double in value what they were before the war, and our exports of finished manufactures ready for use are two and a half times as great. Protection does not stop international trade. It is a method of carrying it on; a scheme that enables a nation to trade behind a barrier, with a view to full employment of its own labor. Nations with low wage scales find it useful as a matter of practical experience.

No theory can settle it. Indeed, no general theory about it, assuming to lay down a universal law, applicable everywhere every time, is worth a rap. Presumably freer international trade will come in the future as it has in the past, gradually feeling its way. For an offhand example, Belgium, Holland, France and Germany might form a customs union within which trade would be free. But beyond doubt, if they did it on theory, at one stroke, the immediate result would be many spots of demoralized trade. They must work it out carefully on the facts.

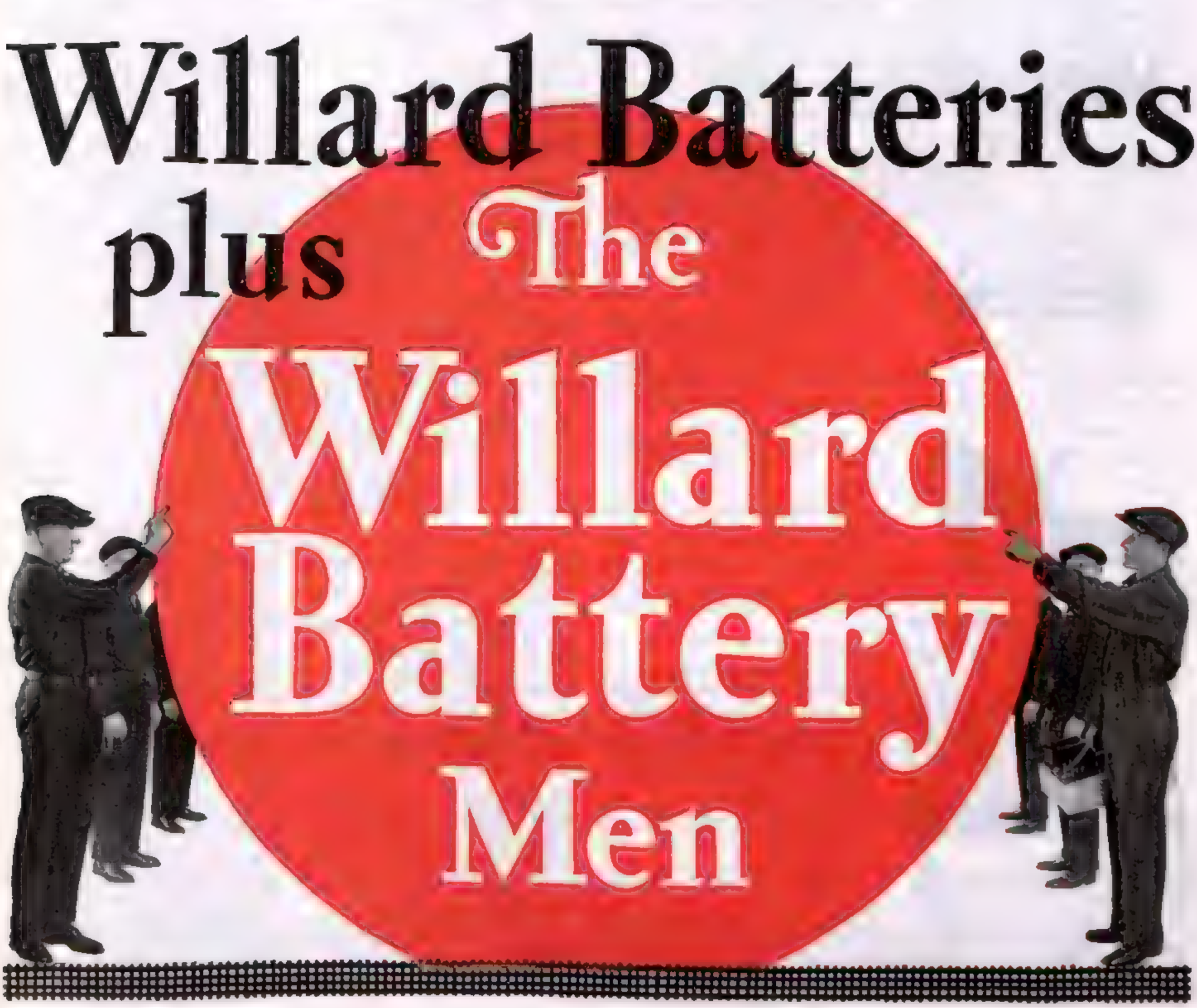
In no other secular subject that I can think of is it so necessary to check theory constantly by the facts.

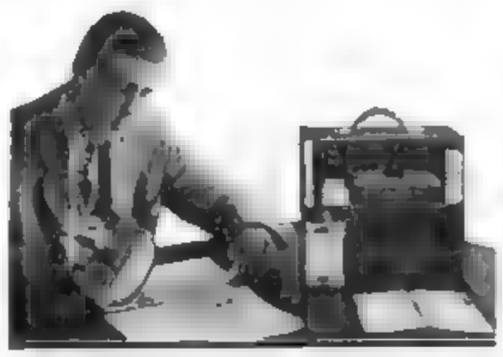
FOR TODAY'S JOB IN YOUR CAR

Good roads and high speed cars have joined hands. Under their influence car owners may crowd a normal year's work for a battery into six months, or less. More driving means more starting, and today's high compression engines take more battery power each time they are started. Thus, the battery job grows.

Willard and the car builder have foreseen this. A battery has been perfected for today's job. You will find this battery in the majority of all makes of this year's cars. Like all Willard Batteries it has been built to serve you better, to save you more.

Willard Batteries plus The Willard Battery Men





A Print-Shop on Your Desk

The biggest Multistamp could hide under your hat and costs only $25.00 completely equipped, but it will duplicate LETTERS, POST CARDS, NOTICES, FORMS, MENUS, TAGS, LABELS, DRAWINGS, HANDWRITING. Prints on paper, cloth, wood—any smooth surface.

No Delays

Just write, typewrite or draw on a dry stencil, snap it onto Multistamp. Roll off the prints, perfect copies,—40 to 60 per minute—right at your desk. No type to set. No moving parts. Anyone can operate it easily. Inks from the inside. GUARANTEED.

LETTER SIZE $25.00
POST-CARD SIZE $15.00
RUBBER-STAMP SIZE $7.50

All Three in Handsome Metal Cabinet $50.00
(Prices F. O. B. Factory)

MULTISTAMP
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

Over 150,000 USERS
Write for Catalog and Samples of Work

THE MULTISTAMP COMPANY INC.
525 W. 20th St., Norfolk, Va.
Agencies in most principal cities
Salesmen & Dealers wanted in a few open territories

FASHION WELT
ENNA JETTICK
Health Shoe
$5 COMBINATION LAST $6
Prices Slightly Higher in Canada
Narrow and Extra Narrow Wide and Extra Wide

"A boon to those women who have been obliged either to pay high prices or take poorly fitted shoes."

You no longer need be told that you have an "expensive" foot.

Your dealer or Enna Jettick Shoes—Auburn, N.Y.
You'll Stride with Pride in Enna Jetticks

New Kind of Glass Cleaner Offers Agents $6.00 a Day

Men and women everywhere are making $1 $2 [illegible]

JIFFY GLASS CLEANER CO., 1053 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

"Don't Irritate Him"

Somehow he couldn't look well-groomed. If a clean finger nails of the morning were a total loss by noon. But not after he began to [illegible]

The H. C. COOK CO., 5 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers MADE

Gem Jr. 35c

SUGAR BOY

(Continued from Page 11)

gaze. It dwelt, for a ghastly moment, on a flash-light snapshot of Mitford Pym himself; his mouth open, his wide, startled eyes twisted sidewise in a leer of utter villainy.

"You needn't say anything," he managed to inform Averey. "I was just writing out my resignation when you knocked."

In Averey's drooping eye Pym detected a kindling of interest—interest unmistakably morbid.

"Resignation?" The tone gave the word its due solemnity. "Then the story's true?"

"Some of it," said Pym. He lifted hopeless shoulders. "Enough. I believed that the—the lady was unmarried. I never heard of Mr."—it required a sensible effort to take the barbarous surname upon his lips—"Mr. Immick until yesterday."

Averey opened the pink paper to its grayish core. Even in reverse Mitford Pym could recognize the headlines:

HEAVEN-EYE MAMMA'S OWN STORY
BY ENID W. IMMICK

He shut his eyes uselessly. The type had printed itself indelibly upon the tissues of his retina.

"She says here," declared Averey, "that you knew she was happily married before you met her."

Pym repeated the movement of bowed, beaten shoulders.

"Even in confidence," he said, "I regret to dispute a lady's statement. But the truth is that she definitely and repeatedly assured me that she was not married. If I had known, quite aside from the moral and ethical considerations involved and in spite of the singular temporary insanity from which I seem to have suffered, I doubt, Averey, whether it would have been possible for me to—imagine myself in love. The name—I can't believe that I could have brought myself to love a lady named Immick."

The reasoning had weight with Averey. He nodded thoughtfully.

"It was a trap, then," he said.

"It has caught me, at any rate," Mitford Pym smiled bravely.

Averey's glance rested now upon boxed-in bold-face type inset in the heart of Mrs. Immick's self-revelations. Again memory served Mitford Pym in lieu of actual perusal; his lips tightened; every word of that letter was etched with hot acid upon his anguished soul.

"You—you wrote this?" Averey looked up. For Mitford Pym there was suddenly a kind of relief in the degradation of confession.

"I wrote it," he said, "and a good many more. Some of them are even—even more fervently expressed than that one."

"Pym"—Averey leaned forward—"you must settle this matter at once, and out of court. I offer you the advice both as a friend and as an attorney. You must not attempt to fight it out in court. This letter alone ——"

Pym smiled again—the smile of a man dead to hope.

"I have offered to pay every penny I've got in the world, outside of the trust funds, which I can't touch. I've even offered to sign notes to be paid out of future income from those trusts. I've lowered myself to grovel like a beggar before the pettifogging little shyster who represents this man Im—Immick. And he absolutely refuses."

Avery wagged his head.

"You should have put the matter in the hands of counsel. This lawyer takes it for granted that you can be bled into increasing your offer."

"He knows more about my affairs than I do," said Pym. "I don't know how or where he got it, but he had an absolutely accurate list of every bond, every share of stock I own, in and out of trust. He showed it to me when I made a tentative offer of ten thousand. He knows that there's nothing to be gained by pressing this action in the courts, and yet he insists on pressing it. I pointed out to him that this would mean almost as much distressing publicity for his clients as for me, but not even this affected him."

Avery gathered his white brows.

"Pym," he said, "there's some mystery here. Why, the man himself—the lawyer, I mean—can hardly hope to escape the—the notoriety involved in such a cause. You must have managed to give him the idea that you have concealed assets enough to warrant this course on his part. If you had put the matter in the hands of your own attorney ——"

A triple knock, singularly touched with levity, a rat-tat-tat as flippant as the heel tap of a clog dancer, sounded against the door panels. Frowning, Mitford Pym demanded brusquely who was there.

By way of answer the door opened; Pym's frown darkened to a scowl as Denny Blaine entered. He did not like Blaine; frequently he had regretted the indiscretion of the governors in admitting him to the Patroons. Of all his fellow members there was none whose presence at this moment could have been less welcome. Blaine was buoyant, almost breezy; born in a lower stratum he would have been a back slapper, the joiner of convivial secret orders, a man of the type whose friends describe him as a grand little mixer. In the decent decorum of the Patroons Club he was an exception, a jarring note.

He advanced, now, with a gayety as ill-timed as loud laughter at a funeral.

"Well, well, well!" He beamed on Mitford Pym. "You old rascal! I never thought you had it in you!" Amazingly, incredibly, he offered his hand, a hand unmistakably tendered not in condolence but in congratulation.

Aghast, Mitford Pym discovered that he had been brought so low that he actually liked Blaine's obtrusive geniality, that his hand ignobly consented to be seized and stoutly shaken, that his shoulder accepted, basely comforted, the accolade of Blaine's approving palm.

"It's very decent of you to take it like this," he said, "after the way I've let the club down. Thanks, Blaine."

"How do you mean—let the club down?" Blaine's eye widened. "The best little old word painter since James W. Petrarch! You're there, Pym—you're there all four ways from the ace!"

Mitford Pym winced. "Thanks," he repeated nervously. "Of course I'm resigning. I ——"

"Resigning? What for?" Blaine stared. Pym spread his hands. If Blaine couldn't see the necessity for himself, there was no use in trying to explain it.

"All this—this notoriety," he began. "There's a crowd of reporters and cameramen on the sidewalk ——"

"And what kind of notoriety do you expect to hand us by quitting now?" demanded Blaine with heat. "What do you think the papers will have to say about it tomorrow?" He moved his hand in a way which suggested with singular vividness a staring parade of block letters across a pink page: "Sugar Boy Pym Gets Gate from Patroons; Clubman's Cronies Give Him the Air!" He made a sound midway between grunt and growl. "Want to make us look like a lot of cheap sports? Want to ——"

Averey interrupted. "I think there's a good deal in what Blaine says, Pym. It could be made to wear that look."

"It couldn't be made to wear any other," said Blaine. "Who's your lawyer?" he went on. "He must be a hot one—not to see that resigning from your clubs would be the prettiest little way to cook your case!"

"I don't need any lawyer," said Mitford Pym shortly, his old dislike reviving under the tone.

"Oh, no! Not any more than a goldfish needs a bowl!" Blaine chuckled ironically. "A man in your shoes can handle a holdup like this better than Abe Hummel, I suppose! Going to fight it out yourself, eh?"

"No," said Pym simply and with dignity. "I'm not going to fight it at all. There's nothing to fight. They've got me."

"You mean to sit there and tell me you're going to let them shake you down? Going to settle a stickup like this out of court?"

"I only wish I could," said Pym. "I've already offered them everything I've got, but they insist on"—he swallowed—"on taking it to trial."

"Of course they do!" Blaine spoke impatiently. "Where would they get any advertising out of it without a trial?"

"Advertising?" Pym echoed the word weakly. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"That!" Blaine jerked his hand at the newspaper. "Headlines—pictures whoopee! That's what they're after, of course—more than your money."

Bleecker Averey sat up. "Do I understand you to suggest, Blaine, that this this notoriety is actually welcome to the movers in this cause?"

Blaine spread his hands helplessly. "Do I have to tell you that? Where do you suppose the papers got those photographs? Do you think Pym's cutie's writing her memoirs for 'em against her will? Who gave 'em this letter of Pym's? Oh, no, publicity isn't welcome to 'em! Gosh, how they just dread it!"

A glance of shocked enlightenment passed between Pym and Averey.

"The theory," said Averey, "incredible as it may seem, does offer an explanation of their refusal to consider a private settlement."

"I'm afraid Blaine's right," said Pym. "I remember"—he winced, went on stoically—"I remember occasions when it seemed to me that—that Mrs. Immick spoke rather—rather wistfully about the unfortunate woman who killed her husband with her manicure scissors. At the time I didn't understand, but it seems to me now that it was—well, the publicity of the affair that she envied."

Bleecker Burnside Averey clicked his tongue softly against his teeth. Denny Blaine chuckled.

"You're beginning," he said, "to show almost human intelligence. And it's about time! You need the smoothest lawyer in the business and you need him b-a-d! If you don't get busy with a bang you're going to get stung for your last jitney!"

Mitford Pym was so profoundly submerged in gloom that even the regrettable vulgarity of Blaine's idiom made no impression on his offended ear.

"It will happen," he said, "whether I fight or not. There's nothing to be gained by defending the action, Blaine. And if I let it go by default I can at least escape some of the—the publicity."

"That's the old never-say-die spirit!" jeered Blaine. "The Old Guard surrenders, but it doesn't get its name in the papers, eh? If you really mean that you're yellow all the way through, Pym, maybe you were right the first time about that resignation."

He slammed the door behind him. Pym's glance moved timidly to Bleecker Averey's.

"Pym," said Averey, "he's right! This cause must be defended, at any cost to your private feelings. You have no right to submit supinely to this barefaced extortion. Regardless of the event, it's your duty, as a point of principle, to resist. Submitting to blackmail is compounding a felony, in effect if not in fact. Pym, I'm sorry to say so, but you've got to fight."

Pym felt his shoulders straighten. Mysteriously, as he nerved himself to face the dreadful prospect, he found in his soul an unsuspected reserve of courage and resolve.

"All right," he said, speaking between his teeth. "I'll fight, then! I'll hunt up a lawyer the first thing in the morning and ——"

(Continued on Page 113)

Your store equipment ... *how did it stand the test of holiday shopping?*

A store that is properly planned and equipped can take care of peak-loads without the wild scramble that too often mars the pleasure of holiday shopping.

CROWDS, crowds, *crowds!* Scores, hundreds, perhaps thousands of your customers trying to jam months of normal buying into two or three weeks' time!

What kind of impressions did they take away from your store? Memories of orderly crowds, choosing quickly but carefully—memories of prompt, courteous, efficient service—pleasant transactions, pleasantly consummated? Or memories of hasty selections from merchandise improperly displayed—of a mad rush and scramble—hectic hours fighting to get the attention of harassed, overworked salespeople?

The answer is to be found in the type of fixtures you have.

For the real test of store equipment comes in the peak-load rush, when every moment counts, when every item must be displayed to best possible advantage, when every clerk needs all the help that the most modern time- and effort-saving equipment can give. If every merchant realized fully what Grand Rapids store planning and fixtures mean at a time like this—what they mean in terms of good will, what they mean *in dollars and cents*—practically every store would be Grand Rapids equipped. Nearly thirty years of leadership, thirty years of planning and equipping stores of every type and every size, thirty years of experience in solving weighty problems for merchants everywhere—all go into every store we plan, every piece of equipment we build.

Don't handicap your business with anything less than the best in store planning and equipment. Investigate now; a request for literature will not obligate you in the least—and may pave the way to a development undreamed of heretofore.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

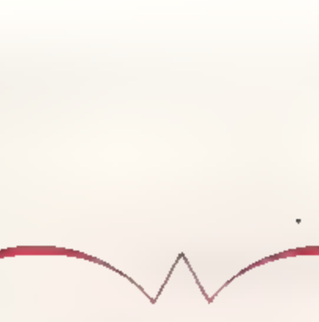
FORMERLY THE GRAND RAPIDS SHOW CASE COMPANY · WELCH-WILMARTH CORPORATION

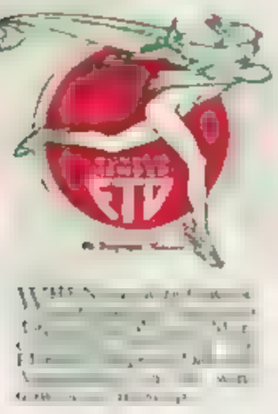
STORE PLANNERS—DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF FINE STORE EQUIPMENT FOR DEPARTMENT STORES, READY TO WEAR AND SPECIALTY SHOPS, HABERDASHERY AND MEN'S CLOTHING STORES, DRUG, JEWELRY, SHOE STORES ETC.

Executive Offices · Grand Rapids, Mich.
Representatives in every Territory ·

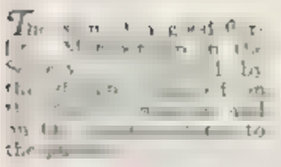
Factories · Grand Rapids, Portland, Ore
· · · Baltimore, New York City · · ·

Remember
FLOWERS
and she won't forget
YOU





Woman-like, she loves you for the little things you remember not to forget . . . . Flowers for the evening are to her a subtle symbol of your affection. Remember flowers and *she* won't forget *you!*



Say it with Flowers

(Continued from Page 110)

"If you wish," said Averey, "I will act for you. It's not my practice to offer, unasked, the services of my firm, but this seems to me a matter quite outside of precedent."

Mitford Pym caught in his breath. Bleecker Burnside Averey, of Averey, Bartlett, Bartlett, Bartlett, Averey and Bartlett, actually volunteering to champion and direct his lost cause! Averey, who had refused to argue the Tidewater case before the Supreme Court because two of the Tidewater directors were unworthy, socially, of the distinction!

"I haven't any right to accept it," he began. Averey dismissed the protest.

"It's settled, then." He rose, his chin lifted, in his face the look of an old war horse scenting battle. Again a tapping on the door interrupted—a timid, apologetic murmur of deferential knuckles.

"Well?" Pym spoke crisply. The voice of the hall man entered.

"Several gentlemen to see you, sir, in the Strangers' Room."

"Who?" said Pym sharply. A discreet cough came through the panels.

"Newspaper gentlemen, sir."

Pym drew breath for wrathful rebuke, but Averey stopped him.

"Wait," he said. "We gain nothing by needlessly antagonizing these men, Pym. I think it would be advisable to see them."

Pym shook his head. "I couldn't, Averey—I simply couldn't."

"Quite right." Averey nodded. "It's very much better if, for the present, you don't say anything for publication yourself and leave matters altogether in my hands. I meant to suggest that I go down and deal with these pressmen as your counsel. It's"—he hesitated—"it's quite within the usual line of duty."

Speechlessly grateful, Mitford Pym could only watch him go, erect and fearless like the old staunch warrior he was. The elevator whined. Alone, Pym paced the floor; it had been easier, in Averey's heartening presence, to look the hateful future boldly in the face. Now he shrank back from the abhorrent prospect that rose before him, a prospect in which flash lights puffed and flared about him, in which camera shutters clicked and chattered everywhere, and vulgar voices in a jeering clamor insolently addressed him by a pseudonym once holy and now unspeakably distressing. Dimly, trying to close his mind against it, he foresaw a crowded courtroom where, before a thousand staring eyes, Mitford Pym's naked soul would cringe and quiver while a rat-faced lawyer probed profanely into its most private reserves.

His physical eye, moving as if to escape that horror, fell helplessly on the scattered newspaper. It drew him with a morbid fascination; step by unwilling step he approached it, lifted it. Casehardened by misery, he could now contemplate the villainous snapshot caricature of his visage with almost impersonal detachment. The distortion of his features, he observed, was due to anger and astonishment; he had jerked his head just as the lens winked. The other persons portrayed had manifestly been forewarned and acquiescent. Enid's smile, girlish and guileless, was unmistakably a considered and rehearsed affair; the grim resolution with which Gabe W. Immick had faced the photographer, the look of infinite craft upon the countenance of his fox-faced counsel, were clearly matters of preparation and design. Only Mitford Pym, taken unawares, had done himself injustice.

He consulted the glass above his Spartan dresser and was dimly reassured. He did not look like the slant-eyed, guilty ruffian of the front page; hereafter, however unexpected, the camera would find him looking more or less as he looked now—a Saint Bernard moving with stately, unheeding dignity amid a pack of snarling, yapping curs. He turned his head slowly from side to side, examining a number of expressions from each angle, finding, at last, one that was wholly suitable.

Descending, his glance encountered the headlines of that inner page upon which Enid's Own Story began its setting forth. Boxed and blackfaced in the heart of the artless narrative, words sprang out to tear open the raw, bleeding gashes of his soul.

Deas a night-night letter to Heaven-Eye Mamma before Grea' Big Sugar Boy goes bye-bye to dream about Li'l' Honey-Presh.

Awed by the unsuspected stoicism of his resolute, embattled spirit, Mitford Pym read it through; his eye marched bravely onward through the final row of crosses. He knew, now, that there was in him the dauntless soul stuff needful to show the mob of howling savages who pranced about the stake that their paleface victim knew how to die!

II

DEALING methodically with the pile of letters on his writing table, Mitford Pym marveled for the thousandth time at his endurance.

He could read, without wince or quiver, the wheedling offer of The Naked Truth to pay him a round sum for his version of the blighted romance; he could contemplate the editor's suggestion that a ghost writer provided by the magazine would spare Mr. Pym the sordid toil of composition; he could even compel his eye to plod on through the promise to "headline the story in full-page newspaper advertising appearing in sixty cities, guaranteeing you a wider hearing than you can possibly secure through any other single channel."

Depositing this communication in the roomy wastebasket at his knee, Mr. Pym thought of that Chinese invention poetically entitled The Death of the Ten Thousand Slices. Perhaps, he told himself, a man condemned to that deliberate vivisection would learn, as Mitford Pym had learned, to endure its separate amputations with a kind of indifference, scarcely suffering from the excision of a seventh finger or the last quarter of an ear, drugged into a merciful apathy by the foreknowledge of final doom in which these trivial torments must inevitably climax.

Mitford Pym had suffered, to be sure, exquisitely, through all these days, but through all that blur of anguish there had been a kind of comfort in the certainty that worse was still before him. A man in a death cell, he thought, would scarcely feel a toothache.

Stoically his hand lifted another envelope, inscribed in purple ink and breathing forth an unsubtle exhalation of laboratory violet. His lips twisted sardonically; he had learned what to expect from such epistles.

Dear Sugar Boy:

The salutation had become so familiar that it no longer sickened Mitford Pym. He had come, indeed, to find in it a certain comfort; letters so begun, he had learned, were very likely to be warmly sympathetic.

Guess you will think it "fresh" of "poor, little me" to call you that, but it's how I always think of you, so am writing you to say there is one young girl just out of their "teens" that is "heart and soul" on your side. Every time I read one of your letters I feel like it must of been meant for me. . .

Mr. Pym's mouth relented a little as he read on. The signature was even more innocently artless than the text. Lassie Fayre! Before Mr. Pym's mental vision it lifted an appealing fancy—a girl in a gingham dress, a sunbonnet fallen back to reveal corn-silk hair; wide, sky-hued eyes; a child's frank, honest smile. He laid the letter gently aside. A kindly, dignified acknowledgment ——

Footsteps sounded in the corridor.

Looking forward to this moment, Mitford Pym had counted vaguely upon the proverbial courage of despair. This, he now discovered, was about to fail him. He stepped backward as the door knob turned, pure terror overwhelming him.

Bleecker Averey entered first, wearing the aspect of forced, false cheerfulness which Mitford Pym had learned to dread.

"All ready, Pym? It's time we started."

Denny Blaine stood in the doorway; curiously, his presence touched and comforted Mitford Pym; he almost liked Blaine—regrettably lax in certain superficials, perhaps, but at heart staunch and leal.

"Mind if I rally round, Pym? My car's outside. Take you down, if you like."

"Thanks." Pym's voice was strange and hollow in his ears. "It's white of you, Blaine, but you mustn't let yourself in for—for this."

"Blah," said Blaine. He straightened Pym's cravat carefully. "Nothing to fuss about. All over before you know it. Come along."

Pym suffered himself to be helped into topcoat, accepted the gray gloves, the stick, the square-crowned derby hat, a vague glow of gratitude warming him. It was all very well for Averey to look and act as if he didn't detest the vulgar notoriety in which friendship had involved him; all very well for Denny Blaine to pretend that his loyalty had cost him nothing. Both, Mitford Pym knew, were only lying about it—lying out of compassion and kindness. His heart went out to them as the elevator's melancholy whine groaned over the descent; in the hallway a group of other members greeted him with the same well-meaning pretense of good cheer. Only as he came to the door and saw the waiting knot of staring strangers, the tripods of movie cameras, did despair come back upon him. He shrank away.

"I can't go through with it," he said. "I just can't! I don't care if they win the case."

"Nonsense!" Averey spoke with kindly sharpness. "You can't back down now, Pym. It would be a rather shabby thing, after letting me face this sort of thing as your counsel, to hoist a white flag when the fight's all but won!"

"I can't stand it," said Pym between set teeth. "I can't go out there and ——"

"Walk between us," said Averey. "Take the other side, Blaine. Now, quickly!"

Behind the screen of loyal flesh and blood Mitford Pym achieved the shelter of the waiting car; the puff and flare of flash lights filled the air; a calcium flare burned with intolerable whiteness; a roar of voices dinned upon his ears.

"Atta kid, Sugar Boy!"

The words disassociated themselves from the blur of noise; they lay comfortingly at the back of Mitford Pym's brain as the door closed and the car crept forward. He drew breath.

"See? You've got 'em with you right now!" Denny Blaine lighted a cheerful cigarette. "I tell you, Pym, it's in the bag! I'll give you one to three the jury doesn't even leave the box after you've told 'em your side of it!"

Mitford Pym's brief moment of uplifting hope had passed. After, stripped to his raw, quivering soul, he stepped down from the witness stand, what would it matter if the jury voted in favor of his purse? He conceived something of his old disdain toward Denny Blaine—a well-meaning, kindly sort, but hopelessly blind to the finer, nobler aspects of life. To Blaine the matter of a few tawdry dollars was the major issue here; he didn't even begin to realize that all of the money in the world could not add to or lessen the anguish to which, as long as breath was in him, Mitford Pym was inexorably doomed. He didn't even dream that to Pym the impudent approval of the mob was as intolerable as its disfavor; his calloused spirit felt none of the degradation through which Mitford Pym had passed, was passing. As a traffic signal halted the car Blaine leaned forward, pointing.

"Look at that!"

Unwarily Mitford Pym looked. Above the corner building, suspended giddily before a monstrous signboard, workmen filled in the outlines of a screaming legend:

"HAPPIES FOR MINE!"
SAYS
HEAVEN-EYES

Pym drew back, closing his eyes to exclude the vast counterfeit of Enid's smile,

A SOFT BLACK EASY WRITER

You'll like the VELVET. It writes well and wears well.

Ask for VELVET 557—No. 2—a great pencil down to the last inch.

SAMPLE OFFER—2 dozen for $1.00—singly, a nickel

Sold everywhere

AMERICAN PENCIL CO.
300 Fifth St. Hoboken, N. J.

A VENUS Pencil Factory Product

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

THROW YOUR VOICE

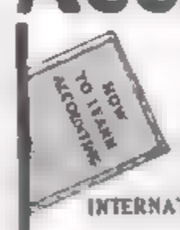
Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling the teacher, policeman or friends.

THE VENTRILO

a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. Never Fails. A 16 page course on Ventriloquism, the Ventrilo and 450 p. novelty catalog, ALL FOR 10c.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO. Dept. 319, Racine, Wis.

ACCOUNTING



The uncrowded, highly paid profession of Accountancy offers marvelous opportunities to ambitious men and women. Send for our 80-page book, "How to Learn Accounting," and the first easy lesson. Both will be sent *free*.

INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS SOCIETY, Inc.
A Division of the
Alexander Hamilton Institute
Dept. 96, 3411-A South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

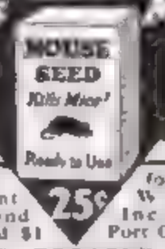
Let Allen Clear the Atmosphere.

FRESH AIR IS FREE WITH THE Allen Turbine Ventilator

Write for Free Catalog

Allen Air-Turbine Ventilator Co.
Lafayette & 14th Detroit, Mich.

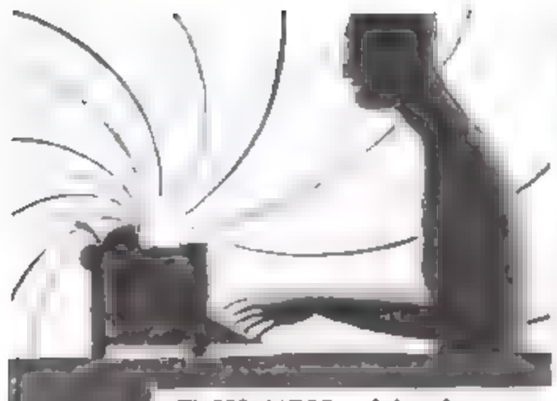
MOUSE SEED Kills Mice!



If your drug, hardware or department store hasn't it send name of store and $1 for 4 boxes, prepaid. W. G. Reardon Labs., Inc. 5 Mill Street, Port Chester, New York

NATURAL SEED TREATED CHEMICALLY

NO BAITS—NO TRAPS—NO MUSS

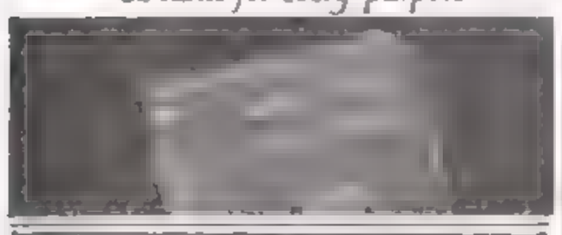


BUSINESS girls that stay young use modern methods because they are easy methods.

Webster's Little Handbook tells just which kind, weight and finish of carbon paper to use in simplifying *your* work. Write for free copy.

F. S. WEBSTER CO., Inc.
335 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
Branch Warehouses
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia
Pittsburgh, San Francisco

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK
Carbon Papers
A kind for every purpose

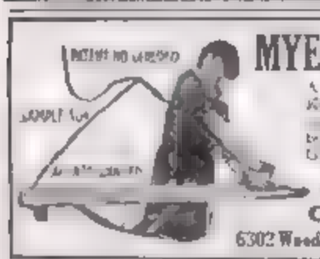


Thoughts slip swiftly, smoothly surely from the point of a Dixon "Ticonderoga" pencil. 5¢ each 60¢ a dozen

©1929

1000 Hotel Positions Open!

We absolutely contract to teach you all that the leading hotel experts know about the business. We put you in touch with positions. Our students employed by leading hotels everywhere.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room BC 4746 Washington, D. C.



MYERS Electric Iron Cord Holder
C. A. MYERS CO.
6302 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL MASS. U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELING
WIPES DRY

COMPLETE RADIO $10.90
Just what millions of homes have been waiting for. 100,000 already sold. Write today for folder number 29.
LEON LAMBERT MFG. CO., Wichita, Kans.

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

the flippant words in which she praised the least esoteric of cigarettes.

"Smoke 'em and lose!" translated Blaine. "That's what that sign'll mean this time tomorrow!"

Tomorrow! The word rang heavily through Pym's brain. After the ordeal immediately before him stretched an interminable parade of tomorrows, tomorrows through which Mitford Pym must endure his ineludible doom of celebrity, a lifetime in which privacy would be as unattainable as for—the famous simile found sudden force—as for a goldfish! Till death and perhaps beyond it, Sugar Boy! He saw the words chiseled in stone:

Sacred to the Memory
of
SUGAR BOY
[Mitford Pym]

The car slowed, stopped. Again, shielded between Blaine and Averey, Mitford Pym ran the gantlet of magnesium flares and clicking shutters, heard the blending tumult of voices:

"That's him! That's Sugar Boy!"

He was in a high, gloomy corridor; a policeman in uniform on guard before a door waved permission to pass; in the courtroom, hushed for a moment, a wilderness of staring eyes and open mouths, a sudden clatter of speech, a chair behind a table, a singsong chant, another hush as the judge entered. A pause while judicial majesty submitted to the insolence of flash lights. Again a merciful infolding blur through which Mitford Pym stumbled like a sleepwalker to the stand, through which somebody else, speaking with his voice, made level answer to Averey's deliberate interrogations, through which, at last, that other person calmly confronted the fox-faced lawyer for the enemy and replied to questions of immeasurable impertinence.

"In this letter, which you have admitted writing to the plaintiff, you send her something you describe as a woofle. Will you tell the jury just what you meant?"

"I meant," said Mitford Pym's lips, "a kiss. It was a kind of code word we made up."

"Oh, a code word, was it? And why was there any need for code words if, as you ask the jury to believe, you were not aware that the lady to whom you were writing was a happily married woman? What were you trying to hide, Mr. Pym, if you believed there was no reason for hiding anything?"

"It seems to me," said Mitford Pym's voice, while Mitford Pym himself cowered down amid the shattered ruins of his self-respect, "that the word 'woofle' doesn't hide very much."

"Oh"—the gavel rebuked a murmur of mirth unmistakably applauding—"oh, it looks that way to you, does it?"

"Yes"—the voice could actually sound complacent about it—"yes, it seems to me that none of the letters you've been reading to the jury sound as if they had been written to conceal emotion."

The murmur this time extended itself even into the jury box. Aghast, Mitford Pym discovered that a man could fall so low that there was actually a kind of pleasure in the sound. He observed, with the fringe of his attention, that a newspaper artist was swiftly sketching him: his head turned slightly to present a three-quarter view.

It was over at last. He was alone with Averey and Blaine in a dull, ugly room smelling of stale, cheap tobacco. Blaine was jubilant and even Averey's fine aristocratic countenance wore the aspect of restrained, decorous complacency.

"In the bag! Didn't I tell you?" Blaine's palm fell delightedly on Pym's shoulder. "I didn't think you had it in you, Mit! You were simply immense!"

Mitford Pym shook his head. The brief glow had faded. There was no pleasure in the memory of the sullen, outgeneraled fox face, the approving titter of the rabble. It didn't matter what the jury decided; nothing mattered, nothing would ever matter.

"It's all right, I tell you! They haven't got a prayer!" Blaine misinterpreted the fixed despair of Pym's set face. "It's all over but the shouting!"

"Hah!" All the bitterness of Pym's being went into the syllable. "All but the shouting! As if anything else mattered! As if I cared that"—he snapped his fingers—"about the silly verdict, when I've got to go on, facing"—he waved his arm in a passionate, inclusive gesture—"facing what I've got to face till I die!"

"What?" Blaine's face was frankly puzzled.

Again Pym swung his arm.

"Everything! Cameras snapping at me, reporters catching me by the sleeve, crowds yelling at me; even billboards and movies and radio making fun of me! Don't you realize that I'm a joke, a target for ——"

"Oh!" Blaine chuckled. "I see what you mean now. Don't worry, Mit. All that'll blow over before you know it."

"Huh! Before I die, if I live long enough!"

"If you live a week," said Blaine. "You're so wrong, Pym, that it's pathetic! Why, if you wanted to keep in the spotlight in this man's town you'd have to show pretty good cause. Nobody rates headlines here on past performances. Come up to my place in the Adirondacks for a couple of weeks, and when we get back, if you can find a cameraman who'll use up a film on you I'll eat his hat! If that's all that's worrying you, snap out of it! Unless you do something pretty dog-gone nifty to keep this case going you'll be just about as live news, ten days from now, as the second battle of Bull Run! In a month you'll have to pay regular advertising rates to get into print!"

"You're not serious, surely, Blaine?"

Averey's voice fell strangely on Pym's ear; the aristocratic countenance was curiously shadowed.

"Serious? I'm offering to bet on it—that's how serious I am! Why, it's comic—poor old Pym dreading the limelight when he's got no more chance of staying in it than a last month's murder!" Blaine laughed indulgently. "Why, if he keeps out of sight for a week, there won't be fifty people in the country who'll be able to tell you whether he's an Arctic explorer or an ex-candidate for President!"

Mitford Pym had a dim sense of conviction. Blaine, of course, exaggerated; it wasn't thinkable that such a sensational, spectacular case as this should fade so swiftly from the public memory, but perhaps, given time, the great, busy world would forget. It would again be possible after a lapse of years for Mitford Pym to show his face in public without fear of being greeted joyously as Sugar Boy! These things did, as Blaine put it, blow over. Even that affair of poor What's-his-name, a few years back—the rather decent chap who made such a fool of himself about that would-be opera singer, whose name also eluded the gropings of Pym's recollection ——

The summons to the courtroom trespassed upon his meditations. He rose abruptly, his shoulders squaring themselves, his head up.

"At-a-boy!" Blaine's shoulder slap applauded him. "Atta old fighting face!"

It was possible, Mitford Pym discovered, to undergo the stare of vulgar eyes without resentment, to harbor for the gaping rabble only a tolerant compassion that was almost kind. He heard, with serene composure, the decision of the jury, no movement of his facial muscles revealing the pang of relief and triumph that stabbed him through and through.

Five thousand dollars damages! It was, he perceived, a better vindication than a verdict flatly in his favor; it was as if the jury had said to Mitford Pym: "We know as well as you do that this is all a rather pitiful sort of fraud, but let's be gentlemen about it and save the little girl's face!"

Mitford Pym nodded in approving assent. It was all over; he would write a check and the affair would be closed. He would go with Denny Blaine for an interlude of mountain air and woodland quiet, and when he came back, if Denny had the right of it, the old anonymity would descend upon him. He would be a private citizen once more, escaped forever from the dazzling glare of celebrity. He would ——

Blaine was whispering exultantly while the fox-faced lawyer spurted legal verbiage at the impassive court.

"It's better than a win, Pym! They'd have appealed, sure, and that would have kept the thing alive till it was settled in the higher courts, but as it is you can pay up and get out of sight in half an hour! By the time we get back from the camp nobody'll pay any more attention to you than to a last year's straw hat!"

Pym's glance, consulting Bleecker Averey's face, read in it a grave assent. He was himself convinced; Blaine understood these matters. Pym could disappear for a brief space and return, unnoticed, to take up the old life, sink into the serenity and decent peace of deep, inviolable privacy. And yet, believing this, he was aware of a gray discontent; a sense of flatness lay upon him. He felt, too, that Bleecker Averey was in sympathy with this dull, nameless dissatisfaction.

"Shall I write a check?" He leaned forward to whisper. Averey lifted his shoulders.

"That," he said stiffly, "is for you to say. If you are willing to submit to this ridiculous travesty of justice, by all means settle. If you are willing to sacrifice principle for the sake of expediency, if you would sooner pay blackmail than endure a trivial degree of distasteful publicity, write out your check! But if it were my case, Pym"—his nostrils expanded a little and his head went up—"I would fight it all the way to the Supreme Court before I willingly paid one cent of tribute!"

"But you don't understand!" Blaine broke in impatiently. "All Pym wants is to escape any more publicity. If he appeals he's bound to keep the case alive. They'll go on chasing him around with cameras; they'll keep on playing up the story in the tabloids. He'll have to go through it all right over again."

"It doesn't matter," said Mitford Pym suddenly. "You're right, Averey. We'll appeal!"

Beyond the dingy doorway, flanking a narrow aisle across the sidewalk to Blaine's waiting car, two rows of cameras lay patiently in wait, a huddle of craning bystanders grouped about them. Just within the threshold Mitford Pym paused, filled his lungs, squared his shoulders. Blaine moved up at his left.

"Wait," he said. "We'll rally round the way we did at the club. If you duck your head and keep close behind us they can't get a clear shot at you."

Bleecker Averey advanced loyally at Pym's right. But Mitford Pym waved his hand with peremptory dissent.

"No," he said. "This is my affair. I'll see it through alone!"

Dauntlessly erect, his chin as magnificently right-angled as the square-topped derby, he strode forth, unshrinking, into the full glare, undiminished and undivided, of his publicity.

So *delicious*—so *healthfully effective*

IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS NO OTHER BRAN CEREAL ENJOYED BY SO MANY PEOPLE

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN!"

How delightful to know that a cereal with such a tempting flavor as Post's Bran Flakes is as effective as it is delicious! How natural that more people eat Post's Bran Flakes with other parts of wheat than any other bran cereal in the world! You need bulk in your food to help safeguard you against the dangers of constipation. And bulk is in Post's Bran Flakes. You need flavor to tempt you to eat the bran cereal which you need. Post's Bran Flakes is perfectly delicious.

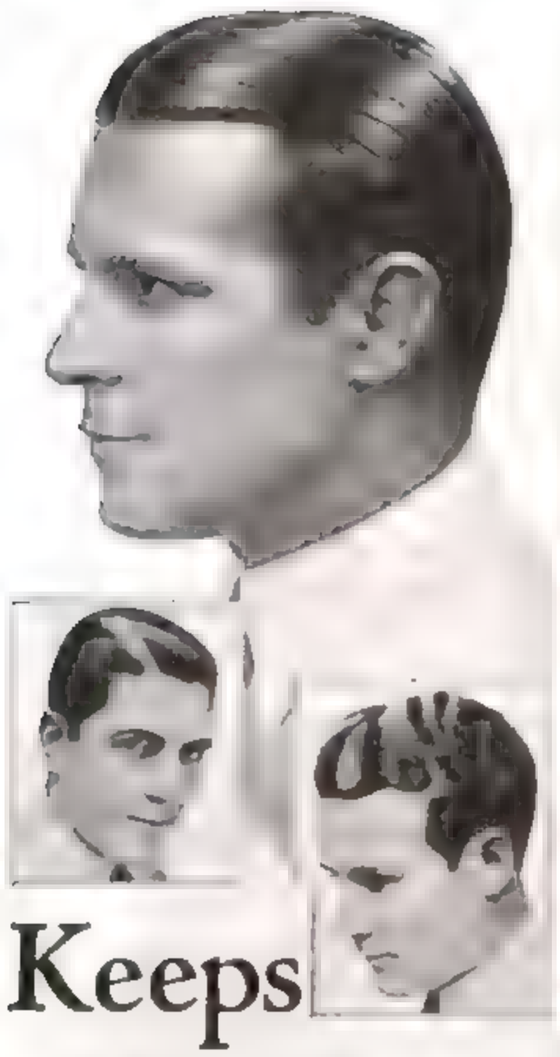
Eat Post's Bran Flakes each morning for the next two weeks. See how delicious it is with milk or cream, with fruit or in muffins or in bread! Eat it regularly—for regularity. Eat it regularly—because it's so good.

Cases of recurrent constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

© 1929, P. Co., Inc



Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Send This *Coupon*, Try it *FREE*

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 29-G-53
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid

Name .

Address .

MERRYMEETING

(Continued from Page 30)

He himself escorted the big man to his camp, to show him the drinking water and the water for washing, and to explain how he might extinguish the lamps when he was ready to retire. Afterward, he walked thoughtfully back to the dining room; but before he rejoined the others, he shook his head in philosophic resignation. Such unpleasant customers were a hazard of the trade.

Happy and Mr. Gillaspie left the landing at about quarter of five the next morning, and even Mr. Gillaspie's ebullience was somewhat dampened by the cold and chill of the hour before dawn. He was a bulky figure in the dim light, swaddled in layer upon layer of heavy clothing.

"I bet he's got on no less than six shirts," Happy whispered to Dave while he was filling his decoy box with live birds from the pen, and Dave grinned without reply.

When Happy had selected his birds and had loaded into the boat the guns, the shells, the luncheon and all the other gear, he bade Mr. Gillaspie get in and sit upon the decoy box; and the big man gingerly obeyed, while Happy steadied the boat and then took the oars, and a moment later they struck out into the stream. The morning was cold, yet the air was warmer than the water, so that faint threads of mist rose about them in the darkness before dawn.

Mr. Gillaspie discovered that they progressed crab fashion, and he said through chattering teeth, "Quite a current here."

"The tide's running in," Happy pointed out. "It's bucking the river current so that there ain't so much flow now. When the tide and the river are going out together, it's something fierce."

Mr. Gillaspie, huddled in his heavy clothes, peered out through the thin gray fog, trying to watch their course.

"Don't see how you know where you're going," he commented, some faint anxiety in his tones.

"Well, you have to know the river," Happy soberly explained.

There was another silence between them, and Mr. Gillaspie grew more and more nervous. But by and by they came to the edge of the flat and followed it thereafter, and Mr. Gillaspie took comfort from the sight of this tangible landmark close beside them. But his feet were cold and he was cold all over, and the necessity of sitting still was a long ordeal.

He said at last, impatiently: "How far are you going? We must have come two or three miles."

"I figure to set out our decoys down at the lower end of the flat," Happy explained. "Best chance there, with the wind southerly the way it is."

A little later he swung into a meandering channel and the grass shut them in on either hand. They came presently to an open pond hole, and Happy directed his passenger to get into the small duck boat which they had towed behind the skiff in which they rode.

"Just you set there," he said, "while I put out the decoys."

So the big man climbed stiffly from one boat to the other and huddled in the smaller craft while Happy laid a trawl to which at intervals the live birds were secured. They took to the water delightedly, splashing and quacking, and Mr. Gillaspie heard an occasional answering quack from somewhere off in the marsh.

Ten or fifteen minutes before legal shooting time, Happy had the decoys out. He anchored the heavy skiff in an appropriate position, securing it at either end so that it would not swing in the wind or the tide. About its gunwale he rigged a screen of grass and boughs, woven into chicken wire, and then he called to Mr. Gillaspie to row alongside. Mr. Gillaspie did so, in clumsy and inexpert fashion, fouling one of the decoys in the process. He climbed into the skiff with Happy, and Happy secured the smaller craft alongside, and they settled themselves to await the light and the coming of the birds.

They had for a while good sport enough. Twenty minutes before sunrise, a pair of ducks whirled and stooped to the decoys and Happy whispered: "Give it to 'em!"

Mr. Gillaspie tottered to his feet and five shots from his automatic clamored through the dawn. The ducks swung off untouched, but Happy, with a long shot, pulled one of them down in the grass beyond the pool—and Mr. Gillaspie cried, "I got one! What did you shoot for?"

Happy grinned. "Well," he said, "I didn't want to chase a cripple."

"I'll do the shooting," Mr. Gillaspie directed. "You go get that bird."

Happy stepped into the duck boat and started across the pond hole. Before he had gone two rods, he heard the whistle of wings in the air behind him and called a whispered word, and saw Mr. Gillaspie stumble to his feet and point his gun; but Mr. Gillaspie had forgotten to reload and the ducks hurriedly departed. Mr. Gillaspie swore, and Happy picked up the dead bird and returned to the boat uncommentingly.

Other ducks swung by; but Mr. Gillaspie, perhaps because he was still chilled and cold, had small success in stopping them. He cursed his gun, his shells and his guide. But as the sun rose and warmed him a little, he killed a bird or two and recovered somewhat his spirits and his confidence. He began to study the scene about them and to ask questions. He remarked the fact that the tide was lifting them higher and higher out of the grass, and Happy said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Yep. You take it at night, on the high tides like this one, and the main current runs right across the point here. I've seen it when two anchors wouldn't hold you, right here."

Mr. Gillaspie considered this statement. "I noticed in one of Bingham's circulars," he remarked, "that he warns gunners to stick to the boats."

"Yep," Happy agreed. "If you don't, you're apt to get stuck in the marsh somewhere, and the tide'll come up and catch you. There was a fellow got drowned here two years ago. He went out to try to walk up a duck and he stepped into a muskrat run and mired and couldn't get out. The tide caught him."

Mr. Gillaspie laughed somewhat tremulously and looked about him at the smiling flat, so treacherously beautiful. The day, as the sun broke through the morning clouds, was reasonably clear; and surveying their surroundings, he saw, two miles or so down the bay, the towers on either side of the Chops, and he asked Happy what they were.

"There's a power line there," Happy explained.

"Is that the outlet of the bay?" Mr. Gillaspie asked.

Happy nodded, and he added with a certain unction:

"They call it the Chops. You take it when the wind's easterly, and the tide and the current are going out together, and it's pretty wild there. Quite a job even for the tugs to get through."

"I wouldn't want to get in there with a small boat," Mr. Gillaspie hazarded.

And Happy said confidently: "I guess you wouldn't—not unless you wanted to swim. I'd just as leave go over Niagara Falls. They say it'll throw you right out of water and catch you when you come down."

About eight o'clock they opened the luncheon basket and had hot coffee and doughnuts. The morning flight had been brisk, but thereafter the birds ignored them, going up or down stream at a distance of a quarter of a mile, without even veering in their direction.

And Happy said at last, regretfully, "I'd ought to have brought a flyer. That would pull them in."

"Use one of these ducks," Mr. Gillaspie urged, but Happy shook his head.

"They ain't used to it," he assured the other. "They'd just flop down into the water and scare everything away. A regular flyer's what we'd ought to have."

But without such a decoy, they could only watch helplessly as the distant ducks went by. Up and down the bay they heard the fusillades as other gunners had their chances, and at each passing flock and at each distant burst of shots Mr. Gillaspie became more and more discontented with their own lot, more querulous, more given to abuse and complaint.

While they waited, they talked of the bay and its tricks and its terrors. Happy told how gunners had been marooned upon the marsh and forced to spend the long night in freezing water, wet to the skin; how they had come to more serious mishap when their boat overturned and their load and their heavy boots took them swiftly under; how, three or four years before, a gunner had gone adrift and broken his oar, and despite his best efforts had been carried down into the Chops and drowned there; how a Richmond man, an old-timer on the river, lost himself one evening in the fog and rowed in a blind circle until the Chops reached out to draw him to his destruction. He told these tales in a matter-of-fact tone, without emphasis, without letting it appear that they were extraordinary or unusual. And Mr. Gillaspie, who had a lively imagination, began to discover in the calm and lovely aspect of the bay, smiling in the sun, something sinister and appalling. It became in his eyes a fearful place, full of treachery and terror.

Some of the tales Happy told were very old, but he brought them in the telling to a period not too remote, so that Mr. Gillaspie exclaimed at last:

"Why, there must be five or six men drowned here every year!"

Happy appeared to tally these tragedies in his memory before he answered.

"There was four last year," he said at last—"either four or five. I don't recall which. And six the year before, and three the year before that, that I know of. But you're all right if you stick to your boat, unless the tide gets hold of you, or a fog comes along so's you can't see where you're going. There ain't a thing to worry about—not if you're careful. But you want to be careful, I can tell you."

High tide came that day at mid-forenoon, and for two or three hours the current tugged at them so that the skiff strained at her anchors. Happy pointed this out to Mr. Gillaspie.

"You take it if there was any wind," he said, "and the anchors wouldn't hold you at all. You'd be out in deep water before you knew it." He pointed out that one of the anchors had a bright new line attached. "She broke her other line here last week," he declared. "I had to go overboard and get the anchor and tie it on again or we'd have gone."

But by noon the ebb was well begun and the boat began to settle into the grass again; and Mr. Gillaspie, in this new security, forgot the fears which had for a while harassed him. Since these tremors were repressed, he had time to remember his discontent with the scanty shooting, and he recalled what Happy had said about a flyer and referred to it. Happy nodded ruefully.

"Yes, sir," he agreed, "I ought to have brought one. We'd be getting a lot of birds if we had a flyer here to pull them in." The wind, which had been southerly, had swung more to the east, and he scanned the eastern sky. "There'll be a lot of birds in along this afternoon," he promised. "Maybe we'll do better then."

(Continued on Page 118)

Changeless in their Beauty

REAL TILES

store up satisfaction for the years to come

TODAY, BATHROOMS LIKE JEWELS ARE BEING MADE WITH COLORED KERAMIC TILES

THERE is something wonderfully satisfying in the *integrity* of real tiles.

Their reality. There is no substitute for real tiles. They have a character, an individuality of their own that nothing else can duplicate.

Their matchless colors—burnt into them by fire, so that as long as the tile lasts, the color lasts.

Their enduring charm, that neither time nor use diminishes; that only mellows with the years.

Today architects and builders are everywhere using real tiles to give beauty, distinction, permanence to the simpler type of American home. Hardly a new house is being built that cannot boast at least one room done in real tiles.

IT is such a joy to have beautiful floors and walls whose color and texture charm the eye—whose qualities of endless wear make them proof against all the accidents of daily living.

Keramic Tiles afford this satisfaction. They staunchly withstand the scraping over of furniture, the assaults of the children's playtime, the vicissitudes of housekeeping. They show no mark, absorb no stain. Nothing causes them to deteriorate or to lose any of their original loveliness.

If you are building a new house, or remodeling an old one, consider the possibilities of Keramic Tiles.

Let us send you—*free*—our illustrated booklet, *Enduring Beauty in your Home through Keramic Tiles*, in which we discuss the possibilities and uses of this endlessly satisfying building material. Mail the coupon today!

ASSOCIATED TILE MANUFACTURERS
INCORPORATED

TILE-SETTING is a true craft, requiring a high degree of skill and workmanship. A competent job of tile-setting will give you results of enduring beauty—something you can regard with endless pleasure and satisfaction.

In your community there is an experienced tiling contractor, who can show you the different types of Keramic Tiles, answer your questions, make practical suggestions, and see that your tile job is efficiently and skillfully handled. Consult him if you are building or remodeling. *Associated Tile Manufacturers, Incorporated.*

A wonderfully interesting booklet . . FREE

Associated Tile Manufacturers, Incorporated, Dept. S-1,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, free of charge, your booklet, *Enduring Beauty in your Home through Keramic Tiles.*

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

K E R A M I C T I L E S

America's Winter Racing Capital is a short and beautiful ride from *the* GULF COAST

A Land of Legend

The Gulf Coast, over which five flags have waved, teems with historic places and legends. Here's one of them: "An Indian princess was wooed by a warrior of lower caste. Her chieftain father refused his consent to their marriage with the remark that never till the oaks grew in rings would his daughter marry this lover." At Biloxi, you'll see a giant oak, centuries old, grown in the form of a perfect ring. History doesn't record whether or not the chief relented.

Many winter vacationists like to break their stay on the Gulf Coast by a few days' visit to New Orleans, "America's most interesting city," where good theatres, the opera, racing, and scores of other attractions claim their interest and attention.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad operates splendid commuter trains from much of the Gulf Coast to New Orleans, with convenient hours of arrival and departure affording visitors the opportunity to spend a few hours in the city and return to the Coast the same evening, if desired. From those parts of the Coast further removed, frequent trains are run to New Orleans and also to the interesting cities of Mobile and Pensacola.

The Gulf Coast is right now at its most attractive season. Splendid duck shooting, quail, grouse, and other game; big fish and small ones from the ocean's depths or from inland lakes and streams; golf on perfect courses where there is just enough rainfall to keep the grass green and the temperature is cool enough to be invigorating; splendid motor roads and bridle paths along the Gulf or through semi-tropical forests; tennis; swimming in glass-enclosed pools—these are some of the attractions of the Gulf Coast, the great, sun-warmed shores which lie between the Apalachicola River in Western Florida and the city of New Orleans.

The Gulf Coast is easily and quickly reached by splendid L. & N. trains. It is a land of legend and romance, as well as a sportsman's paradise.

Write today for descriptive booklet and complete information. Address R. D. Pusey, General Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville R. R., Room 321-C, 9th & Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

L&N

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R·R

(Continued from Page 116)

"It's a fine thing," Mr. Gillaspie protested, "to bring a man out here when you aren't properly equipped."

Happy was scanning the eastern sky. "Yes, sir," he confessed, "I sure booted it when I didn't bring a flyer along." He seemed ashamed of his own omission, and as an occasional flock still passed them by, he said at last, as though upon a sudden determination:

"I tell you, if you don't mind setting here alone, I'll go up to the camp and get a flyer. The current's running out, so it will take me quite a spell to get there, but I can come back fast. Take me maybe an hour and a quarter. What do you say?"

"Go ahead," Mr. Gillaspie told him stridently. "Why didn't you think of that before?"

"Well, I did," Happy assured him. "But I didn't know as you'd want to set alone. All you got to do is stay in the boat though. If you shoot any birds down, let them go and I'll pick them up when I get back."

"Go ahead," Mr. Gillaspie repeated. "Don't waste any more time talking—go on."

Happy nodded. "Right!" he agreed. And he added: "I can make better time if I take the long oars." He took them out of the skiff and adjusted them in the rowlocks on the smaller duck boat. Mr. Gillaspie made no protest. The heavy skiff was almost aground and he had no further fears.

So Happy pushed the duck boat through the grass into the open water and departed, leaving Mr. Gillaspie alone.

The big man settled himself to watch for birds, glancing only now and then toward where Happy's boat grew smaller in the distance as the guide rowed upstream against the ebb. He mumbled once or twice, voicing his disgust, but he had no real misgivings. He had not yet discovered what Happy must have seen long before—that the east wind was bringing in a bank of fog from the sea a dozen miles or so away.

But when Happy was far beyond recall, Mr. Gillaspie chanced to look toward the eastern shore and he saw that it was already obscured by the fog that was rolling down into the bay.

He felt a faint dismay; and when, a little later, the first fingers of the mist reached out to twine about his boat, he shuddered with distaste. But without oars there was nothing he could do.

Five minutes later the world was blotted out. He found himself imprisoned between blank white walls of fog.

There is something terrifying about fog. The pilot on an ocean liner, driving ahead through its shrouding masses, feels his nerves draw taut, expecting momentarily the crash that means disaster. The watch on a fishing boat at anchor on the Banks listens with alert and fearful ears for the rush and hiss of a high iron bow like a great knife keen with death. Anywhere at sea in crowded waters you will hear the note of bells and horns and signals as the vessels fearfully advertise their presence, and even in these mechanical sounds there is a note of alert concern. Fog not only acts as a bandage across the eyes; it has an oppressive quality, so that it is hard to breathe. And serving as it does to deaden distant sounds, it lends an isolation insistent and appalling.

This even to the accustomed sense. But Mr. Gillaspie was, for all his boasting, a novice at such business as this. Despite his prowess at the traps, he had done little actual gunning, either afield or afloat. He found himself crouching low in the boat, as though to hide from watching eyes in the mists about him; and when now and then he heard the hiss of wings as a wisp of ducks came slanting in to the feeding grounds, he shrank and huddled, pointing his gun blindly this way and that. Once or twice he saw black dots in the white mist above him and pressed the trigger harmlessly, and the report came echoing back to him as though it rebounded from the walls of fog which prisoned him.

He tried to tell himself that there was no reason for his fears. The tide was ebbing, the skiff already rested on the mud. It would be hours before the water rose again; high tide would not arrive till nearly midnight. There was plenty of time for Happy to return, and Happy and Dave Bingham knew where he was and would attend to him.

"All I've got to do is sit tight," he told himself, over and over; "just sit and wait till they come."

Happy had said he would be back in something over an hour; but Mr. Gillaspie had made no note of the time of the guide's departure, so he could only guess how long Happy had been gone. He guessed an hour, and then two hours. The day was growing darker, and this confirmed his impression. Sunset would come, he knew, toward half-past four.

The east wind was cold and raw and he shivered to his marrow in its biting grasp. The fog flowed over him in rolling billows and drops of water formed on the screen about the boat and on his garments. By and by he forgot to listen for the wing beat of ducks passing above him; his ears waited only for the first far creak of Happy's returning oars.

Oars? The word brought him to a startled understanding of his own position. Happy had taken the oars out of the skiff, so that there remained to Mr. Gillaspie no method of propulsion till Happy should return. The big man began to perceive the hideous possibilities of his situation. Happy might not return; the young fool might get lost in the fog, might even be carried down into the hungry Chops, waiting a mile or two below to whelm him there, so that he would never come.

And Mr. Gillaspie's thoughts went further. He remembered how at high tide the current had tugged and strained at the skiff in which he sat. Just now he was practically aground, but at high tide he had been afloat, held insecurely by frail anchor lines. And the night tide, Happy had said, would have a ferocious hunger and a strength beyond that which had run this forenoon. The boat might well be torn from its mooring here.

Mr. Gillaspie remembered how swiftly that ebbing current ran, pressing toward the sea. Even with oars, a man would have difficulty in controlling this heavy skiff, once in its grip. Without oars, he would be helpless in the rapid flow.

And Mr. Gillaspie remembered the Chops, which Happy had described so acutely and so vividly, where even a tug was buffeted to and fro, where such a clumsy craft as this must be devoured entire.

He was by this time not only uneasy and alarmed; he began to be afraid. And he sought, by and by, for something he might do. Happy must by this time be looking for him. Mr. Gillaspie decided to signal so as to direct the guide's returning course. He fired a single shot; and then because that might not be recognized as a signal, he fired three more, reloaded and let go a volley of five. And thereafter he waited for long minutes that seemed hours for some answering discharge.

He heard nothing, and he tried to think. A single shot would be supposed to have been fired at a duck. A volley meant a flock. He sought to discover some combination which would surely be recognized as he intended, and he decided at last that if he fired a single and then, after a brief interval, two shots in quick succession, no one could imagine he was shooting at ducks. So he tried this.

But he heard no response. The fog seemed thicker, the day darker; night would soon be here.

He fired at last for a while in volleys of five, reckless, unthinking. But by and by his shells were gone, and still there was no sign of Happy's return. Deep silence lay all about—a silence full of little dripping, lapping sounds. The waters whispered

(Continued on Page 121)

The logical development of Steel

WHEELING COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

IT IS with confidence that we board a train, an ocean liner, or even our own car, and trust our lives to the dependability of steel. Such confidence has been born of experience with steel in every-day life. We live in the Age of Steel.

With steel, the most useful of all metals, we have been able to build, manufacture and develop commerce on a vastly larger scale than ever. This is because steel can be actually compounded to the job—to do what we want it to do—quicker, better and at lower cost.

It was in anticipation of the time when people would expect more than ever from steel that the development of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, was undertaken twenty years ago by the Wheeling Steel Corporation. Now, even in a tin can, an ice box or a railroad car, there is expected and demanded today a quality that will conserve capital and increase the value of investment—*and* COP-R-LOY *qualifies.*

COP-R-LOY is a refined alloyed steel for manufacturers, produced in all customary forms. The maker also provides it in Wheeling Pipe, which makes possible more efficient and more durable plumbing, heating, gas, steam and refrigerating lines. COP-R-LOY

Pipe is the alloyed steel pipe which architects specify for the million dollar building or the ten thousand dollar home.

Railroads use COP-R-LOY Pipe because it not only performs the duty required but definitely answers the age-old question—how to prolong the usefulness of pipe. COP-R-LOY renders similar service in sheets for metal work of modern homes, institutions and business buildings — and for countless products necessary to the wellbeing of thousands of people.

You, too, can be assured value from purchases of products made of steel, and maximum return if they are made of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel.

"FROM MINE TO MARKET"

COP-R-LOY

WHAT IT IS

COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, is a refined steel to which, while molten, pure copper has been added. It is distinguished from other ferrous metals by the fact that in its making the essentials of strength, malleability and indifference to fatigue are *combined* with greater durability—a quality of vital importance wherever the tendency of metals to deteriorate has been a problem. This addition of copper also makes possible better coatings and finishes, and a more attractive appearance in articles made from COP-R-LOY, as well as longer life.

HOW AND BY WHOM IT IS USED

COP-R-LOY affects the interests of practically all people because it is the material from which useful products are manufactured, such as Roofings, Gutters, Spoutings, Lath, Ventilators, Casements, Clothes Chutes and Dryers, Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators, Pipe, Fence, and countless other articles required for the modern home and modern living. COP-R-LOY, made in sheet, plate, rod and pipe form, enables many manufacturers of these things to meet today's standard of quality and service at reasonable retail cost.

HOW IT IS SUPPLIED BY THE MAKERS

The Wheeling Steel Corporation, producers of perfected COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, supply it in a number of forms to manufacturers, railroads, public service corporations and distributors of steel products. Also they supply to the plumbing, steam-fitting and petroleum industries COP-R-LOY black and galvanized Pipe; to metal workers, black and galvanized Sheets, Terne Plate, etc.; to manufacturers of Cans, Containers, and others requiring light-gauge, durable steel, Black Plate and Tin Plate, and even Decorated Plate ready for forming and stamping. Important among COP-R-LOY products ready for the user are Wheeling Hinge Joint Fence and Barbed Wire, made of COP-R-LOY, for the farm.

The Wheeling Steel Corporation, with its historical background in iron and steel dating back to 1715, profits by experience of over two hundred years, with present-day resources embracing ownership and control of every factor entering into the production of steel "from mine to market." It is only natural, then, to expect from this source such an important development in the realm of finer steel as COP-R-LOY, as well as standard Steel Sheets which form the bodies of America's fine cars; the Tie Plates and Spikes which secure the safety of the rails of overland transportation, as well as the Steel for cars that travel their length.

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Subsidiary Companies:

Wheeling Corrugating Company · Consumers Mining Company
Pitt Iron Mining Company · La Belle Transportation Company
La Belle Coke Company
The Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies
Ackermann Mfg. Co.

Write for the book that tells in non-technical manner how COP-R-LOY *affects your interests in more ways than one.*

QUICK DESSERT NEEDED?

Just obtain this cake at your grocer's. Then note how guests enthuse!

It is a Hostess Cake that you ask for.
And a single trial will,
I believe, prove its benefits to you

BY ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

MADAM: If delicious, quick desserts are your aim, this advertisement brings you good news.

It is about those delicious Hostess Cakes that so many women are acclaiming these days.

It tells why these cakes are recognized today as the outstanding achievement of modern baking. And how, through their utter goodness, they have banished baking from millions of homes.

It tells of their flavor, their freshness, their attractive appearance. And the painstaking methods by which they are baked.

So please, simply in fairness to yourself, read the remarkable story printed below. And then, if what I say appeals to you, order a cake without delay.

HONESTLY, YOU NEVER TASTED anything so delicate and delicious as these chocolate cup cakes. Your choice of chocolate or vanilla icing. Five cents for two is all they cost you.

Why these cakes win friends

Each Hostess Cake, you'll find, is absolutely perfect. Fresh. Light in texture. Delightfully attractive. And we offer you a varied choice.

A Silver Bar for the children. Cup Cakes widely chosen for exclusive teas and luncheons. Rich, luscious Layer Cakes. Devil's Foods.

Quite obviously such cakes could never result from haphazard, careless methods.

Every step in their making is backed by years of careful study.

Our special staff of sixteen food experts test every single batch of ingredients.

Our flour is a mixture of the country's choicest wheats. Soft winter wheat from the North. White wheat from the West. And the famous red wheat from Northern Ohio. All blended by our special formula.

Our butter must test "point ninety-two score" by actual United States Government tests. The highest grade creamery butter, thus, that money can possibly buy.

Our milk is twice pasteurized. Carefully heated to 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Then instantly cooled to guard against bacteria.

Our sugar is 99.7 per cent pure. Our eggs must pass five rigid inspections.

To insure highest standard quality we make all our own flavorings. Our vanilla is actually aged in wood for six months. No artificial coloring or preservatives are ever used.

Do you wonder then, Madam, that these cakes win all who try them? Do you wonder they have banished baking from millions of American homes?

Please note below the actual recipe by which our famous Silver Bar is made. If you wish, bake one of these cakes yourself. Then compare with our original.

Once our cakes secure a trial, we rarely lose a customer. Hence our earnest request that you obtain one today at your grocer's.

Now just this one word of caution.

With all their remarkable superiority, Hostess Cakes cost no more than ordinary brands. And hence you can see to accept a substitute is utter folly.

Send for my free booklet

If you wish, I will send you my new booklet, "Hostess Hints." It is crammed full of delicious desserts. New ideas for entertaining. Advice on choosing the proper menu.

I have provided a coupon for your convenience. Kindly mail it today.

THE ACTUAL RECIPE, MADAM, of our Silver Bar Cake, shown below. 1 cup confectioner's sugar, ½ cup butter, ¾ cup Crisco, 4 cups soft cake flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, cup milk, teaspoon vanilla, pinch of salt, 12 egg whites, 1 cup granulated sugar.

THIS PINEAPPLE LAYER CAKE is made of two layers of egg sponge, iced with fresh pineapple fruit frosting

Hostess Cakes

A CONTINENTAL PRODUCT

© C B Co. 1929

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co., 285 Madison Avenue, New York City ($5)

Please send me FREE my copy of "Hostess Hints."

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 118)

and the decoys fed cheerfully in the pond hole, and Mr. Gillaspie once or twice looked over his shoulder, like a man who suspects spies are watching him.

Then he began to shout. He shouted till his throat rasped and his voice grew husky and he could shout no more. But when he fell silent, the fog was silent too.

He was no longer merely afraid—he was desperate with growing panic. The very silence which surrounded him had something deadly in it. He watched the water in the pond hole where the decoys were and discovered that it no longer ebbed away. Slack tide. The flood would soon begin to flow, would presently return and catch him here.

So Mr. Gillaspie's fears drove him at last to try to help himself. His first thought was that he might walk up the flat toward the camps, shouting as he went, but to do so meant to leave the boat behind. For precaution's sake he must take the boat along. He might have worked it into open water, but without oars he dared not risk leaving the sheltering grip of the grass; so he decided to drag the boat through the marsh as he moved along the margin of the flat.

With this panic-stricken resolution, the big man stepped overboard at the bow into an inch of water and a foot of mud and laid hold upon the gunwale and gave it a terrific tug. The boat slid toward him so easily that he was near sitting down; he took a backward step and pulled again. And this time the boat stuck fast so that he lurched against it. He made two or three such essays, in a blind fury, before he realized that the boat was anchored; and he took the anchors up and threw them into the craft in a tangle of lines and grass.

Then he began to drag the boat after him across the pond hole, where the decoy ducks scattered with loud outcry. He tugged it on into the thick grass beyond.

This was not an easy task which Mr. Gillaspie had attempted. The boat was heavy, and the muddy bottom not only made his footing uncertain but it had a power of suction, so that it seemed to attach itself to the skiff. Also the grass was stiff and stubborn. So Mr. Gillaspie labored arduously, and at intervals more or less regular he fell. Sometimes he sat down backward, sometimes lurched to one side. And sometimes the boat, answering his tugs more easily than he expected, cracked him on the shins.

He got behind it once and tried to push it before him, but from this position he was forever toppling on hands and knees in the mud.

It grew for a while no darker, and that encouraged him. But he presently discovered that the open water at the edge of the flat was no longer in sight. The marsh grass lay all about him, a dun field in the dim light. He had meant to keep near the channel so that he might shout to Happy or see the guide if he were following the border of the grass; and Mr. Gillaspie swerved now to return, as he thought, in that direction. But by the fog his senses were confused. He turned the wrong way.

He stopped suddenly once, thinking someone followed him. But when he looked back he saw only fog, and when he shouted, there was no reply.

The man was no longer cold. His own efforts had warmed him: the tremendous bulk of unnecessary clothing which he wore kept him at furnace heat, and his face was streaming.

Also he was wet to the waist and his arms were soaked in mud and water to the shoulders. But a frenzy possessed him. When sheer exhaustion brought him now and then to a pause, a lively recollection of the current and the river and the Chops, waiting to devour him down below, spurred him to new activity again.

His progress was insufferably slow. By tremendous effort, he moved the skiff a yard; by another straining lunge, he moved it a foot; a third wrench moved it three inches. Then he had to stop to fill his gasping lungs and let his heart cease its furious pounding. And when he stopped, the cold sweat of fear broke on his brow and he plunged at his business again.

He came by and by upon a great flat furrow cut across the marsh, where the grass was all pressed down, and he stared at it stupidly for a moment before he recognized it as the track he himself had made. He knew then that he was circling aimlessly, and this appalled him as the distant rumble of thunder appalls a person afraid of lightning; it was like a presage of disaster. He tried to order his fears and assort his intentions. A straight line—that was the thing—he must keep a straight line through the marsh.

To do so entailed new effort, for the skiff perversely chose to swing askew; it liked to slide off to right or left of the course which he intended. Also, it was now suddenly dark, and his haste increased with his desperate fatigue. When presently the skiff moved more easily, he accepted the relief with gratitude. It did not at once occur to him that this relief resulted from the rising of the water; and when presently he understood, the man was near shrieking with affright and with dismay. The tide was in fact running in. The water, as it rose, trickled through the grass, following little channels here and there. He could hear its murmur, and he put his hand in it and felt the faint pressure of the current, and he shuddered. That soft pressure would presently increase till it became a tearing and resistless flood.

As he went on he had again that sense of being followed, but he could see nothing. There was a gray dusk about him now, and black night seemed to steal upon him through the gray. Mr. Gillaspie was so near exhaustion that he had to rest. He crouched for a while in the skiff, huddling in its bottom to escape the wind, silenced by his fears, willing to await destruction. But the skiff lifted under him and swayed a little, and at the realization that it was already adrift, he sprang into action once more.

He might have put out the anchors, buried them in the mud and grass, and waited with what hopes he could command. But the man could not endure passivity. He began to advance again, towing the boat heavily behind him, laboring and splashing in water already above his knees. Now and then he fell; and once, when he fell in a little channel where the water was somewhat deeper, the skiff slid forward atop his legs as though it sought stealthily to press him down. He fought it off as though it had been a live thing, screaming at it stridently; and he climbed into it, in a panic, and stood there shivering. Then the skiff drifted a little through the grass, and he scrambled overboard again.

In this desperate movement, he stumbled on the gunwale and the skiff shipped water, inches of it, so that the craft floated thereafter sluggishly, and Mr. Gillaspie perceived this with a clamor of fear and tried to bail the water out with his cap. There was a can under the stern seat, but in the darkness he could not see it there.

He was clumsy at the business; and he began to be very cold, to surrender to a numb despair. When he set out through the marsh once more, towing the skiff behind him, it followed easily enough. But the man was too weary to make haste. He crept through the darkness and the fog like a sluggish snail. It was hard to be sure that he moved at all.

He scarce knew it when Happy Brash appeared before him in the night and fog.

Happy and Dave put him to bed that night, but Mr. Gillaspie submitted silently to what was done to him. He slept late the next morning—a sleep disturbed by dreams. Happy woke him about eight o'clock, building a cheerful fire in the stove, and when Mr. Gillaspie stirred, Happy grinned at him, and said, "I 'lowed you wouldn't want to gun early, so we let you sleep. Dave and Mr. Luther's gone out."

He stayed to talk while the other got into his clothes. Mr. Gillaspie was full of awed surprise at his escape from death, and already he discovered in the adventure an intoxicated satisfaction.

"Say, it was lucky you found me," he pointed out, in a boastful tone.

"You wan't more'n a hundred yards from where I left you," Happy assured him. "But you'd milled around a lot."

"Hours," Mr. Gillaspie agreed. "Yes, sir, I was lost good and proper. I'm lucky to be alive. I must have dragged that blasted skiff for miles."

"You didn't go far," Happy said maliciously. "I guess for once you didn't travel as fast as you do in that car of yours."

Mr. Gillaspie looked at him in quick attention, puzzled by the other's tone. He may even then have had a glimmer of the truth, but he did not wholly understand until a little later. He had emerged from the camp to cross to the dining room. In the open yard there, he saw a disreputable car, its fender bent, one headlight shattered, a mud guard torn beyond repair. It seemed to have collided with another car or—the perception struck him with a blinding light—it might have run into the railing of a bridge.

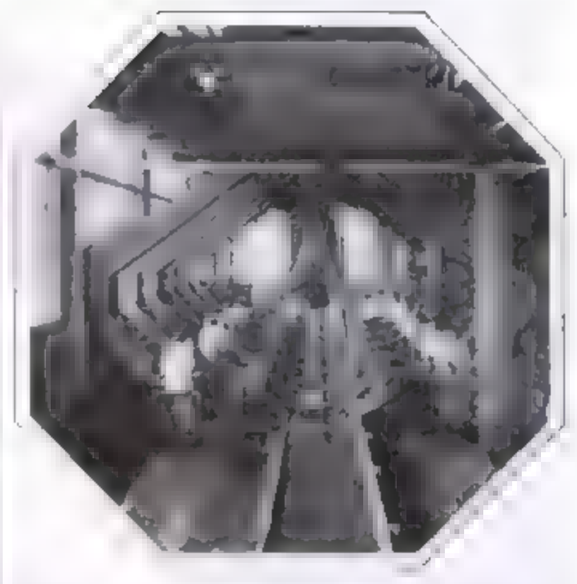
He stared at it for a moment; and Happy, just ahead, paused and looked back and asked derisively, "What's the matter?"

"Whose car's that?" Mr. Gillaspie asked.

"Why, it's mine," said Happy. "A fellow crowded me off the road the other night and busted her up some. I'd like to meet up with that road hog some day."

His tone was quite cheerful and without the least tinge of malice; but Mr. Gillaspie decided he would not gun that day. He departed hurriedly, and Dave assured me he has never since returned to Merrymeeting Bay.

Wild Geese



We Not Only Bred A New and Better Corn

But perfected it through better methods of growing and packing

DEL MAIZ
The New Sweet Corn

AS growers and packers of the finest brands of sweet corn, years ago we sensed there was a strong public demand for a better table corn than we or any other packer had yet produced. With the old varieties, packing methods could go no farther. We believed only Nature, with the aid of our seed experts, could produce the desired results.

It took us 12 years of expert culturing to perfect this necessary new seed. But now you can enjoy in DEL MAIZ that delectable fresh corn flavor you have always wished for, and big, tender kernels in a rich cream, containing no unpleasant tough particles—the specially bred, tall DEL MAIZ kernel permitting a deeper, cleaner cut without including portions of the cob.

If you could see how DEL MAIZ is grown, cultivated and packed—so different from other corn—you would understand why it is so exceptionally tender, why it is so uniform in quality. Every stalk of it is grown under the direct supervision of our experts, and every cob is washed in running water and inspected. Tests are made of every batch. The uniformity of its consistency and its delicacy of flavor are unique because of the improved processes we employ.

You'll relish DEL MAIZ any way it is served, but just try it in this recipe.

DEL MAIZ Soup

1 quart veal stock 1 cup Del Maiz

Add corn to stock and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Add pepper and salt to taste, and thicken.

Should your grocer not yet have DEL MAIZ, send us 25c to defray shipping charges, and we'll send you prepaid two cans and a dozen delicious DEL MAIZ recipes

MINNESOTA VALLEY CANNING CO.
Le Sueur, Minnesota

CUT COUPON HERE

Minnesota Valley Canning Co
Le Sueur, Minnesota
Inclosed find 25c for which send prepaid two 1-lb. cans DEL MAIZ and 12 delicious DEL MAIZ recipes

Grocer's name .....
Grocer's address .....
My name .....
My address

Burroughs

ADDING

BOOKKEEPING

CALCULATING

BILLING

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Burroughs Electric Calculator

Its light and uniform key touch makes operation easier, eliminates incomplete key depression, prevents errors and increases speed.

Machine illustrated: Capacity 999,999,999,999.99
Price delivered in U.S.A. $400; in Canada, $480.

Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6201 SECOND BLVD. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE GREAT BULL MARKET

(Continued from Page 7)

turning more and more wealth over to them, and the other is the increasing extent to which women go into business careers.

But we must dig still deeper to find reasons for the present tidal wave in stocks. People are not only losing their fear of stocks; they are becoming positively intimate with them. In addition to the campaigns for customer and employe ownership, there is the steady conversion of one man and family industries into public form—an economic shift described in detail in a previous article. The small neighborhood store was owned by an individual or family, but anyone can buy stock in a chain store. There is, however, another factor at work which is not yet fully realized. I refer to the comparatively rapid rise of hundreds of enterprises which touch the individual closely, which appeal to his imagination, and above all, to the mechanical bent of the rising generation.

New inventions, changes in consumptive habits and the mechanical urge of our younger people—all these are behind the stock market. In a sense, the laboratory and machine shop are responsible. People today—young people, at least—are interested in aeroplanes, radios, television, televox, mechancial robots that sell cigarettes and postage stamps, talking movies, automobiles, iceless refrigeration and an endless procession of other new appliances that go with a new age. These things convey no sense of strangeness to the younger generation, and those who feel these new values in their own lives are helping to place price marks upon the stocks of the corporations which produce the goods and services so near their daily life and interest.

It is quite obvious that whatever excesses of speculation there may have been, all this enlarged volume of business and interest in stocks cannot suddenly disappear. The people and the corporations are too closely allied. Nor, with the kaleidoscopic variety of shares now available, is it as easy to generalize as formerly. There are those who say that the New York market will never again move in unison. This is a bold prophecy, but it is certainly fair to say that the genuine investor should always be able to discover stocks of well-run companies which deserve his confidence. The market contains many different and unrelated groups of stocks. It is more like that of London before the war, with thousands of different securities, instead of a few hundreds, and representative of every continent, nation and activity.

Human Nature and Stock Values

It has been truly said that the American people are in a mood of invincible optimism. They are delighted with their present wealth and prosperity, and amazed at the prospects for its increase. When they speculate they are prepared to put up far larger margins than in other historic stock-market booms. Perhaps this indicates a certain cynicism on the part of banks and brokerage houses; a determination that if the public must gamble it shall do so with its own money. But the larger the margin the less the danger to those who participate.

Viewing the subject in a large way, it is certain that capital for investment in this country has been backing up, much as it did for a long period in England after the Napoleonic wars. Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say that competition for bargains among American stocks is keener than ever before. A new factor is the investment trust, and hundreds of these, large and small, have taken stocks off the market. Never were so many powerful millionaires interested in stocks, as well as so many people of moderate means. It does not look as if investment bargains needed to go begging, as they did in leaner and earlier days

But unfortunately the subject cannot be left at this point. No one knows that speculation will always confine itself to stocks; if the past teaches us anything it suggests that land and commodities may again come in for favor. Nor can we be absolutely sure that investors will permanently neglect bonds and mortgages for stocks. Then again, no one knows in exactly what proportions sheer gambling of the type so prevalent just before the crashes of last June and December has been mixed in with a sound revaluation of share prices. Upward readjustment based upon economic considerations was justified, but it is only too apparent to the merest tyro that upon this healthy tissue has been grafted a vast cancerous growth that is always menacing to true values, whether economic or moral.

There is nothing new about all this. Great stock-market booms invariably take on, in course of time, a psychological and even pathological character. It has happened many times before, the only new feature being the extent of the disease. Every speculative fever finally becomes a problem in human nature rather than in values or earnings or bank reserves.

Opportunities Turned Down

No one will deny, I am sure, that a very large part of the recent buying of stocks by rich and poor, young and old, male and female, has not been based on any economic reasoning whatever, but solely on the fact that prices had already risen. This is just as accurate and recognizable a symptom of speculative hysteria as a sore throat or temperature is of bodily ill. Never has there been such a multitude of people falling over one another to buy at high levels stocks which made no appeal whatever at lower prices. An intelligent broker, in commenting upon this condition, said:

"Last August, after the big break, I urged my customers to buy General Motors at 180. I felt sure they could not lose. Most of them took my advice and put in orders, but canceled them even before I had a chance to execute. Yet nearly all these customers came in of their own accord and bought General Motors way above 200, although there had been no substantial change in the affairs of the company in the meantime."

A year or two ago the common stock of a very important corporation was selling quietly below 50. A banking firm put its own customers into the stock, after a long and careful investigation had shown the intrinsic value to be high, and tried to persuade other firms to do the same. But its representative almost had the door shut in his face when he called at other offices After the stock had risen without their help, many of these firms telephoned him politely to call again.

Everyone knows a stock—one of the recent market leaders—which could be bought three years ago around 40. The company had been reorganized after a long period of poor business and put on its feet by a management genius. The slightest analysis showed that it was headed in the right direction. Earnings were increasing rapidly and large dividends were certain to be paid Late last November the stock was in far greater demand above 400 than it was at 40. The mental attitude at such times almost seems to be that the higher stocks go the cheaper they are.

Then, too, it is highly significant that the real interest of the speculative public lies in what are known as "moves." A rise of 20 or 30 points in a day in a stock seems perfectly normal, and something to which buyers are properly entitled. Now, of course, there can be justification for such advances in strictly economic revaluations only about as often as hens grow teeth. Therefore we can safely assume that the complaisant acceptance of such "moves" by the public is just one more evidence of a pathological state manifesting itself in blind and unreasoning greed. This is a mood in which

(Continued on Page 125)

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

APPEARANCE . . . *smart good looks* . . . for the man who keeps his feet well dressed. You will always have style as you like it, *in* FLORSHEIM SHOES. with comfort and service assured.

THE ROLLS—*Style* M-326

Most Styles $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers *Chicago*

ASTRING-O-SOL

CONCENTRATED FOR THREE REASONS

"MORNING MOUTH"

Everybody has it... Astring-o-sol corrects it!

Regardless of how thoroughly you brush your teeth at bedtime you wake up with that dark brown "morning taste, which is the sign of "morning mouth." ASTRING-O-SOL is the pleasant, simple and sure corrective. Gargle ASTRING-O-SOL diluted to your taste, morning and night. Mouth, gums and throat tingle with new exhilaration! ¶ ASTRING-O-SOL, the *more powerful* mouth wash, also protects the oral cavity against cold-bearing germs. ¶ It successfully combats *mouth* by attacking the bacteriological cause. ¶ Cheaper, too, because it is *concentrated*. Your druggist will confirm these facts.

FREDERICK STEARNS & COMPANY

Sydney, Australia DETROIT, U. S. A. Windsor, Canada

FOR MOUTH AND THROAT

Does more! Costs less! Tastes better!

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLE

Name

Address

Power that Builds!

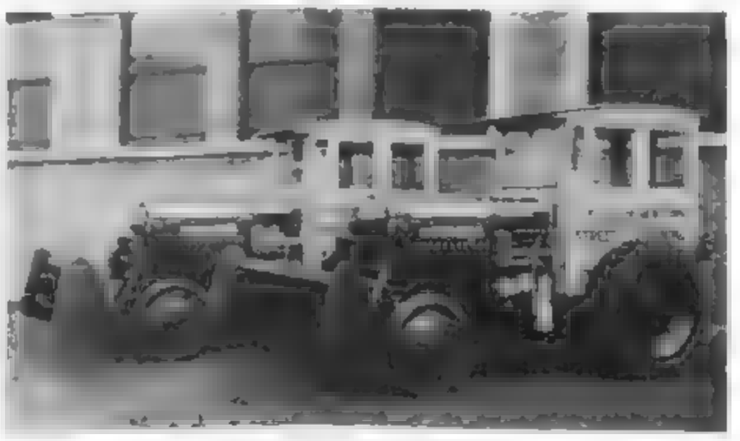
RIBBONS of good roads are unrolling over the land. Each season a great new mileage of highways crisscrosses the map of the 48 states. Easy as child's play when viewed from an airplane—but tough toil and engineering for the army of road builders on the ground. A job for he-men, up-to-the-minute equipment, and dependable power.

From Vancouver and the mountain roads down to the end of the Dixie at Miami the power built by International Harvester is the power behind the road builder. The famous radiator of the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor looks out from every type of highway equipment. McCormick-Deering is the standard . . . Standard in road building . . . Standard throughout general industry!

Any of the 170 International-owned branches in the United States and Canada will demonstrate McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors at your convenience.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (Incorporated) Chicago, Illinois

The "tractor-dump" idea in fast dirt moving is sweeping the country. Of the above combination alone there are now scores of fleets and hundreds of single units. The State of California, by the way, owns 45 like these.



The City of New York now owns over 100 McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Here are 2 with cross-walk plows. In New York, as everywhere else, the McCormick-Deering power goes three ways, through drawbar, belt, and power take-off.

Showing a crawler adaptation. There seems to be no limit to the practical utility of the McCormick-Deering, whether it's in road building or in general industry. Here one man handles the tractor and a train of highly useful scoops. Information on any industrial tractor job and details on special equipment furnished on request.

A typical motored-grader scene. The heart of it is McCormick-Deering power. Many thousands of McCormick-Deerings build roads for county and state authorities, working in every state in the Union. Among the State Highway Commissions owning into the hundreds are California, Texas, Louisiana, Iowa, and Missouri. All-around merit is the answer.

This trim outfit is typical of hundreds of municipally-owned McCormick-Deerings. They build, keep up, and flush the streets, remove snow, set poles, dig trenches and excavations, load and unload, etc. In some of the installations you can't readily see the power plant, but it's there. Liberal power for a hundred-and-one jobs.

At the Road Show
Cleveland, Ohio
January 14 to 18, incl.
note the dominance of
McCORMICK-DEERING
Power

McCORMICK-DEERING

(Continued from Page 123)

people demand action, with profits big and quick. I can explain what I mean by a concrete case related by a woman broker of one of her woman clients:

"I had a customer with 70 points profit in a stock. On general principles, I advised her to sell. The next day the stock rose 5 points. She telephoned me saying she was positively ill over those 5 points. I told her I did not want her to be ill, and she had better buy the stock back again. But she objected that she had failed to make those 5 points. I finally persuaded her to buy back half the amount she had held before. The next day the stock again rose 5 points, and she called me down, the most angry customer I ever had, because I had not compelled her to buy back the whole amount. The only thing that saved my nervous system was to go out and take a Turkish bath."

Each speculative boom invariably brings its own new crop of "amateurs." I use quotation marks because so-called amateurs frequently make larger profits than the old-timers and professionals. The wives of many hardened Wall Street operators have done better than their cautious husbands, and life is rendered miserable for these men. One such puts every profitable operation in his wife's name and every failure in his own, thus keeping peace in the family.

This state of affairs always breeds good-natured cynicism. Innumerable stories of a supposedly amusing nature are told of the complete ignorance of successful speculators. This one has never seen an earnings statement or balance sheet. Another does not know what his company produces. A third never heard of the company until he bought its stock on a tip. A fourth buys Seaboard Air Line, supposing it to be an aeroplane company instead of a steam railroad. But the favorite story, which always appears brand-new at such a time, concerns the visit made to the senior partner of a brokerage house by a gentleman who asked if John Smith had an account there.

"What right have you to ask?" countered the broker.

"I am a lawyer and guardian for John Smith, who is in an insane asylum," was the reply.

"Oh," said the broker, "his account shows $50,000 profit."

Stocks are bought on the flimsiest of evidence, on the mere say-so of anybody that a "move" is imminent. What difference does it make? An adviser to twenty investment organizations urged all his clients some time ago to buy stocks because money rates were about to fall. Money rates have risen, or remained high, ever since, and the adviser has been exactly 100 per cent wrong on his reasons. But he was 100 per cent right on the market, so he had no difficulty in collecting fees of $125,000 from his clients.

Calm After the Storm

The atmosphere at such a time is like that of Monte Carlo. If people are not very careful they forget to talk about values and the Federal Reserve System and a new era, and refer simply to their luck. Normally sane people become greatly indignant if there is no immediate action in their favorite stock. "I did not know it was that kind of a stock," they ruefully remark.

Stocks are quickly dropped if they do not make good in the sense of repeated sensational advances. When the public is suffering from speculative rabies, it is fickle and volatile in its loyalties. People are always looking for something new. Late in November the manager of a great wire house told me that a group of men had just come in that day from Denver and said: "Give us an oil market, and the whole of Denver, as well as the Pacific Coast, will go crazy."

The leaders, or favorites, at any given moment may seem so deeply embedded in public esteem that nothing can shake them loose. But six months later we find them quiet enough, and even selling at lower prices.

Consider what was perhaps the greatest speculative orgy that came to an abrupt end in June of 1928. The stock of a very large company, not listed on the New York Stock Exchange but on the New York Curb and the San Francisco Stock Exchange, was rushed up in the early months of the year, and reached a price of $223 in April. The dividend on this stock was, and still is, $2.24 a year, and the par value twenty-five dollars a share. Its actual asset, or book value, was much less than the market price.

Repeatedly the president of the company warned holders that the dividend would not be increased and that he deprecated the extraordinarily extensive pyramiding which was going on. He even went so far as publicly to beseech banks not to lend on the stock. Suddenly, in June, the price dropped to $99.75, or a total drop of $600,000,000 in a few weeks. From June until the time of this writing it has fluctuated quietly in the neighborhood of $120 and $125, and is now being exchanged for the stock of a new company, with what future market results I do not know. But there is quite general agreement that these companies are managed with aggressive ability, and the records show valuable holdings. Yet, interest in the stock was absolutely negligible for six months after the price dropped; although that was a period of the most intense general speculative activity in history.

Little Interest in Earnings

After a severe but short general crash which accompanied the June collapse, the market as a whole righted itself, and this stock was promptly forgotten in the uprush of other favorites. Quickly people came to feel once more that the market could go only one way and that nothing was in sight to stop it. Those who took a contrary view were regarded not only as doddering back numbers with hardening of the mental arteries but also as traitors to their country.

But there is nothing new in this psychology, even though it be true that never before have so many people made so much money or kept it so successfully. The mental state was precisely the same in the Iowa land craze of wartimes, in the Texas oil fever of 1918, in the spectacular rise in sugar and other commodities in 1919, in the California oil outburst of 1923, and finally in the colossal Florida land boom of a few years later.

While the excitement was on, there was emphatic denial that any of these roaring movements could ever end. The mental and moral attitude was the same in each case, a headlong rush for profits, a delusion that something can be made from nothing, and a hallucination that wealth is created merely by marking up prices.

We are told that in the future the American investor will look for appreciation and increased earning power rather than for income. This is said to explain the low yield on so many stocks which advanced to great heights, and also the fact that so many bonds yield more income than stocks. Indeed, we find numbers of bonds returning more actual income to the investor than common stocks of the same companies, although bonds always have a first call upon earnings.

A neat formula has been invented to explain the present situation. It runs this way: In leaner days it was unsafe for a stock to sell at more than ten times the earnings per share. But now conditions have so changed that stocks can properly sell at fifteen or twenty or even twenty-five times the earnings. No one had thought of the formula in 1901 or 1905–6, but people had exactly the same philosophy then regarding railroad stocks as they now have with respect to industrials. In hard times there has always been a demand for dividends, while in boom times no one ever cares for dividends; appreciation is the sole object.

But, it is indignantly objected, we will never have hard times again. Perhaps not.

"...in more pipes every day"

A cooler smoke in a drier pipe!

FULL-BODIED flavor *sealed in* by "Wellman's Method" — our own secret. And the one right cut for pipes, too — big, coarse flakes (Rough Cut) that burn *slower*.

Yet, even with this head start over other brands, it's surprising how much cooler, cleaner, and sweeter a pipe becomes, with Granger inside.

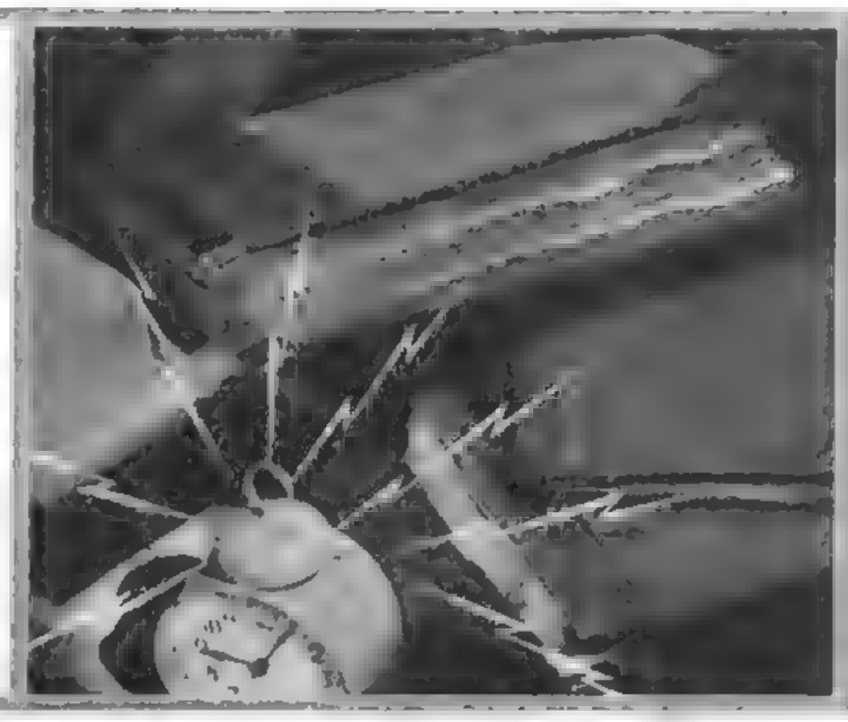
So it's not the ten-cent price that appeals most to smokers—it's Granger's performance right in the pipe-bowl. And no wonder—for if ever a tobacco was just "made for pipes," it's this one!

Granger

ROUGH

CUT

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Are your Records *Asleep?*

Do you have to wake them up every time you want to know anything?

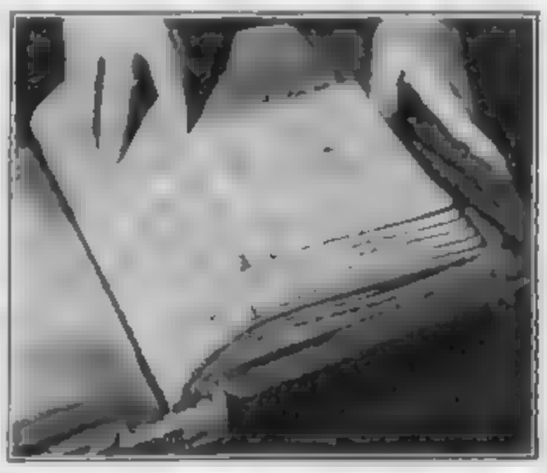
How long does it take your office to furnish essential information on:

- Stock, on order or reserved?
- Sales by customer, item and period?
- Credit of any customer?
- Complete service record of any employe?
- Status of order in process?
- Production costs of items and operations?
- Past performance of vendor of any item purchased?

UNLESS your records answer questions like these quickly, accurately and completely they are not serving you as efficiently as records should.

National Visible Records are the modern speed way of keeping important facts and figures always ready for instant reference. In compact, easily handled binders, showing banks of 20 to 30 accounts at a glance, they hold essential data ready for immediate use. Posting and switching of sheets is a matter of the utmost simplicity. At night, important records in this form can be put in fireproof vaults, like any other books. Records of 10,000 accounts can be kept in 3 feet of shelf space. And the cost is far less per record than most kinds of visible equipment.

There is a stationer in your city who can advise you competently about the efficient use of this and other National Record-Keeping Equipment. Or if you would prefer to *read* about how National visible equipment can simplify business control, you need only tear out this advertisement and send it, pinned to your business card or letterhead, to the address below. Put a check mark opposite any of the questions above in which you are especially interested.



The National Visible Binder open for quick reference

Note how sheets overlap. Names on lower edges always visible

National

Record-Keeping Equipment
Simplifies Business Control

BOUND BOOKS · LOOSE LEAF · VISIBLE RECORDS
MACHINE BOOKKEEPING EQUIPMENT

NATIONAL BLANK BOOK COMPANY
Dept. 2-A Holyoke, Mass.

Please send me a copy of "A New Speed Record for Business Facts," illustrating and describing the uses of National Visible Equipment.

Name *Company*

Address

Busines

The Stationer from whom we usually buy is

I do not know. But I do know this—that when stocks sell at twenty or thirty times the earnings per share an undue strain is placed upon management. In the past, at least, this form of extreme anticipation has always upset the entire industrial organization and has led to subsequent periods of reorganization, depression and unemployment. But let that go. We know this positively—that very high prices for a stock in relation to earnings means one of two things—either a continuance of increased earnings for several years to come, or collapse of that particular stock.

No allowance is made for unforeseen mistakes and losses. If these should occur the 5 per cent bondholder will be far better off at the end of four or five years than the owner of a stock yielding 2 per cent or 3 per cent. But if profits keep up, competition is sure to be stimulated. No one can foresee all the changes and shifts of industry in the coming years. The past shows that the relative position of companies is subject to constant change. The big, profitable company of today may well be the small concern with dwindling profits five years hence. In other words, high prices in relation to earnings means an investment devoid of any insurance feature.

It is the same with mergers where prices are paid by the purchasers or moving spirits which discount at the start the very benefits they hope to accomplish. In other words, they are not paying for the property which they buy but for what they hope to do with that property in five or ten years' time. Such tactics can have only one end. Then, too, when stocks sell to yield less than bonds or commercial loans, there is an enormous temptation for every type of business to put out new issues, to do new financing cheaply and raise working capital at minimum cost. Upon all this new capital additional profits must be made in the course of years, and if that fails there will be more stocks than ever before for a then unwilling market to absorb.

We are only now beginning to reach the real nub of the matter. It may be all very well to buy stock or put through a merger at enormous prices in expectation of an appreciation in value, provided you stay with it for the five or ten years required. A newspaper article, in commenting upon a stock which has risen from 44 to 428 in three years' time, remarked that "the stock may be selling too high on current earnings, but the important question to the real investor is where this stock will be selling a decade from now."

When the Gong Sounds

Exactly and precisely. But the people who are buying stocks at such prices and doing the most talking about future values are the very ones who haven't the slightest intention of holding them for five or ten years. The fact is that in many cases the only real standard of value or criterion is what the speculators themselves are willing to pay for property which they intend to put back upon the market immediately.

Thus the argument of discounting appreciation from increasing earning power falls because of the hypocrisy of those who use it the most. They are buying stocks not because they really know or care anything about the earnings of the company five years hence but because they hope and trust that the momentum of the present movement will last long enough to enable them to sell out at a profit.

I must repeat that only the certainty of large earnings several years hence justifies any such prices. There is a game played at the beaches where a large ball is passed around rapidly, the person who has it in his hands when the gong sounds being the loser of the game.

Now it is an old story that any great speculative movement generates a momentum which carries on of itself. How long the snowball will keep rolling after it hits the bottom of the hill, no man can say. But the momentum generates an excitement which makes people convinced that declining prices are impossible.

Few recognize the truth at the time, but the very reasons they give for buying stocks or land or commodities are not the cause of rising prices at all, but an effect. It was thus with Iowa farm lands and sugar and oil and Florida lots. They might just as well have bought blindly, because the reasons given were the result of the buying, and not its cause.

Even the most prominent men become infected with the prevailing psychology. A collection of newspaper clippings showing the predictions made by distinguished bankers in 1899 concerning the future of the money market proves that most of these men were 100 per cent wrong. It is a blessed provision of human nature that we forget so quickly and that men so rarely check up on what they or their fellows have said even a few years before.

Excess Brings its Own Undoing

Whenever a great speculative boom occurs we are told that we are living in a new era. I suppose many people who have heard the phrase for the first time in the last year believe that the words are really new. They are employed at least every ten or twenty years. People were just as much persuaded of a new era in Middle Western farm lands, commodities and Florida real estate eleven, eight and four years ago as they are in regard to industrial common stocks now. Said Governor Young, of the Federal Reserve Board, in addressing the National Grange in November:

"Of late we have heard a great deal about speculative credit. This particular kind of credit is not unknown to your industry, as you had your experience with inflated values several years ago. Those who, today, in other fields are speculatively inclined, I believe, can well afford to stop and reflect, and if the present speculative situation is comparable to that of agriculture nine or ten years ago, they can well seek advice from your industry rather than from some of the sources they are now using."

Speculative waves always end from something unforeseen, from a cause or causes which had not been thought of. Popular feelings and enthusiasm are what keep them going toward the end, and this is fickle support. Public feeling may be frightened or chilled without any real change in economic conditions. The collapse of a single stock perhaps on some other market than the stock exchange, a few scathing words in a report or speech of a distinguished personage, a suddenly revealed corporate scandal—any of these may prick the bubble. Fundamentally excess always brings its own undoing, swift, relentless and when least expected. The tree never quite grows to heaven; something always seems to prevent. For after all, sellers may have to sell, but buyers never have to buy, delude themselves as they temporarily do to the contrary.

"Perhaps you would be right," I can hear many a reader saying, "if it were not for a new factor in the situation—the Federal Reserve Banking System. There will be no more panics and no more big bear markets. Of course we may have moderate reactions or healthy readjustments now and then." The relation of the money market, of interest rates and the Federal Reserve to stock speculation and speculators, big and little, constitutes such a complex and delicate question that it must be left for another occasion.

"Dull" Teeth—"Discolored" Teeth

Result from this dingy film

How to remove film—the question millions are asking. Now a special film-removing formula is urged by dentists. Please accept free 10-day supply to try.

The Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders

THE misfortune of cloudy, unattractive teeth might be accepted if nature were to blame. But dull teeth and pale gums softened by disease are not natural conditions.

In a startling number of cases dental science now traces the chief cause of discolored teeth and serious tooth and gum disorders to a film that forms. When it is removed a marvelous change takes place. Teeth become dazzling white and are less subject to decay. Gums grow firmer and regain their rose-like color. By all means test its powers for 10 days free.

Film—its dangers

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dreaded coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—thus invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How the new way removes film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now the world of science produces a special film-removing agent. First it curdles film. Then light brushing easily removes it with perfect safety to enamel.

Glorious, white teeth that gleam and sparkle come when dingy film is removed this way

Teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay is removed. The source of pyorrhea and bleeding gums is combated. And many of the ills that appear in later life are immeasurably lessened.

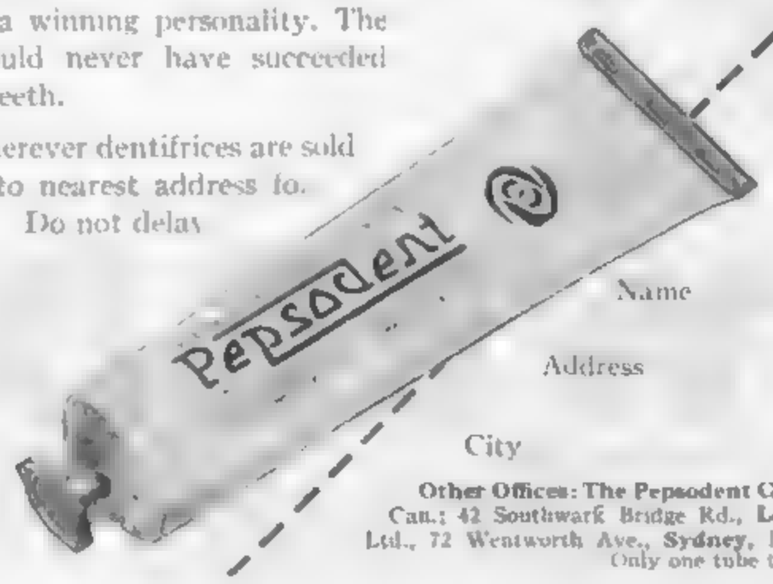
Try this way for 10 days—Free

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try. Do not delay

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice



FREE 10 DAY TUBE

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 231, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name

Address

City

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family

3077

3 *out of* 4 keep going

with steel Weed Tire Chains

Will your car get stuck in snow or mud this winter—or skid into a smash-up? Don't run that risk. Get steel Weed Tire Chains *now* and keep them in your car, ready to put on when needed.

There is no substitute for the sturdy grip of WEEDS. They have been the standard of safety for over 25 years. Drive safely—put on WEED Chains in rain or snow, whenever road conditions are treacherous or uncertain.

You can get genuine WEED Tire Chains at garages, accessory and hardware stores everywhere and at many filling stations.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*
Bridgeport, Connecticut
In business for your Safety
World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for all purposes

Be sure you ask for genuine

WEED CHAINS

for Safety . . . for Sure Traction

THE ART BOGY

(Continued from Page 33)

the Philistines, and geniuses by the aesthetes - the delicate novelists writing about almost nothing at all, are being fast forgotten.

A few generations ago the intellectual life of no American city was complete without a Browning club, and when the business man complained that he couldn't puzzle out the obscurities of that poet, or announced that the only thing he did understand was the Pied Piper of Hamelin, he was jeered and hooted. And presently the intellectuals deserted Browning and turned to Meredith—or someone else whom they have since deserted in turn—and the latest critical development is an admiration for Tennyson—whom, in defense against Browning, the business man had taken to his heart at the very start. In his business affairs he would never tolerate such shifts of opinion, such misfires in judgment, such persistent backings of the wrong horse; in art he has suffered them, loyally trying to see what he was told to see and generously refraining from "I told you so's" when the latest artistic fad turned out a sham. He has never openly remarked that the artistic world is as full of flashes in the pan, of fakers and charlatans, as the world of stockjobbers. He has never protested that there are fashions in art, and politics and cheats. Nor has he said: "You who specialize in art can hardly tell the good from the bad. Why should a layman like me make the effort?" He has simply lumped the good with the bad, done as he was told, liked the momentarily right thing if he could, and gone away wondering why people made such a fuss over art anyhow.

When Art Served Utility

At times, perhaps, a doubt assailed him. In museums he saw bits of pottery over which artistic people were raving; or the carvings on the side of a chariot; or lovely pieces of glass; or rings or plates or chairs. He even noted that certain exquisite statues originally stood in such positions that they upheld a roof and that one of the architectural masterpieces of Athens was in practical effect a strong room, a treasure house—a sort of national bank. All these things had an extremely common function when they were first made. They served the ordinary purposes of daily life. How did it happen then that art nowadays was so specifically removed from these common functions and purposes? Why did a thing have to be utterly useless to be art? Why did art have to be huddled in one place, with thousands of pictures on hundreds of walls, and statues crowding one another? Why did he have to go to a concert hall and hear six pieces of music, each of which had been written separately, for a specific celebration, to be played in a drawing-room as part of an evening's entertainment? Perhaps if he could sit in a comfortable chair, with a picture on the wall, and smoke his cigar, he would enjoy listening to half an hour of music. The Greeks made chariots, and they were beautiful, and he was making locomotives, and they were ugly because they were made for utility. But wasn't the chariot meant to work?

If he had followed through this speculation and made inquiries of an honest critic, he would have discovered that the idea of art as something isolated from life was a comparatively new thing. In the great ages art had flourished in close connection with the lives and interests of the average intelligent man; it glorified politics in Greece and military prowess in Rome and religion in the middle ages. The artist was a professional man working at his job, participating in diplomacy or trade or warfare, often priding himself more on his capacity as a civil engineer than on his gifts as a painter. The idea that he was a special type of man never occurred to him; if he thought about it at all he fancied himself the most completely organized example of the typical man of his time and was perfectly willing to endure the dust and heat of the battle of life.

Why, then, did the business man feel so little sympathy with artists and all their works? Partly because since the beginning of the nineteenth century the artist had begun to isolate himself, had stopped saying anything the business man wanted to hear. And partly because the business man—when he was successful—was enormously preoccupied with something of supreme importance to himself. In recent speculations on psychology nothing is more common than the statement that art is a compensation for dissatisfaction in other fields. The artist not only expresses himself, he expresses the hidden impulses of thousands of other people. The strong silent heroes of fiction, the poor girl who marries a duke in the movies, correspond to the ambitions of unhappy people; the long-limbed godlike figures of Greek statuary might well be the ideals for women married to scrawny weaklings. And especially for men and women who had no interest in their lives, who did nothing they wanted to do, art corresponded to the day dream. Music wafted them away from reality; in a haze of sound they imagined themselves free from the little turmoil of everyday domestic life; painting was an enchantment, a compensation for grimy walls and stuffy rooms. Art was creative, exciting, and satisfied inner cravings.

Again, psychology steps in and says that the healthiest person is the one who expresses his feelings in action. If he does he will have no dark complexes, no gloomy unfulfilled desires; his nerves will be good. He will not need so many compensations. And that is precisely what the successful business man has always done. His inner cravings may have been of a pretty common kind, but he has expressed them. In the nineteenth century in America, the successful pioneer, inventor, storekeeper, railroad magnate, financier, has lived a life of adventure. He has acquired railroads, swapped horses, built houses, invented airbrakes, established trading posts in the Arctic, cleared forests, explored unknown wildernesses, hunted for gold, fought savages, run for Congress, gone to war, raised families, crashed into society of sorts, and to an amazing degree done what he pleased. From his first day the American has believed that he was as good as anyone else; the sense of social inferiority was outlawed at the start. And in spite of the highly advertised "blight of Puritanism," the American slipped from the restrictive bonds of organized society as he reached the frontier and brought back the spirit of independence when he returned to civilization. He lived constantly in the presence of danger, and all his resources were needed to give him a foothold in the terrific competition with Nature and with his fellow man.

In Leisure Moments

As a result, he not only had no time for art, he had little need for its consolations. He was expressing himself and in a sense was being creative—he was doing, building, working all the time. Those who did not like him pointed out that he had no serenity, no thoughtfulness and no delicacy; that he was restless and ill at ease and spat tobacco juice. But they could not deny that he was satisfying his own instincts and was, within reason, healthy. He had no nerves—except strong ones. He fulfilled his ambitions and did not need to fall back on the imagination of other people to give him satisfactions. If he wasn't satisfied he moved on; if he wasn't prosperous he worked harder.

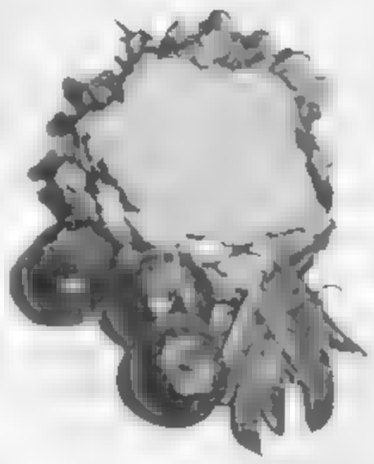
But the more successful the American man was, the less occupied his women became. The moment they returned from the frontier, the American man buckled down to business and his wife was left in an

BREAKFAST AT THE ROOSEVELT *and other leading New York hotels begins with Blue Goose Grapefruit. Breakfast in your home, too, can begin with the finest grapefruit grown if you ask your grocer for Blue Goose. Look for the name branded on the skin.*

Take the jinx out of

January Marketing

Fruits and vegetables easy to choose if you follow the "Blue Goose Buying Guide"



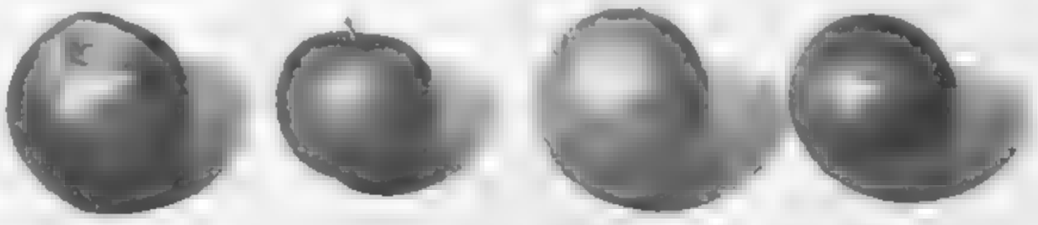
BRIGHT GREEN JACKETS *tell you cauliflower is fresh. Take a peep, too, at the head. It should be pearly white and solidly formed . . . New peas, now in market, also wear bright green . . . But the best tomatoes, Blue Goose tomatoes, come to you cloaked in glossy red.*

YOU need not be a market expert to choose the best fresh fruits and vegetables. Nor need you overtax your budget one bit. Merely *know* signs of quality. Then let your eyes guide your purse.

Right now the American Fruit Growers are bringing to your dealer a wealth of products of garden and orchard—grapefruit, oranges, apples, lettuce, potatoes, new peas, cauliflower, to mention a few. Carefully selected. Shipped by the most modern methods. And marked *Blue Goose* on skin, wrapper, box, barrel, and crate so you can quickly identify them.

To make doubly sure you get the best—no matter what the season or where you buy, you are offered the "Blue Goose Buying Guide." By picture and easy-to-follow shopping hints, this book, compiled by a noted authority, Colonel L. Brown, tells you how to get the most for your market money.

If you want to take all chance out of mid-winter marketing, send for this most unique book. No charge. Just use the coupon below.



GET ACQUAINTED *with the names of apples, know their seasons. Two of the best right now are (left) Stayman, for eating raw, red-skinned and full flavored, and (right) Rhode Island Greening, a premier cooking apple.*

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN, *though one orange wears bright yellow, the other a coat of russet hue. Both are heavy, packed with juice, sweet-flavored. Both are Blue Goose. The name's right on the skin.*

This "Blue Goose Buying Guide" is the first book ever offered American women to help them with their daily marketing Use its shopping secrets—

. . . or simply ask for

BLUE GOOSE

American Fruit Growers Inc
2100-f Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me a copy of Colonel L. Brown's new booklet, "Blue Goose Buying Guide."

Name

Street

City

State

Save postage . . . Paste coupon on card . . . Mail for 1¢

On the Radio . . . National Home Hour—Every Friday Morning, WEAF Network, 10 to 11 Eastern Time, 9 to 10 Central Time

SIXTEEN CHRIS-CRAFT MODELS FOR 1929

Whatever your boating needs may be, there is a Chris-Craft that will meet them exactly. With the busiest and most successful year of its history behind it, the Chris-Craft organization further emphasizes its international leadership by offering for 1929 a complete line of quality-built craft, each expressing three generations of priceless boat-building experience.

Smart, sturdy, easily handled boats for general family service at home or at your Summer residence! Open cockpit boats with or without one-man top! Fast, racy runabouts for the thrill-loving sportsman!

Snug, all-weather sedans that carry their passengers swiftly and comfortably to social or business engagements! A 38-mile-an-hour custom commuter that speeds business executives to and from their downtown offices or distant clubs! And most thrilling of all, a magnificent 38-foot, 30-mile-an-hour, vee-bottom cruiser that contains sleeping, eating and lounging quarters for an entire family.

16 models
Runabouts • Sedans
Commuters • Cruisers
22 to 38 feet
30 to 45 miles an hour
8 to 22 passengers
82 to 200 horsepower
$2235 to $15,000

Prospective dealers, interested in expanding their profits, are urged to write for the Chris-Craft franchise story. Several desirable territories still available.

Your local Chris-Craft dealer will be glad to show you the various models and let you drive one, or you may see them at the New York Motor Boat Show, January 18th to 26th. Early orders secure preference in delivery. Deferred payments if desired. Free catalog describes all models.

CHRIS SMITH & SONS BOAT CO.
541 Detroit Road, Algonac, Michigan
New York Factory Branch:
153 West 31st Street at 7th Avenue

Chris-Craft

World's Largest Builders of All-Mahogany Motor Boats

ideal idleness. Men in the cities, between 1830 and 1850, did the marketing and some of the housework before they went to their offices; even later they would go off to hotels for their meals, leaving wives and daughters at home with nothing whatever to do. It was the time of daintiness, swoons and languor, when women were accomplished—that is, they had a smattering of French, painted in water color and did zephyr work. Their husbands swaggered and shouldered their way through life, and left them without interests—except ailments, which were numerous and socially correct in those days—and the women turned to art. Art was romantic, art wasn't busy at the office all day, art was infinitely consoling to sick spirits. Perhaps its ideal representation was the classic hall of statuary in Philadelphia into which men and women were not permitted to enter together.

For about a century art has had, for the successful man, a faint odor of the sick room. Artists to him were drunk, immoral, given to deserting their families, bankrupts, suicides; their admirers were idle and hysterical women attended by effeminate men. And it was quite obvious to the business man that he was being compared, not to his advantage, with all that art stood for—with the caressing influences of romantic stories and the caressing flatteries of artistic men. Naturally he resented and suspected art in all its forms. It spoke in a tongue he did not know; the translation was made for him by people he did not respect. His own life was full of interest and excitement. Every day at his factory he was doing something he felt important; he had no time for superfluities.

The great change in the American feeling for art coincides with the emergence of what used to be called "the new woman"—the woman who went in for sport instead of maladies, and for business, who was self-reliant and created a life of her own, with its own interests and excitements, whether she remained at home or went to an office. The bicycle, which transformed women's fashions, has probably had as great an effect on art in America, for it started women on a new career. In its small way it represented adventure and brought women out of the kitchen and the stuffy parlor into the open air. The rage for sport which followed made health popular, and the long whining over petty operations, nervous breakdowns and fainting spells went to join the "vapors" in the limbo of unfashionable things. A few generations ago a girl had taken an examination in geometry and a small riot followed; the New York papers predicted the breakdown of civilization if women heard any more of Euclid. By the beginning of the century women had taken not only all knowledge but all adventure as their field. The need for artistic consolations was gradually dissipated; there were no more water colors and playing the Midnight Fire Alarm and the Maiden's Prayer daintily on the piano.

Bringing the Artist to Earth

The exploitation of the art bunk continues, since people do not change completely and in all levels of society at the same time. But the change in the feminine attitude toward art has made it easier for the average man to accept the arts as portions of his daily life. If he discovered that music did not exactly exalt him, but did rest him, he no longer felt it a disgrace to say so; and presently found that this rest which he got induced other feelings, so that in the end he liked music. Architecture, which had meant either Ionic columns or Gothic cathedrals, came slowly to mean a country house pleasant to look at and to live in, and an office building with the maximum of comfort and rental income. Paintings came out of the stuffy air of the museums and were transformed into canvases being painted in Paris and on the Maine coast and in New York.

First apprehended as a good investment, perhaps, it was presently seen that a well-drawn picture was more effective in an advertisement than a daub without composition or color. As art drew closer to life the man of affairs drew closer to art. He saw lithographs of prize fighters and of steel mills; he saw fiction throw off the cloak and dagger—which meant nothing to him—and walk about in ordinary clothes. And he made the great discovery that so long as his own life was active and adventurous, he wanted not consolations but interpretations.

In short, he forced the artist back to his original function, which was to see life steadily and see it whole, to illuminate the dark spots, and to give order to the chaos of everyday life. He did not do this consciously, and sometimes the results surprised him, but he did help to break down the barrier between the way he thought about his life and the way artists thought about life in general.

For Better Understanding

The coterie artists are not pleased. They fall upon the favorite jingle writers of the Babbits and exclaim "This is what you call poetry." They despise an artist who draws a magazine cover while they adore one who designs a stage setting; they point to the tremendous sales of cheap adventure stories and ignore the tremendous sales of books of merit. Because the tradition of the artist as a superior person was, brutally, good business. Not in money, but in self-esteem. And men and women who are psychologically dissatisfied naturally cling to the type of artist who gets farther and farther away from life, becoming more occult and private. Say to such an artist that he is after all only doing what he wants to do and that a bridge builder or a stock-broker is probably doing no less; the artist replies that he has a vision of life which he must express, and as often as not he implies that humanity ought to be grateful to him for taking the trouble. In one case out of a thousand this is true. In the others it sounds perilously like the protestations of the business man that his only interest is in "service."

The misunderstood artist is as outmoded as the misunderstood woman. When an inventor makes a machine which tells an aviator how high he has flown, he does not complain because so few people understand the mechanism. When it was said that only twelve people in the world could understand the whole theory of relativity, no reproach was intended. A Pasteur might complain that his colleagues did not at once accept all his findings, but he did not expect the average man instantly to comprehend the intricate workings of fermentation; nor does the modern scientist care a hang about how many people are concerned with the quantum theory. Art also has its technical development; it does not differ from other human activities in any way. And it is entirely in the order of events that most people should not understand the new technics the moment they see them. The rage of the *bourgeois* at the man who paints everything in purple cubes is exactly parallel to the rage of the artist who insists that his new methods be instantly accepted as the only truth. They are both being human—and particularly human in denying it.

So long as an artist works for himself or for the favored few he has no ground for complaint against the multitude. The moment he begins to work for the common man it is his obligation to make himself understood. And the great artists frequently have managed to work for themselves, for the few and for the many. It is for neglect of these great ones that the average man can be justly reproached—because they had something to say which he needed to hear.

But the reproach is not all one-sided. The mystery and the mummery thrown about art have always been excessive, and the man who found a simpler and easier way to his satisfactions can hardly be blamed for taking it.

20th CENTURY LIMITED
Westward Bound
in the Mohawk Valley

From a painting by Walter L. Greene (© 1928)

Nearly at sea level for a thousand miles

That is why New York Central is such a comfortable route

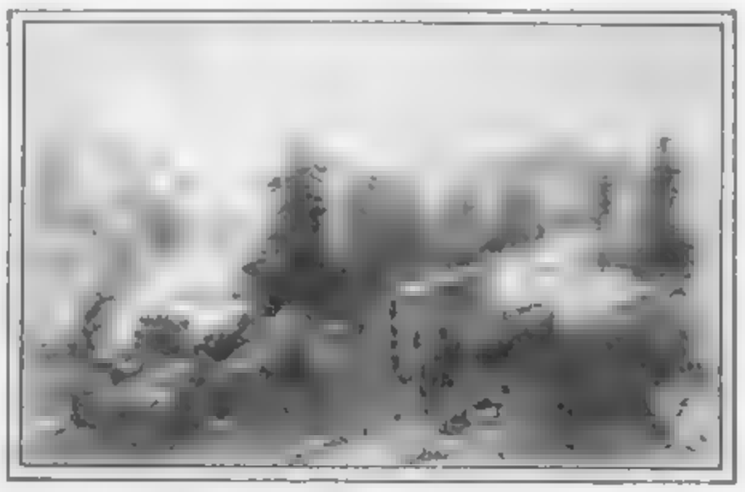
THE Appalachian Mountain Range, extending a thousand miles from Canada to Alabama, divides the Atlantic seaboard from the Mississippi Valley.

All but one of the passes through these mountains are high above the sea. The only low-level pass carved by Nature is that through which the Mohawk River, in Central New York, finds its way to the Hudson River and the sea.

One of the first railroads built in the world was the line through the Mohawk Valley that eventually was to be part of the main transcontinental route between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The pioneer railroad builders chose this route because it was the easiest way to the West.

The New York Central route through the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, and along the Great Lakes, is a natural water-level route—nearly at sea level for a thousand miles, although it cuts straight through a mountain range.

It is this remarkably level roadbed that makes possible the amazingly smooth operation of the great fleet of New York Central trains, led by the world-famous *Twentieth Century Limited*.



THE FIRST TRAIN IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY

From an aquatint, by the English artist, W. H. Bartlett, published in London, 1838. The sketch was made just east of Little Falls, N. Y., near the spot where Mr. Greene made the painting of the CENTURY.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Twentieth Century Limited ··· *Chicago* ··· *New York* ··· *New England*
Southwestern Limited ··· *St. Louis* ··· *New York* ··· *New England*

In **1929**

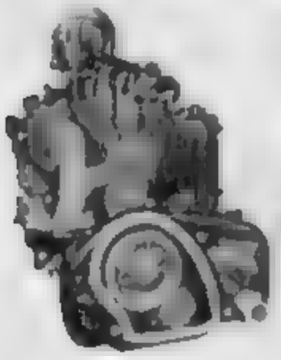
more than Three Million People will buy New Motor Cars equipped with*

CELORON TIMING GEARS

Acclaimed on Two Continents

One-third of all the motor cars produced in America and Europe today are equipped at the factory with Celoron Gears.

Celoron Timing Gears have won this sweeping world-wide endorsement by the leading motor manufacturers because their positive, permanent timing accuracy provides those qualities that mark superior motor performance—that hair-trigger alertness—that zip and dash—that smooth, endless flow of luxurious power.



If you drive a Nash, a Studebaker, a Chrysler-Plymouth or a new Ford (fifty different makes are Celoron-equipped), you have already experienced the trouble-free performance, fuel economy and freedom from timing adjustments that the manufacturer built into your car at the factory.

The way the Studebaker President 8 employs a Celoron Cam Gear, meshed with a metal crank gear to provide positive permanent timing accuracy

If you are not sure what type of front end drive is used in your car, check up with your service man. He is equipped to supply and install Celoron Gears in any gear-timed motor.

And when next you buy a car, it will be well worth while to make sure that it has been Celoron-equipped by the manufacturer.

CELORON *flew to Australia!*

Celoron Timing Gears are only one of countless products now made from this wonderful material which is supplied in many easily workable forms—laminated sheets, rods and tubes; powder and impregnated fabric or paper for molding; varnish and cement.

Almost daily, Celoron is finding applications of real scientific and economic importance to Industry.

The "Southern Cross" on its famous flight to Australia was kept in constant communication with the world by Celoron-insulated radio equipment. And the generators supplying the radio power were driven by Celoron Industrial Gears.

THE CELORON COMPANY
Bridgeport, Pennsylvania
In Canada: 350 Eastern Avenue, Toronto

TIMING GEARS *of*
CELORON

*Figure based on production estimates of cars now Celoron-equipped.

THE QUEEN OF ST. NICK'S

(Continued from Page 9)

"I think," she said—her "think" was almost "sink"—"I have this dance with Larry."

"He kin wait," said Biff, seizing Viola about the waist as the music started. "He don' mind."

To an impartial observer it might have seemed that a shade of irritation crossed Viola's face as she was torn from the embrace of the handsomer sailor and abruptly transferred to the gorilla arms where she now lay helpless; but Biff was oblivious of these subtle distinctions. He held her with fragile care at arm's length and peered around her as he steered her across the floor, like a truck driver carrying an early Ming vase up a staircase.

She bent her head sideways and peeked mischievously into his face.

"What's the idea, keeping so far away?" she inquired. "Didja learn to dance in a correspondence school?"

"Huh?"

"Ain't it better like this?" She almost said "zees." Her little body suddenly panted against him, and with a gasp he gripped her waist heavily. She subsided with a long-drawn: "Uh-u-u-u-u-uh."

A large drop of perspiration gathered upon his left temple and plunged down his cheek.

"Don't bust me in half," she warned him. "I ain't tryin' to get away. You're a fighter, ain't ya? I mean, boxin'?"

"Yeh."

"That other fella," she inquired innocently—"is he a fighter too?"

"No," said Biff. "He's a woman-hater."

"Ah?" sharply.

"Sure, he says so. He says," confided Biff, "that he's offen women for life."

Over Biff's shoulder Viola stared at Larry with a new interest. So. She had met his kind before. She knew how to handle them. Her lip curled with a slight contemptuous smile; she waited till they were opposite him, and then, stealing a shy glance at Larry, she commenced to twine her fingers thoughtfully in Biff's loose-knotted tie.

"A beeg strong man like you," she murmured with half-shut eyes, "I bet you could love. Haah?" She dragged the question through her nose with lingering emphasis.

Biff gazed at her numbly. His ears rang with her words; his mind gradually spelled them out like alphabet blocks, until he grasped their full import. "Do ya mean ——"

"You ain't offen women, are you, haah, Be-e-ef?"

"Gee, kid," he said, "you an' me are gonna hit it off together swell. Just us two."

"How I know you won't forget me?" she asked. "You sailormen, you have so man-ny love."

"I won't forget you," he assured her in a husky voice. "How could I?"

"Tomorrow perhaps you will not even remember my name, no?"

"I ain't ever gonna forget your name, Viola. I'm gonna carry it wit' me always. I'm gonna—" he had a sudden flash of inspiration—"I'm gonna get it tattooed over me heart."

"Ah-h-h!" She subsided against him; over his shoulder her narrowed eye watched Larry's jealous scowl. "Would you do that—zat for me?"

"An' that ain't all," went on Biff, fired with the possibilities of the idea. "Right above your name I'm gonna have a cupid."

"A cupid?" she exclaimed. "Gee, howja think of that?"

"Oh, I dunno; it just come," said Biff modestly. "An' not only that"—searching his memory swiftly—"there'll be butterflies, too—an' pansies—an,"—she looked up at him expectantly—"an' what's more, kid," finished Biff, "we're gonna have a bluebird!"

"An' you do all zat—for me?"

"Sure," said Biff. "Ta hell wit' expense."

"You only show me that beauty-ful tattoo on you," she breathed, as Larry started toward them through the crowd, "and I love you forever!"

"Forever?" In his ecstasy Biff almost halted. The next instant a navy-blue shoulder cut in front of him like the fin of a shark, and Viola's slim waist was drawn from his startled grasp. Her eyes flashed into Larry's with a triumphant smile.

Biff galvanized into action. With a choked cry he plunged across the floor after them like a blundering bear.

"Wait a minute!"

"But, Biff ——" began Larry.

"Ya hoid me." His huge fist seized the front of Larry's blouse and twisted it taut as he dragged his friend toward him, dangling him in the air until their jaws were on a level. "That's my woman, see?"

"Whaddye mean, your woman?" struggled Larry furiously.

"Are you gonna git outta here?" asked Biff, shaking him, "or do I have to put you out?"

By way of answer Larry's free fist whipped into the big sailor's face. It was a glancing blow that only grazed his jaw, but it stung Biff into action. The next instant Larry was sliding on his back across the polished floor, the soles of his shoes elevated helplessly to Viola's startled gaze. He brought up against a radiator, rolled over slowly onto his knees, and felt his jaw.

"An' what's more," added Biff, towering above him with clenched fists, "you better *stay* offen women, son. They only git you into trouble."

"You dirty seagoing scupper," muttered Larry thickly. "I'll break you for that."

"Now run along home, sonny," advised Biff, as he clasped Viola about the waist again. "Me an' this little dame is got a lot to say to each other, which a woman hater like you woulden' unnerstand."

Larry clutched the radiator and swayed to his feet dizzily. Viola was smiling sympathetically at him over the hulking shoulders of her escort; her eyelid fluttered and drooped suggestively for a moment. Larry nodded. With set lips he crammed his white hat on his throbbing head and lurched through the door.

Biff McLarnin was in an exceedingly idyllic frame of mind as he rolled downtown in the Subway later that evening. The Times Square shuttle had never seemed more attractive; the East Side train had never floated more luxuriously on its winged course toward Brooklyn Bridge. Every girl seated along the car suffered a disastrous contrast in his mind with Viola; only the beautiful ladies in the advertisements overhead were worthy of comparison with the Queen of St. Nick's. His shoulders squared with buoyant energy; his legs did not sway with the rocking car, they romped; his fists longed to punch every masculine face that he saw, in sheer friendly exuberance. Biff was in love.

As the lumbering trolley bore him across Brooklyn Bridge he gazed down benignly upon the black river below, blinking with the myriad lights of tugs and harbor craft. Pleasant skyline—Manhattan. Very satisfactory moon. He even included the Statue of Liberty in his tolerant appreciation. A nice piece of construction—Brooklyn Bridge—very, very nice. A very comfortable trolley car too. Courteous conductor. The motorman was a peach. As he dismounted from the moving step at Sands Street, the balls of his feet seemed to bounce two or three times on the cobbles before they settled, like a summer cloud alighting on a mountain top. In the limitless reaches of his good humor, he even nodded cordially to the marine at the corner.

He walked—a crude word; he undulated—down the deserted sidewalk toward Professor Daugherty's Tattooing Parlors, his imagination reeling with the possibilities of the design he would place over [illegible]

A MERE wetting of the hair isn't enough to keep it well groomed all day. (Soaking your hair with water every day isn't good for it either. It only makes the hair drier.)

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic provides the happy medium as a "slicker." It keeps every hair in place, and gives your head the well-groomed look that is so desirable. But it is so light and delicate that it doesn't make the hair sticky like ordinary "slickers." It never becomes rancid.

Just dampen the hair slightly. Then rub a very *little* "Vaseline" Hair Tonic on the palms of your hands, and smooth them over your hair. Brush the hair to distribute the oil, bring out the lustre. Do this every morning. And whenever you are going to be outdoors—motoring or playing golf—to keep your hair from blowing about.

You'll find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at all drugstores. Sold in two convenient size bottles with special shaker tops that make it easy and economical to use. Made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 17 State Street, New York.

© Chesebrough Mfg Co. Cons'd., 1929

This famous preparation is particularly helpful in relieving dryness and tightness of the scalp, preventing falling hair and baldness, and getting rid of dandruff

Here is the way to give yourself scalp massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Part the hair and apply a very little of the Tonic directly to the scalp. Work it in with the finger tips, using gentle rotary motion. Keep this up until you feel your scalp relax and tingle with brisk circulation. Let the oil thoroughly penetrate. Then follow with your regular shampoo.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Keep Fit the Battle Creek Way

NEVER before has health been so important an asset for business and social success as it is today. Never before has the pressure of modern living put such a strain on physical condition. You simply *must* KEEP FIT—without waste of time or effort.

Oscillate Your Way to Health

There is only one way to keep fit—DAILY physical exercise. Science now makes this possible, and in a most enjoyable, simple new way. Just 15 minutes a day of invigorating massage and exercise with the famous Battle Creek Health Builder, invented by an eminent physician in Battle Creek, awakens each tiny capillary into new activity, stimulates the perspiratory and sebaceous glands, vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, helps eliminate dangerous body poisons, and quickly reduces weight in any part of the body desired.

The Result of Years of Development

Improved year by year, as a result of long study and research by an eminent physician, the action of the Health Builder is perfectly synchronized with human muscle action. That is why the Health Builder stimulates rather than fatigues. The machine does the work—YOU receive the benefit.

A Health Builder for Every Requirement

Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasiums, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome De Luxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.

Health Facts for You—FREE!

Send at once for "Keeping Fit in Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable FREE Book showing how the Health Builder keeps you fit. Health should come *first!* Write for your copy—NOW!

Sanitarium Equipment Co.

Room AJ—5394 Battle Creek, Mich.

Dealers of responsibility and standing will find it advantageous to write us about the exclusive sales-producing features of the Battle Creek Health Builder.

© S E Co '929

The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Fit!

heart. Bluebirds, pansies, cupids nothing was too good for Viola. His breath came quickly as he pictured the scene when he should return to her, his proud chest emblazoned forever with her name. Forever.

In his blissful preoccupation he almost stumbled into a dark blue figure which hailed him from the shadows: "Hi, Biff!"

"Why, hello, Larry!" cried Biff, his earlier animosities swept away in a full flood of forgiveness. "Howsy old kid?"

"Lissen, Biff; le's forget about tonight," said Larry, taking his arm cordially. "Come on, I'll buy you a drink."

If Biff's present mood had been a shade less exuberant, he might have detected a suspicious eagerness in Larry's voice, a strange glitter in his eye; but Biff was beyond these cautious considerations.

"I dunno," he hesitated, touched by his comrade's generosity, "I was in kind of a hurry."

"Ah, we got time for a quick one," urged Larry, steering him into a dark doorway. "You know, just to show there ain't no hard feelings." He whispered his name through the sliding panel and a moment later the door shut behind them. "Just between friends."

"You know, Larry," beamed Biff, tossing down his drink at the bar, "I was afraid you might be sore because I poked you in the jaw."

"Not me," laughed Larry easily as he filled his companion's glass again. "I knew you was only kidding."

"Here's looking at you," said Biff, swallowing his drink gratefully.

"Here's hopin' you can see me," grinned Larry. He shoved his own glass aside. "I'm thirsty, Biff, I'm gonna have a ginerale chaser with mine."

"You know what I'm gonna do, Larry?" confided Biff, hanging a heavy arm about his comrade's neck. "Between you 'n' me, I'm gonna git tattooed."

"Ain't that lovely?" said Larry, as he tilted the bottle into his friend's glass. "Let's have another."

"An' you know what I'm gonna get tattooed onto me?" whispered Biff, putting his lips close to Larry's ear. "I'm gonna have a cupid, see, and under it Viola. Just Viola! How does that strike ya?"

"Why, that'll be swell," said Larry. "No kidding, that's a knock-out of an idea. Finish your drink."

"I dunno," said Biff dubiously. "I think I had enough."

"What's the matter?" laughed Larry. "I thought you could hold it. Just one more an' we'll quit."

"I'm gonna have a cupid," continued Biff, "an' all around it pansies an' butterflies. How would that be?" He gulped his drink. "An' a bluebird."

"Gee, Biff, that'll knock her off her feet"—filling the emptied glass again. "Viola will be nuts about that."

Biff tossed down the contents of the glass absently. "An' you know what I was thinking?" His drooping eyes raised for a moment. "I got another idea! Oh, a swell idea, Larry!"

Larry shoved the refilled glass between his limp fingers.

"You know," said Biff, aghast at the magnitude of his own inspiration, "instead of a bluebird, I'm gonna blow myself to canaries."

"Biff," said Larry solemnly, "you got it! I'm tellin' you, you got it."

"Cupids 'n' canaries," repeated Biff, leaning his hand on his companion's shoulder. "Wait'll I show her, Larry. . . . Viola said "

"Here's to Viola!" interrupted Larry, raising his glass. Biff drained his at a swallow and lurched across the bar. With a swift gesture Larry emptied his glass into the cuspidor.

"Bluebirds an'—whatcha-call-'em, pansies, 'n' cupids." Biff had locked his elbows on the mahogany and hung suspended like a wet sock pinned on a line. "Where is she? Wanna call 'er up. Go see her. Tell her abou' cupids."

"Nah, you don't want to see her yet," said Larry, grasping his arm. "You're gonna get tattooed first, don't you remember?"

"Cupids—she's my cupid." He gripped Larry's shoulders and tried to look into his face. "Gotta see Vi'la tonigh'! Gotta get tattoo'!"

"You're gonna get tattooed, big boy," said Larry grimly. "You're gonna get tattooed plenty."

The lights in Professor Daugherty's Tattooing Parlors burned late that night. The professor sat forward on his stool, squinting through his thick spectacles at the lurid design which was growing steadily under his busy needle.

Before him, his head sunk on his shaggy chest and his bared arms dangling helpless at his sides, Biff slumbered in peaceful oblivion.

"Wot's next?" asked Professor Daugherty, switching off the current and swabbing the surplus ink with a rag.

"Estelle, Bernice, Loretta, Marie, Gloria, Sophie, Elinor, Diana," read Larry through half-closed eyes. He crossed his ankles comfortably. "Ain't we forgot a couple?"

The professor frowned at the muscular expanse of decorated epidermis before him and shook his head.

"I don't see an inch o' space left," he sighed. "I even covered his ribs with lydie's nymes. There ain't room on 'is chest for so much as 'Enrietta."

"Then turn him around and start in back," ordered Larry, rising to his feet with a grin of triumph. "I gotta be shoving along. I got a date uptown."

The professor snapped on the current again dutifully.

"An' when you get through with him," added Larry, grinding out a cigarette under his heel, "just stick his shirt on him and lay him out on the sidewalk." He set his white hat jauntily on his head. "I'll pick him up on me way back from St. Nick's."

The door slammed behind him. The shop was quiet once more. Above the thin whine of the needle rose the professor's sleepy drone:

"—— wot I liked best,
Right across 'er chest
Was me 'ome in Ten-nes-see-e-e-e."

"HELLO, BROTHER!"

(Continued from Page 19)

must have expected to get more out of Masonry than mere satisfied curiosity. And they must have got more out of it too. Why else should the fraternity have continued to live? How account for its enormous growth in the past 200 years, during which time it has shed its original trade function?

Masonry is known to have been established in this country in 1730. In 1927 there were 16,475 lodges in the United States, Porto Rico and the Philippines, with a total membership of close to 3,250,000. In addition to this, there is a large membership in Great Britain and in other countries all over the world. Obviously, Masonry must have a strong basic appeal to attract such numbers. What is that appeal?

It is manifestly impossible, since the detailed teachings of the craft are secret, to give more than a sketchy impression of their nature. The following quotations, however, from Masonic pamphlets available to anyone, throw considerable light on the subject. The first two are taken from the constitution of the order:

THE MASONIC BELIEF

There is one God, the Father of all men.

The Holy Bible is the Great Light in Masonry, and the Rule and guide for faith and practice.

(Continued on Page 137)

New Orleans—

one of America's three "story cities"

MARDI GRAS,
the renowned New Orleans Mid-winter Carnival, January 7th to February 12th

AND THEN, ON TO CALIFORNIA!

Which are the three most interesting cities in America? Frank Norris, famous novelist, declared them to be New York, New Orleans and San Francisco. "Story cities", he called them, meaning that they offered a logical background for any tale of romance or adventure.

Southern Pacific, by steamship and rail, presents all three of these fascinating cities to the traveler in a single journey. You can take a comfortable Southern Pacific steamship at New York, enjoy "1 00 golden hours at sea" en route to California, and debark at New Orleans for a pleasurable stopover in the city that has lived under five flags. You will turn irresistibly to the old French Quarter, the "Vieux Carré", with its mysterious courtyards and iron-grilled balconies of bygone grandeur,—every building of which is haunted with memories and legends. You will pass the ancient Absinthe House, the Cabildo or old Spanish courthouse, with its implements of torture, the innumerable antique shops of Royal Street, and the site of the Hotel Royal where stood the slave block in days before the Civil War. And you will turn with delight to the Mississippi levees, where river craft unload their cargoes of baled cotton.

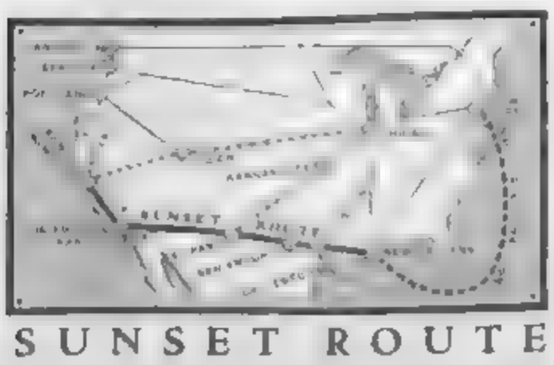
Here is quaintest Dixie! The modern throbbing, vital city of New Orleans can never lose its distinctly foreign flavor. Its history has been a pageant. Founded by Sieur de Bienville as the capital of Louisiana in 1718, it has been successively French, Spanish, French under Napoleon, American under Jefferson, typically Southern before the Civil War, war-torn by the guns of Farragut, and now a great modern port city of the South.

Yes, you will love New Orleans as one of the eternal "story cities" of this continent. And then, continuing your journey on "*Sunset Limited*" or "*The Argonaut*", you will be carried swiftly and smoothly across Louisiana, Texas and the Spanish-American Southwest. Travelers to the Pacific Coast via the Sunset Route may also start their journey from other points than New York, taking the most convenient rail line to New Orleans. Return journey from California can be any one of *four* Southern Pacific routes. Stop over anywhere. See the whole Pacific Coast.

Write to E. W. CLAPP, traffic manager, 310 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, for free illustrated books, "*New Orleans*" and "*How Best to Go to the Pacific Coast*".

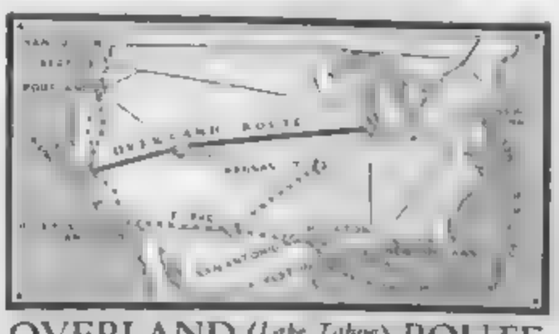
Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes



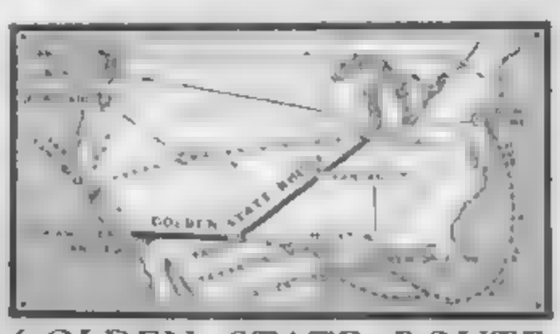
SUNSET ROUTE

New York to New Orleans by Southern Pacific steamer [illegible] Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, without change. Across Louisiana, Texas and Arizona, or highway in Arizona, delightful one-day trip. "*Sunset Limited*."



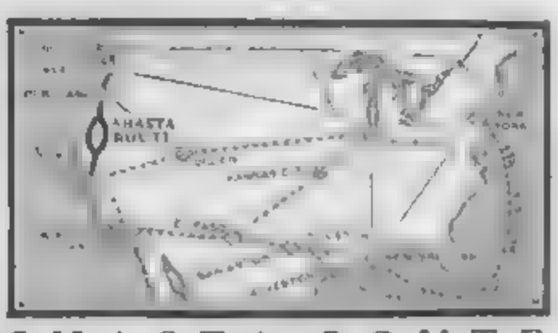
OVERLAND (*Lake Tahoe Line*) ROUTE

Straight across midcontinent from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver. Across Great Salt Lake. All Overland Route trains [illegible] over Arizona's Colorado River canyon and across central California. Rock-ballasted roadbed, oil-burning locomotives and excellent cuisine, as on all *four* routes. "*San Francisco Overland Limited*."



GOLDEN STATE ROUTE

The direct line, Chicago to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Kansas City, Grand Canyon, Old Mexico, Apache Trail highway side-trip in Arizona. Through sleepers from Minneapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Memphis. "*Golden State Limited*" [illegible] Line.



SHASTA ROUTE

For travelers to California via Portland, Oregon. Choice of two [illegible] Mount Shasta, Crater Lake and Oregon lakes. These embrace Crater Lake and region near Mt. Shasta. Thence to San Francisco. Optional motor coach tour [illegible] Redwood Empire. "*The Cascade Limited*."

Build Your Factory in the South's Greatest City . . .

NEW ORLEANS

Where Production and Distribution Costs are Lower

NEW ORLEANS is not only the *second port* of the United States, but is the largest city in the South. Besides leading in population, it leads in the total value of manufactured products. Its combined banking capital, as well as banking deposits, is the greatest in the whole South. New Orleans, as a metropolis, offers to a manufacturer outstanding advantages. The city is growing, and a factory, or a branch factory, that is located here now will not only find a large market already available in the city and nearby territory, but will be in line for the great development which is taking place in our trade with Latin America.

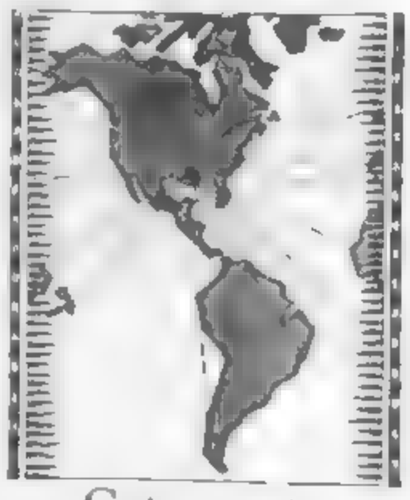
Factories in New Orleans have economic advantages which enable them to keep the cost of production at the lowest possible point. An ample supply of skilled and unskilled labor—an unlimited supply of raw materials—unsurpassed port facilities, with steamships sailing to all the countries of the world—the Mississippi River with its barge line—nine great trunk railroads—a mild and favorable climate—offer the manufacturer a combination of advantages that he cannot get at other points.

A study of New Orleans and its possibilities as a manufacturing and trading center has been made from an engineering standpoint. This information can be utilized by any manufacturer who is interested in expanding his business now, or in building for the future.

Write For The Survey

If you wish more information about New Orleans, the South's greatest factory city, and the nearby markets; or if you are interested in locating a factory, or branch, where production costs will be low and results satisfactory, write for a copy of the industrial study mentioned above.

NEW ORLEANS ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE
ROOM 300, NEW ORLEANS, U. S. A.



Gateway to
Latin America

Conditions are unusually favorable in New Orleans for the development of many industries—among them being the following:

Veneers
Woodenware
Furniture
Textiles
Food Products
Oils & Chemicals
Garments
Rubber Tires
Cane Products

NEW ORLEANS ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE

(Continued from Page 134)

Man is immortal.

Character determines destiny.

Love of man is, next to love of God, man's first duty.

THE MASONIC TEACHING

Masonry teaches man to practice charity and benevolence, to protect chastity, to respect the ties of blood and friendship, to adopt the principles and revere the ordinances of religion, to assist the feeble, guide the blind, raise up the downtrodden, shelter the orphan, guard the altar, support the Government, inculcate morality, promote learning, love man, fear God, implore His mercy and hope for happiness.

Quoting again, we see the following:

. . . fundamental to all else in Masonry [is] . . . the cornerstone of the Masonic spirit: Charity. In its Masonic form it is a thing peculiar to the Fraternity, and it is far different from those forms of organized charity so necessary in civil life, albeit this is to make no invidious comparison. Masonic charity is nearest akin to that outflow of sympathy, helpfulness and relief which comes from close friendship. There are no pensions in Masonry, no doles, no fixed assessments, no written pledges to do this or that; all is voluntary, born of the spirit of brotherhood, and he who does not feel it has as yet learned little of the true inwardness of the Fraternity. The extent to which a Brother is quick to extend relief where he sees it is needed—to extend it with no thought of recognition or reward—is the surest of all tests of a Mason.

As a matter of fact, it is not strictly true that the Masonic form of charity, as defined above, is peculiar to that fraternity alone. Others—and this is to make no invidious comparison—also recognize that concept of charity, but combine with it the other kind "so necessary in civil life." It is safe to say, I believe, that the underlying spirit of most of the fraternities is closely allied to that of Masonry, even though they may differ radically from that order in their methods of exemplifying it.

The fraternal field is so large and some of the organizations so broad in the scope of their activities, that it is difficult to attempt an accurate classification into which all may be neatly fitted. Generally speaking, however, it may be said that the fraternities will fall into one of nine classes: Military orders, patriotic and political orders, benevolent societies, mutual-assessment fraternities, mystical and theosophical orders, religious brotherhoods, labor organizations, social and recreative associations. Many bodies could well be included in three or four of these classifications at once. The organizations of greatest membership, and therefore of greatest influence, are those which come under the head of benevolent societies, mutual-assessment fraternities and labor organizations. In this article it seems most logical to consider only the first two of these three. This is not meant as a slight, or to imply that the labor organizations are not important enough for consideration. Their importance is too well known to need emphasis; their functions are quite generally understood and their development is really a story in itself.

For Benefit and Companionship

Delving into the subject of benevolent societies and mutual-assessment orders, one is confronted with certain apparent ramifications of Freemasonry which, at first, are confusing. There are, for instance, such orders as the Shrine, the Grotto, the Eastern Star, the Tall Cedars of Lebanon and the Sciots, membership in all of which is restricted to Masons. These organizations actually have no connection with Masonry and are not recognized officially by any of the Masonic Grand Lodges, of which there is one in every state. They are known as side orders. Started originally as social and recreational adjuncts to Masonry, they have slowly but surely grown into the class of benevolent societies.

The largest group of fraternities, in point of numbers, is that made up of the beneficiary societies—that is, those whose members receive stated disability, sickness and old-age benefits, and whose families receive stated death benefits. There are 215 of these societies in North America; eighteen in Canada and the rest in the United States. According to a recent compilation by the National Fraternal Congress—a sort of fraternity of fraternities—the total membership of the beneficiary organizations is 8,941,585 adult benefit members, 1,261,858 adult social members, and 721,749 juvenile benefit members. A benefit member is one who signs a contract entitling him, in consideration of dues paid, to the stipulated benefits offered. A social member is one who joins for the enjoyment and companionship to be gained. In some of the societies such as the Knights of Columbus, the Fraternal Order of Eagles, the Maccabees, the Sons of Norway, the Woman's Benefit Association, one may choose between the two kinds of membership. In others, such as the Brotherhood of American Yeomen, Catholic Order of Foresters, Independent Order of Foresters, Knights of Pythias, the Protected Home Circle, to mention but a handful of the largest, every member is a benefit member.

The Same Refrain

The 215 beneficiary societies have in force on the adult benefit members more than $10,000,000,000 of insurance; and on the juvenile members more than $174,000,000 of insurance. That is big business

Why should a man or a woman become a member of a beneficiary society, instead of merely buying insurance in the open market? The answer of the fraternalist to this question is that by joining a society one receives more than just the protection of a policy. You belong to a lodge, which gives you recreational and social attractions and through which you make friends. You can travel all over the country, for example, knowing that no matter where you go you will find brothers or sisters, as the case may be, who will welcome you and be of help to you. And last, but by no means least, you will have a share in doing things for others. For almost all the beneficiary societies, like the other orders, are engaging in welfare work of some kind and stressing its importance. Here is part of an address delivered in London by a prominent member of the English organization of the Independent Order of Foresters:

There is an honorable duty imposed upon every companion and brother of our order who wants a better day and a better world—the duty of self-discipline, a friendly approach to his fellow man, slow to take offense, more charitable in his judgments, a little more lenient with members who differ from him, and the extending of both hands to help those who are less fortunate in the journey of life.

They all sing the same refrain, no matter in what other respects they may differ.

The Order of Foresters maintains a home where orphaned children of members are brought up, educated and assisted in getting started in the world. It also maintains two sanatoriums for afflicted members, both men and women.

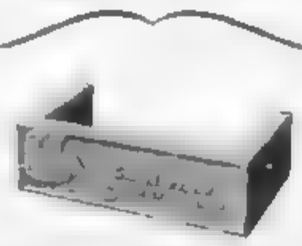
The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the oldest and largest of the beneficiary societies, with a membership of 2,542,157, and operating through 15,808 subordinate lodges, 10,377 Rebekah lodges—the women's auxiliary order—maintains no less than sixty-four homes for the aged and for orphans. Its subordinate lodges also spend a certain percentage of their resources in local welfare work, though no tabulation has ever been made of the amounts so disbursed annually.

The Woodmen of the World, half a million strong, maintains a $1,000,000 war-memorial hospital for the treatment of the tubercular, and also maintains a radio broadcasting station that serves a wide territory. It has approximately 8000 camps in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii and Porto Rico.

The Modern Woodmen of America, with a membership of 1,134,000, in more than 13,000 lodges, in addition to expenditures of some $300,000 a year in helping its members—outside of the contract benefits—conducts a tuberculosis hospital and sanatorium in which it has $2,000,000

The whims of fashion may change and pass

—but never the charm of brick



This bronze brick set in a wall certifies it to be SOUND MASONRY. It guarantees:

Beauty—Permanence—Low Upkeep Cost—Fire Protection—Resale Value—Warmth in Winter—Coolness in Summer—Vermin Proofing.

Demand it in the home you build or buy. The district offices listed will gladly furnish complete information.

BRICK
beauty forever

THE old brick home still stands beside the road drowsing in quietude and drifting back on memories. It sees the mistress of its youth in billowed crinolines, the master splendid in ruffled stock.

The old brick home still stands beside the road, straight and ruddy and strong. Age has touched it lightly as a friend. Time has ripened its tawn and russet tones and given that glowing warmth which only brick can gain.

The *new* brick home which builds beside the road is likewise bonny and strong. Even in youth its walls are soft of texture and rich with burned-in hues. And the new brick home, like the old brick home, will see a century of fashions change and pass, a century of building come and go, and know its strength undiminished and its charm but added to.

COMMON BRICK MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
of America
Ja 2153 GUARANTEE TITLE BUILDING / CLEVELAND, OHIO

These District Association Offices and Brick Manufacturers Everywhere Are at Your Service:

Boston	11 Beacon Street	*New Orleans, La.*	727 Canal Bank Building
Chicago	228 No. LaSalle St.	*Norfolk*	112 West Plume Street
Cleveland—Ohio Assoc.	2124 Guarantee Title Bldg.	*Philadelphia*	1420 Walnut Street
Denver	1735 Stout Street	*Pittsburgh*	524 Fourth Avenue
Detroit	400 U. S. Mortgage Trust Bldg.	*Raleigh, N. C.*	508 Com. National Bank Bldg.
Hartford	226 Pearl Street	*Rochester*	P. O. Box 775 N. Y. State District
Los Angeles, Calif.	634 Chamber of Commerce	*Salt Lake City*	301 Atlas Block
New York City	1716 Grand Central Terminal	*Seattle, Wash.*	913 Arctic Bldg.
	San Francisco 461 Market St.		

Clip and Mail This *TODAY*

Without charge, please send me a copy of "Planning Your Home." I am enclosing cash or stamps for the booklets checked.

☐ "Homes of Lasting Charm" 25c.
☐ "Beautiful Homes" (1 Story) 25c.
☐ "Skintled Brickwork" 15c.
"Multiple Dwellings of Brick" 10c.
"Farm Houses of Brick" 5c
"Brick, How to Build and Estimate" 25c
"The Heart of the Home" (Fireplaces) 25c.
(Enclose $1.25 if you want all the books)

Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

When tongue or breath tells of acid condition, it's time for Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose.

Phillips is the genuine, prescriptional product physicians endorse for general use. The name Phillips is important; don't buy a less perfect product and expect it to have the same perfect results.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875

What Did He Do To Make So Much Extra Money?

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
951 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Extra Money is what I'm looking for. Please tell me—of course without obligation—how it can be mine.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

He First Sent Us a Coupon Like This

AND, then, in spite of the fact that he was employed by a large company, Mr. Noah A. Weiner of Connecticut quickly started on a profitable career as our local representative. That was fifteen years ago. Nearly every month since he has earned Curtis subscription profits; in one day not long ago an even $12 (6)

Now, *how about you?* Surely you can spare an hour now and then, to follow the simple directions we will give you. You need no experience, no capital—only the willingness to TRY. Above is a coupon—mail it today.

Profits From the Start

invested and which costs the membership upwards of $400,000 a year to operate. The subordinate lodges have always sought to assist in community problems and frequently have initiated movements of special value to their localities.

"Modern Woodmen of America," writes the Head Clerk of the order, "being distinctly an American institution, has interested itself in the work of Americanization, is intensely patriotic and emphasizes all special days set apart for patriotic observance. Flag Day, Fourth of July, and Washington's Birthday are specially observed, and it can honestly be said that in every locality where shall be found a lodge of the Modern Woodmen, it can be relied on to answer any call upon it for any civic duty. The society has never operated merely as an insurance company, but during its entire history has evidenced its right to the term "fraternity," for it has performed every service, held every ideal and promoted every influence which might be comprehended in that term. Its influence has been not only stimulating in its loyalty and patriotism but it has been an educational factor in the development of self-reliant citizens."

The foregoing is quoted because it seems so excellent an answer, from the standpoint of the real, fraternal beneficiary societies, to the question: Why do people join? What is said of the organization mentioned, by one of its officials, and therefore a partisan, could be applied with equal veracity to other similar bodies. I chose that one merely because it is typical.

Not only in the fixed benefit fraternities but likewise in the so-called social brotherhoods, which originally had no appeal other than that of recreation and good-fellowship, you will find the same underlying desire to do good. The subordinate branches of the Tall Cedars of Lebanon, for example—a side order of Masonry, with a membership of about 55,000—spend approximately $100,000 a year in local relief work. The largest of these side orders is the Shrine—the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America.

A Helping Hand for Children

The original purpose of this fraternity sprang from "a desire to provide an avenue for relaxation, mirth and merriment." To be eligible for membership, a man must be a Knight Templar or a thirty-second-degree Scottish Rite Mason. Both Knights Templar and the Scottish Rite are officially recognized extensions of regular Freemasonry. Sometimes described as "the playground of Masonry," the Shrine has in the past few years taken up a serious beneficent work in the form of establishing and maintaining free hospitals for crippled children whose parents or guardians are unable to pay for their treatment. There are ten of these Shrine hospitals in various parts of the country, each a modern, well-planned, fully equipped fireproof institution. They have a total capacity of 600 beds, which is increased by five mobile units—space rented in other hospitals—containing 114 more. Since the first Shrine hospital was opened, in 1922, approximately 7300 children have been treated in the wards and many more have received treatment in the out-patient clinics.

The expense of building and maintaining this activity has been met by annual assessments on the entire membership, which numbers more than 600,000 in the United States and Canada. The comparatively negligible sum of two dollars per capita per year has made this work possible. But the waiting lists of crippled children in every section are so large that the assessments have been increased in order that additional hospitals may be built as soon as possible.

Like the major activity of the Loyal Order of Moose—its home for children and their mothers—the work just described represents the concentrated effort of an entire fraternity. Not every order works in just that way. Consider, for example, the method of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

The Elks differs from many of the other fraternities in that it is not international, but exclusively American. Only citizens are eligible to join. Its membership of more than 800,000 is widely distributed over the United States and the island possessions. It has more than 1500 subordinate lodges, ranging in size from a few hundred to several thousand members.

Charity at Home

The order as a whole has built and maintains a magnificent National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, a beautiful and comfortable home in Virginia for its aged and indigent members, and publishes a monthly magazine. Those three projects are at present the only undertakings to which the entire membership is jointly committed. But they do not begin to represent the charitable and welfare work accomplished by the order. The bulk of this is carried on by local lodges, acting on their own initiative. Operating on the theory of decentralized control, the Grand Lodge believes it wise not to enforce blanket obligations on the local bodies, because what would be easy for one might work hardship on another.

It is the aim of every subordinate lodge to make itself a factor for good in its community, and the Grand Lodge policy is to allow the lodges to decide what their communities need most and then to supply it. The result is that in the aggregate the Elks engage in a variety of welfare activities too numerous to mention. The reports of the subordinate lodges to the Grand Lodge fill some 250 printed pages, and they are terse, at that. Here is an example, copied from the report of a lodge having 2000 members:

The aiding of crippled children and the maintenance of a summer camp for poor children were the main welfare activities of —— Lodge. There were 111 crippled children cared for during the year, 10 operations being performed and all manner of braces and other appliances being furnished. The cost of this work alone was $4666. During the summer 308 children were maintained for two weeks at the Elks Kiddies' Farm at —— for $3979. Outings were given for crippled children and their families. During the winter general relief was furnished the poor. At Christmas 150 families and 180 children were aided and given a happy holiday, at a cost of $1760. Money was donated to the Boy Scouts and the Grand Lodge flood fund. Jobs were found for 15 persons. Cash donations to hospitals and a tuberculosis sanatorium totaled $2700. Flowers for the sick cost $281.75, for funerals $75, and burial expenses of the poor about $100. Flag Day was observed publicly. Contributions to various drives, agencies and individuals totaled $1000—approximately. The Lodge cooperated with all charitable organizations, and in cooperation with the Family Welfare Society maintained a traveling housekeeper at $75 a month. This woman took up the troubles of families and brought happiness where formerly there was discontent and confusion. The total spent in welfare work during the year was $15,532.96.

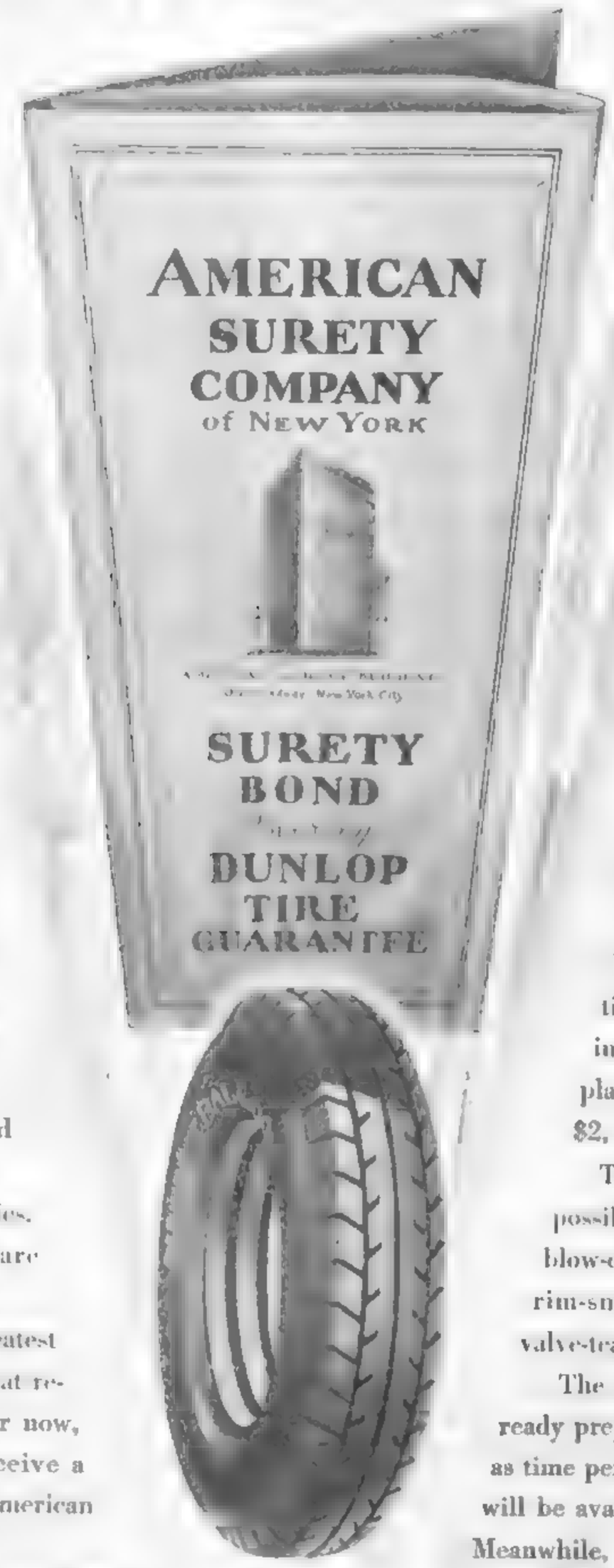
The total spent by all lodges reporting for the year 1927–1928 was $2,890,000. I mention this to show that, like the Shriners and the other fraternalists, the Elks do something else besides parade.

In addition to the work of the individual lodges, there are associations of lodges in the various states. These bodies not only strive to promote the welfare activities of their member organizations but initiate many of their own. As this is written there has just been created the Elks National Foundation, a mechanism designed to amass and administer a great endowment fund, for the purpose of assisting the subordinate lodges to extend their local welfare work. It is expected that the corpus of this fund, of which only the interest is to be used, will amount to $1,000,000 within a year and that, in the future, from bequests and other sources, it will be very large indeed.

One qualification for membership in almost every fraternal society is a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being. The majority are strictly nonsectarian, but some

(Continued on Page 141)

THE GREATEST TRIBUTE EVER PAID TO A TIRE



WITH other immortals, the name of Dunlop is engraved in stone on the Ford museum at Dearborn . . . . a tribute to the man who founded the pneumatic tire industry.

Dunlop, the institution, has been showered with high honors continually for 10 years.

Dunlop, the tire, has earned many glories. For one thing, over 10 world's records are credited to its powers of endurance.

And now the Dunlop tire receives the greatest tribute ever paid to any tire . . . a tribute that reflects the limitless faith of its makers. For now, with each Dunlop tire, the user will receive a Surety Bond, backed by Dunlop AND the American Surety Company.

Under the terms of this Surety Bond, if your tire fails within 12 months, your dealer will repair it free.

If he can't repair it, you will get a new tire at a reduced price. For instance, during the first month a $13 tire will be replaced for $1, during the second month for $2, and so on.

The Surety Bond covers practically every possible cause of failure . . . accident, collision, blow-out, misalignment, stone-bruise, road-cuts, rim-smash, sidewall-injuries, tube-pinching, valve-tearing, faulty toe-in, under-inflation.

The majority of active Dunlop dealers are already prepared to offer this Surety Bond. As fast as time permits, the Surety Bond and all it implies will be available in every town from coast to coast. Meanwhile, even if your Dunlop dealer has been delayed, ask him . . . he can arrange a Surety Bond for you almost overnight. Ask him today.

DUNLOP

THE TIRE WITH THE SURETY BOND

DON'T "SUN-STARVE" YOUR CHILDREN

JANUARY, February, March—rickets, colds, measles—chicken-pox, diphtheria, influenza—bronchitis, whooping cough—and worst of all—pneumonia. Ask your public health department for last year's graph of infectious children's diseases. Note the sharp upward curve starting at this time a year ago, when winter came, and sun starvation began to take its toll of the youngsters' health.

Then write for similar statistics concerning the communities of Greater Miami. Note the rarity and mildness of children's ailments; the practical absence of rickets and pneumonia—most dreaded enemies of childhood.

The reason for this striking contrast can be explained in one word—"Sunshine".

Sunshine performs three indispensable functions in the protection of children.

It takes the place of Vitamine "D" in building healthy bones, teeth, muscles, nerves and other tissue requiring lime, thus providing protection against rickets, a general systemic disorder associated with changes in the blood chemistry and changes in the bone structure which produce improper development in the length and strength of the bones, often culminating in curvature.

It increases the red corpuscles in the blood, the function of which is to carry to the tissues the oxygen necessary in the energy-producing process; thus working to prevent and cure anemia—a condition of dangerously-lowered vitality and reduced resistance to the bacteria of various infectious diseases.

It protects the child against contagion by permitting the proper amount of fresh air, both at outdoor play and exercise and by virtue of open windows in homes and schoolrooms. Hot, dry, artificially-heated schoolrooms are the greatest source of children's diseases, not only because the close, dry air imprisons bacteria of contagious maladies, especially diphtheria, but because it dries the upper respiratory tracts of the child, rendering him more susceptible to colds and other common illnesses which so often go into pneumonia.

Investigations show that child health records vary in different localities in direct proportion to the number of sunless days which each district experiences.

In Miami, "Sunshrine of America", the sun shines on an average of 360 days each year. The average winter temperature is 72 degrees. That is why the Miami vicinity with its clean, clear atmosphere, which permits the constant penetration and direct focus of the sun's healing rays, is the healthiest place in the United States for children.

MIAMI

MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Miami, Florida

Send me Greater Miami Literature—also information concerning accommodations for ..... Adults; ..... Children, at approximately $ ..... per week. *Prefer (check)*: ☐ Cottage. ☐ Apartment. ☐ Hotel.

Arriving ....., 192 . Intend staying until ....., 192

Name

Address

Above: Fresh, sun-warmed air for school children
Below: Getting their winter tan—note the sun suits

Naturally ventilated, open schoolrooms; sunny, supervised playgrounds; daily dips in the iodized Atlantic surf, the average temperature of which is 65 to 70 degrees; romping on the clean, sanded beaches; acquiring deep, healthy tans; all work their magic on young bodies.

Arrangements can be made to enter your children in Miami's splendid public or private schools at any time during the year. You'll find them getting ahead faster with their work, too, under the ideal conditions of a winter in the sub-tropics.

There is little reason, now, for endeavoring to withstand the ravages of the more severe climates. Accommodations are ample. Living costs in Miami are extremely reasonable. Thousands of winter visitors are proving to their own satisfaction that they can live here in winter as economically as at home.

Parents—especially those whose children show a tendency toward lowered vitality, rickets or anemia—should plan to spend this winter in Miami. Give the children their birthright: start them off toward healthy manhood and womanhood. Give them SUNSHINE, summer *and* winter.

For full information, literature and reservations, wire, or mail the coupon to the Chamber of Commerce, Miami, Florida.

(Continued from Page 138)

are open only to those of certain religious faiths, for the most part Catholic or Hebrew. Examples of these are the Knights of Columbus—which, by the way, maintains a very extensive educational program—the Catholic Order of Foresters, Greek Catholic Union of Russian Brotherhoods, Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, Order of B'rith Abraham, Independent Order B'nai B'rith, Independent Order Sons of Abraham, Independent Order Free Sons of Israel, and many others.

Where All Men are Equal

A common characteristic of the fraternities is their requirement that candidates for membership be white. It should be noted, however, that many of the most prominent organizations have been imitated, even to their names and emblems, by the negroes.

The emphasis in this article has been laid heavily on the beneficences of the fraternal world at large, because it is that phase of this national institution which is probably least known to the layman. It should not be inferred, however, that every meeting of a secret society is a solemn conclave in which the members do nothing but sit and weep over the sufferings of the universe. Nor, as certain satirists would have you believe, do they spend all their time, when gathered together, in reciting their rituals, chanting incantations and dressing up like guests at a masquerade. I do not pretend to speak for all, but with those I know, meeting night usually means a business session, in which the affairs of the lodge are discussed and acted upon by vote of those present, followed by a social session in which dull care is rather thoroughly routed.

Meetings differ, depending on the type of organization and the physical facilities of the lodge. The local branches of some fraternities own large, well-appointed buildings, containing restaurants, billiard and card rooms, bowling alleys, swimming pools, living quarters—in short, all the concomitants of well-conducted clubs—in addition to the lodge room where the business of the group is transacted and its ceremonials observed. Others own temples in which the lodge room is the only feature, aside from committee rooms, and the like. Others rent rooms in which to hold their business and ritualistic meetings. The quarters of some of the benefit societies are simply fiscal offices. But those which do not maintain regular clubhouses or clubrooms keep up the social side of their fraternal life by holding frequent dances, banquets, card parties, picnics and other entertainments, when the spirit of good-fellowship is given ample rein.

There is a democracy in the lodge that goes far toward promoting understanding and consequent harmony among members who move in widely separated spheres in their everyday lives. In the lodge room there are no social cleavages. The poor man is on a par with the rich one; the employe is in every way the equal of his employer. Both stand at the same altar, take the same vows and enjoy the same fraternal privileges. Not infrequently the vote of an employer will be cast in favor of one of his clerks. And the clerk, raised to high position in the order, has the chance to appoint his boss to a committee and cuss him properly if he doesn't do his job. It is a wholesome arrangement. Many's the strike that has been averted because employer and employe, given mutual understanding and respect for each other by common membership in a fraternity, have been able to meet on terms of equality and straighten things out. One of the oldest societies, the Ancient Order of United Workmen, was started for exactly that purpose.

One writer, seeking a reason as to why men join fraternities, concluded that it was largely a matter of business. It is true that some men apply for membership because they think it will be a help to them commercially. Usually they are disappointed. In the first place, it is contrary to the laws of almost every fraternity for a member to solicit business or favors on the basis of his membership. In the second place, very little business is done that way. People trade where they get acceptable merchandise at reasonable prices and with adequate service. They don't buy simply because the salesman or the storekeeper wears the same kind of badge that they wear. One may, perhaps, receive an indirect commercial increment from belonging to a lodge in the value of the contacts made there. But contacts are not contracts, and it is often harder to sell a friend than a total stranger.

I asked one prosperous business man why he joined a certain fraternity. "Well," said he, "I like to mingle with the boys once in a while, and then I thought I'd like to have a hand in their charity work."

Let Them Parade

I asked another and he replied: "When I first came East I knew nobody in town. I was lonely. I joined for companionship."

I asked a third. "Why did I join?" he said, "I'll tell you. When I was a kid my dad died suddenly. My mother and I were left pretty much on the rocks. My father had belonged to a fraternity. He had never been very active, but had always kept up his membership. Well, sir, those lodge brothers of his did everything for us. They took charge of the funeral down to every detail. When that was over, they helped mother straighten out what there was of dad's estate—mostly bills and debts. They set her up in a little business of her own, lending her enough money. They got me a part-time job after school and they kept an eye on both of us from then on. Why did I join when I grew up? Say, you couldn't have kept me out."

There are a lot like that.

The "jiners" of the United States sometimes become noisy in public with their parades and their bands. But in the secrecy of their lodge rooms and convention halls they work out quiet plans for the welfare of millions. What if they do march down the avenue wearing crazy costumes?

Let 'em parade!

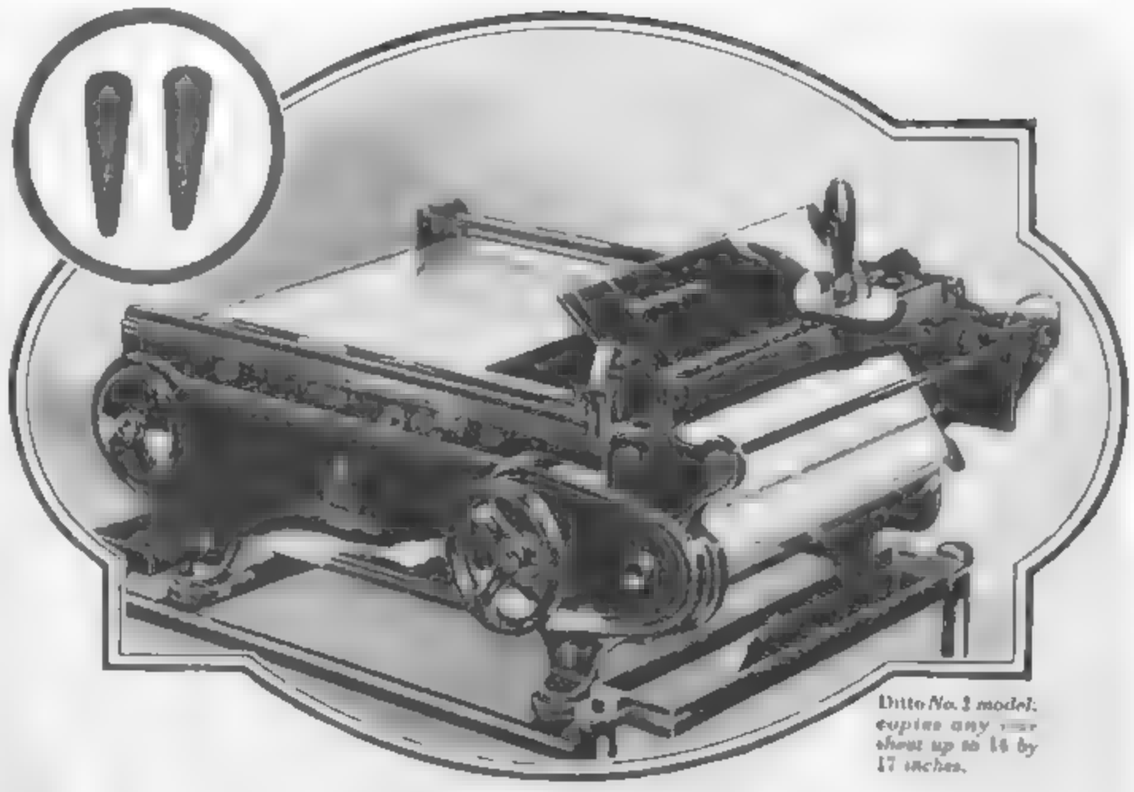
MY OLD BLUE SERGE GOES ABROAD

(Continued from Page 36)

and Broad streets. Just as on the Stock Exchange only members owning seats are permitted to trade on the floor, so the trading on the Old Clothes Exchange is limited to its membership; and like the Stock Exchange, too, all transactions are for cash. There is no credit in the old-clothes business. Except that the dollar values are lower and the commodities dealt in are bulkier, the parallel with the stock market is perfect.

Dozens of dingy stores stretching three ways from the corner, and bearing the sign Wholesale Clothing, are the brokers' offices of this queer clearing house. Dilapidated as they appear, their dinginess does not necessarily signify poverty. Ten thousand or more dollars may easily represent the cash value of the stock on hand in any one of them.

"That fellow over there," said my guide, pointing to one of the least impressive of these establishments, "is worth a hundred thousand dollars or more, all made in the old-clothes business." It is in the back rooms and cellars of these establishments that the primary sorting of cast-off garments for the various consumer markets is done. The high-grade goods which can be made to pass for new are carefully cleaned



Ditto No. 2 model; copies any size sheet up to 14 by 17 inches.

Ditto makes copies
direct from your original writing, typing, or drawing —no stencil, type or carbon.

Write for booklet "Cutting Costs with Copies"; tells fully how Ditto *will save money for your business*

Ditto Incorporated
Manufacturers of Duplicating Machines and Supplies
2245 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Other Ditto Features
1. Copies five colors in one operation.
2. Copies on any size and weight of paper or card stock.
3. Your original may be written and drawn with pen, pencil and typewriter.

"Thanks for the $68.20!"

THAT'S what Harold Wells said when he received our $23.00 check, bringing his May-June spare-time earnings up to $68.20. We know he is proud of his record, and who wouldn't be? For when a fellow earns $68.20 *EXTRA* in his spare time, it's something to shout about!

If you are interested in knowing just how he did it, and how you, too, may have the same opportunity, we'll send you the answer. Right in your own neighborhood there are extra dollars waiting for you. You can earn them *in your spare time, without experience*, as our subscription representative. The work is pleasant, easy; in fact, we tell you exactly how to go about it.

You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Send the coupon TODAY for full details.

Harold Wells of California *earned $68.20 in his first two months* of Curtis spare-time work.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
947 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please answer this question: "How may I earn money in my spare time?"

Name ..... Age .....
(Please print name and address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Clip Here

BROWN'S
BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Relief for Throat Troubles
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
BROWN'S Camphorated DENTIFRICE
A SUPERIOR TOOTH POWDER
Samples on request.
JOHN I. BROWN & SON BOSTON, MASS

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY
$400 KEI-LAC MACHINE EARNED $5,040 IN ONE YEAR. $160 machine earned $2,160. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. Investment required. Experience unnecessary.
NATIONAL KEI-LAC CO., 887 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago

LAW STUDY AT HOME Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually
LaSalle Extension University Dept. 71-L Chicago

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection & Advice Free. Terms Reasonable
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

OVERHEAD GARAGE DOOR
Opens up, out of the way. A child can operate
Overhead Door Corporation Hartford City, Ind.

Money! Money!
Generous Pay for Spare Time!
Could You Find an Hour for Profit?
Money! Money!

Say once or twice a week? Would you accept up to $1.50 or $2.00 for it? For work you can do in your own neighborhood? Or even without leaving home? Hundreds of busy men and women add $5, $10 or more, regularly, *every week*, to their incomes as our subscription representatives. Don't pass over this opportunity without investigating it. It will cost you only a postage stamp to find out. Mail the coupon *now!*

The Saturday Evening Post
952 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mail me your offer. I'll look it over. But I don't promise anything more.
Name Age
Street
City State

and pressed, relined if necessary, missing buttons replaced, and pasteboard tickets like those used by the manufacturers of new clothing to designate size and grade are attached. Goods for the Harlem trade, for the East Side trade and for the Southern trade are given the cheapest possible refurbishing. And what are left go to the export house or the shoddy mill, as their condition warrants.

The Curb Market

We turned the corner from Bayard Street into Elizabeth and found ourselves in the midst of the old-clothes curb market. A milling mob of men of every type known to New York's East Side filled the sidewalk and overflowed into the street. White-bearded patriarchs jostled slinky younger ones, all talking, each with from one to half a dozen articles of clothing over one arm and gesticulating frantically with the other, while they cried their offerings and their bids in a babel-like confusion of tongues, in which Yiddish predominated. Here were stoop-shouldered, bewhiskered men dressed in garments which might have been unsaleable goods out of their own merchandise, so ragged and unkempt they seemed; elbowing them were bright-eyed, smooth-shaven, dapper young men, dressed in the height of Baxter Street fashion, doing their bargaining in swift and easy transitions from excellent English to dialects which to me were entirely unintelligible.

"Who'll give me two and a half?" a familiar voice cried behind me. I turned to face Izzy Levitsky—and over his arm he had either my old blue serge suit or one of its shopmates. Half a dozen prospective buyers were fingering its shiny folds, looking for the tailor's label in the inside pocket, shaking their heads disparagingly and all talking at once. A few swift exchanges of language, a dollar bill passed into Izzy's hand and the buyer snatched the suit from him just as a lookout at the corner raised the warning cry:

"Cops!"

My blue serge—I am pleased to believe that it was mine—vanished with its new owner into the open doorway of the nearest shop. Patriarchal figures scattered like rabbits into their holes as a tall young policeman strode into the crowd.

"Clear out, now! Off the sidewalk!" he ordered. Eager bargainers affected not to hear him until a prod in the ribs from his baton sent them to earth like the rest. Transacting business on the street without a license is one of the numerous minor crimes of the metropolis. In ten seconds the sidewalk was empty. Then the policeman vanished around the next corner and it seemed less than ten seconds before the curb market was in full blast again.

We pushed through the crowd and into the more orderly market of the Old Clothes Exchange itself. This is a deep, well-lighted storeroom, with benches across the front and down its length, and all of one side and end is filled with large, deep lockers, tier on tier. Men were bringing garments out of the lockers for inspection and sale, or putting unsold garments back into them. Little groups stood around in several spots—apparently trading posts in different specialties, for one group seemed interested only in overcoats, another in women's coats, a third in suits. While I watched the traders, Max Deitchman, the manager of the exchange, explained its operations.

"Nobody but members can trade in here," he said. "We have 500 members, and as many as 300 are sometimes here at once. No one can apply for membership until he has been in the old-clothes business for at least a year. Seats sell at different prices. The ones nearest the windows, where the light is best for the inspection of goods, cost twenty-five dollars; the ones at the rear are five-dollar seats. These lockers are for the use of members who have no stores of their own. They can leave their goods as long as they want to. If some of them remain unsold after the day's trading they can put them back in the lockers for another day. The exchange is open every day from two until five; the members spend their mornings collecting their merchandise."

Queen of the Trade

"How much business is done here in a day?" I asked.

"The average will run somewhere around $5000," was the reply. "Some days it goes a good deal higher than that. It all depends on the supply of goods and their grade."

A taxicab drew up at the curb and a thickset, determined-looking woman stepped out of it. She drew a pile of garments from inside the cab and entered the exchange with them over her shoulder.

"Here comes der qveen!" cried a voice.

"Got somethink good today, Ida?" called a venerable-looking old man from the rear of the exchange.

"That's the queen of the old-clothes trade," said one of my informants. "She makes more money than most of the men in the business. No, I don't know how much, and if I did I wouldn't tell. I should worry about what she puts on her income-tax report. But she's worth $50,000, I guess; maybe more. That old man she's talking to is worth more than that."

He might have come out from between the covers of an illustrated Bible, the white-bearded man who was inspecting the wares

(Continued on Page 146)

The LINCOLN

America's outstanding high priced car is the first American car equipped thruout with Triplex (the glass that will not shatter) as standard equipment on all models.

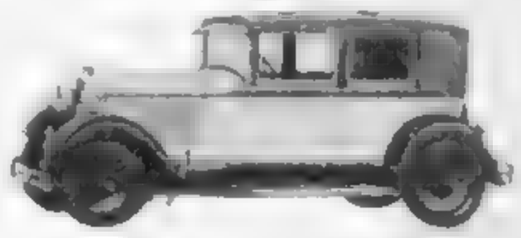
Triplex

—was selected by Lincoln because it is the only safety glass whose worth has been proved over a long period—15 years' continuous use in England.

Triplex is also standard equipment for the windshield of every Ford model.

Ordinary glass is dangerous—it shatters. Triplex will not shatter, so cannot fly and cut. Every car, no matter what make, *should* and *can* have the protection of Triplex. Insist that the car you buy has Triplex.

Ask your dealer about Triplex, or write us, giving make, model and year of your car. At your request, we shall be glad to send you free our booklet, "Drive with Safety," which gives the rules of the road as well as other information valuable to motorists.



THE FORD
—America's lowest priced car

In England now

—practically no one drives without the protection of Triplex, and accidents due to flying glass are nearly unknown. The majority of injuries in automobile accidents in America are due to flying glass.

Triplex

—the glass that will not shatter

THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA, INC., CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY

Two Great Lee Whizit Garments for Keen, Active Men

MEN EVERYWHERE are paying the Lee Whizit Union-Alls the tribute of swiftly growing demand.

These suits, made from Lee Super-Fabrics with the Lee Whizit Fastener (genuine hookless), have a keen, good looking snap to them which appeals to men with pride in their jobs. Great industrial concerns buy them by the thousands to uniform their men who meet the public. Men who look the part *do* give better service.

Lee Whizit Union-Alls and Overalls are sold nationally by thousands of dependable dealers. Buy them for extra value and trim good looks.

H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY
Kansas City, Mo., Trenton, N. J., South Bend, Ind.
Minneapolis, Minn., Salina, Kans.
San Francisco, Calif

Lee WHIZIT
UNION MADE
Overalls
Union-Alls
Play Suits

Index of Advertisers

January 12, 1929

	PAGE
Alexander Hamilton Institute	113
Allen Air-Turbine Ventilator Co.	113
All Year Club of Southern California	101
American Chain Company, Inc.	128
American Fruit Growers Inc.	129
American Pencil Company	113
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	104
Armstrong Cork Company	34
Associated Tile Manufacturers, Incorporated	117
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, The Great	84
Auburn Automobile Company	43
Ayer & Son, N. W.	49
Berkey & Gay Furniture Company	102, 103
Boott Mills	114
Bosley Co., The D. W.	142
Bristol-Myers Co.	146
Brown & Son, John L.	142
Bunting Brass & Bronze Co., The	88
Burgess Battery Company	94
Burroughs Adding Machine Company	122
Byers Company, A. M.	77
Cadillac Motor Car Company	32
Campbell Soup Company	27
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	91
Celoron Co., The	132
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	133
Chevrolet Motor Company	74, 75
Coca-Cola Company, The	52
Coleman, Watson F.	114
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	47, 53
Colonial Manufacturing Co.	96
Common Brick Manufacturers Association of America, The	137
Continental Baking Co.	120
Cook Co., The H. C.	110
Corbin, P. & F.	100
Crofut & Knapp Company, The	99
Cudahy Packing Co., The	IV Cover
Delco-Remy	38, 39
Ditto Inc.	141
Dixon Crucible Co., Joseph	114
Dodge Brothers Corporation (Division of Chrysler Corporation)	55
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co.	139
Enna Jettick Shoes	110
Estate Stove Company, The	86, 87
Evans & Co., Victor J.	142
Finnell System, Inc.	108
Fisk Tire Company Inc., The	78, 79
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	123
General Electric Company	65
General Tire and Rubber Co., The	57
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	93
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	70, 71
Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation	111
Graybar Electric Co.	147
Heinz Company, H. J.	67
Hewes & Potter, Inc.	III Cover
Heywood Wakefield Company	89
Holmes Products, Inc.	105
Hotel McAlpin	83
Hudson Motor Car Company	62, 63
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	45
International Harvester Company of America	124
Jiffy Glass Cleaner Co.	110
Johnson Smith & Co.	113
Johnston Company, Robert A.	148
Klein & Sons, Mathias	59
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company	60
Lambert Mfg. Co., Leon	114
LaSalle Extension University	142
Lee Mercantile Company, H. D.	144
Lewis Hotel Training Schools	111
Libby, McNeill & Libby	99
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.	125
Louisville & Nashville R. R.	118
Lyon & Sons, Inc., I. W.	106
Miami Chamber of Commerce	140
Miller Rubber Company of N. Y., The	92
Minnesota Valley Canning Co.	121
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.	145
Multistamp Company Inc., The	110
Myers Co., C. A.	114
National Blank Book Company	126
National Kel-Lac Co.	142
New Orleans Association of Commerce	136
New York Central Lines	131
Norwich Pharmacal Company, The	64
Overhead Door Corporation	142
Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation	37
Parker Pen Company, The	II Cover
Pennsylvania Railroad	73
Pepsodent Company, The	127
Phillips Chemical Company, Charles H.	138
Postum Company, Inc.	115
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Radio Corporation of America	51
Reading Iron Company	97
Reardon Labs., Inc., W. G.	113
Reo Motor Car Company	41
Sanitarium Equipment Co.	134
Servel Sales, Inc.	98
Sinclair Refining Company, Inc.	58
Smith & Sons Boat Co., Chris	130
Society of American Florists	112
Sonatron Tube Company	81
Southern Pacific	135
Stearns & Company, Frederick	123
Steinway & Sons	69
Strathmore Paper Co.	107
Switzerland Cheese Association	82
Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America, Inc., The	143
Universal Pictures	54
Vacuum Oil Company	31
Wander Company, The	90
Watkins Company, The R. L.	116
Webster Co., Inc., F. S.	114
Western Clock Company	1
Wheeling Steel Corporation	119
White Dental Mfg. Co., The S. S.	66
Willard Storage Battery Company	109
Williams Co., The J. B.	95

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

The Tragedy of the Empty Chair

Help Wanted
BOOKKEEPER; wanted at once, bookkeeper of unquestionable record. Must be accurate, quick and in good health. State age, experience and salary and how soon available. VA 878 Times-Record

OLD methods of figure work should be classified among the "hazardous" occupations, for breakdowns among bookkeepers and accountants are still all too frequent. The daily mental grind, the sheer monotony of figures, the ever present fear of errors, force many a figure worker into temporary, or even permanent, retirement.

The empty chair—the "want ad"—are the outward signs of another office casualty.

To the worker it is tragedy. To the employer it means, at the very least, lost time and the labor and expense of picking and training a substitute.

And it's all so unnecessary. Monroe methods of automatic, accurate figuring cut out the drudgery of mental arithmetic and banish the fear of mistakes, because the Monroe Adding-Calculator shows step-by-step proofs of each operation.

It figures invoices, discounts, payrolls, costs, commissions, percentages, inventories, estimates, interest charges, ratios of turnover or depreciation, without the necessity of even having to set levers to change from one mathematical operation to another.

The Simple Machine
that takes all the hard work
out of figures

The Series 3 Monroe divides, multiplies and subtracts as easily as it adds.

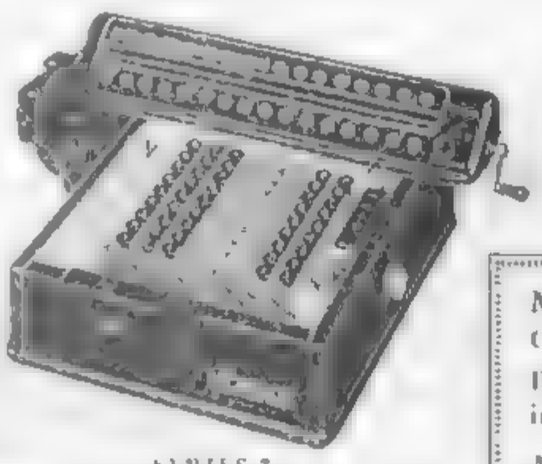
It is the machine for all the figuring of every office—the adding-calculator of all-around serviceability.

Make the Best Test

Try a Monroe on your own work. We shall be glad to have our local representative arrange to have you make this test. He will gladly show your clerks time-saving figuring methods. And there will be no obligation to buy until you are convinced the Monroe will be a good investment.

Telephone the Monroe office in your city or write to our home office at Orange, New Jersey.

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR



SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

Send this Coupon

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC.
Orange, New Jersey

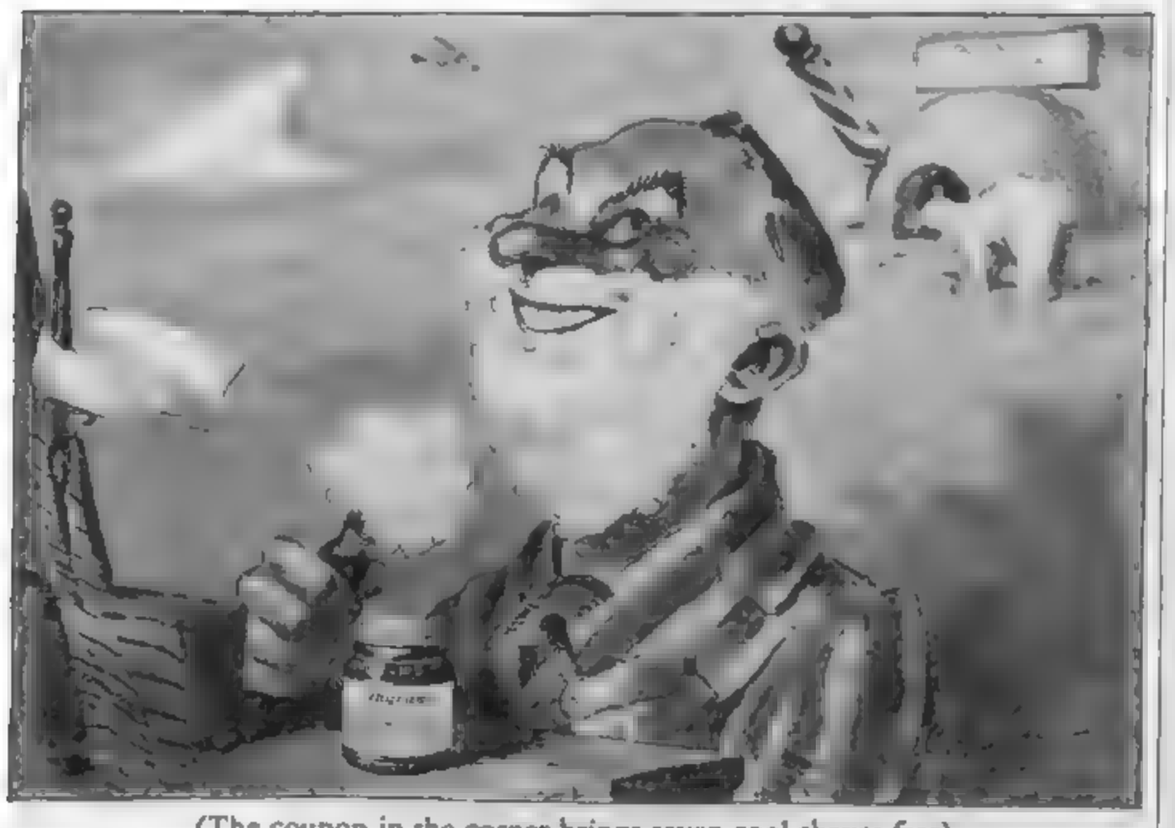
Please send me a copy of "A Giant Stride Ahead," describing the Series 3 Monroe Adding-Calculator.

Name

Firm

Address

A cool stingless shave is yours with Ingram's!



(The coupon in the corner brings seven cool shaves free)

DOES shaving leave your face all "fiery" and nicked? *It shouldn't.* Does it leave you with one of those skins you hesitate to touch? *It shouldn't.*

Or is your face as clear and cool as a May morning, as smooth as a mill-pond?'

It should be, and it *will* be if you'll just try Ingram's Shaving Cream!

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

For Ingram's is a delight to the faces of all shaving men. It takes the sting out of the morning shave. It leaves a clear cheek and a smooth skin when you put your razor in the box.

No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming richly on your face. For Ingram's is its own skin lotion, and because of three special healing and cooling ingredients, it tightens, tones and heals the skin. It's a shaving cream, a lotion and a tonic all in one!

With it you can shave closer—your skin is in better condition to "take" the razor. And above all you'll shave without those fiery little pin-prick stabs that most men bemoan! Ingram's does all these things and does them well:

1. It will cool and tone your face while you shave.
2. It will keep your skin in better shape.
3. It will enable you to shave closer without discomfort.
4. It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet underneath.

If you will just go to two minutes' trouble, you'll be rewarded with a lifetime's happiness of clear, cool shaves. That coupon below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends that any company ever had.

Send the Ingram coupon now

Don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for sample. Do it now!

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-19
110 Washington St., New York

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name

Address

City

B-M Co. 1929

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!"

(Continued from Page 142)

which the queen had dumped on the bench beside her. His skin had the clear freshness which is seldom seen except in the faces of infants and very old men. That, with his perfectly chiseled features and his serene, almost benignant expression, made him seem positively beautiful. He might have been eighty years old, I guessed. "Eighty-five," said my mentor. But he was as keen-eyed, as proudly erect of bearing as any man of forty. He could have posed just as he was, except for his modern clothes, for a portrait of Nathan the Prophet admonishing David the King.

There were a few quiet interchanges between the old man and the queen, some bank notes passed between them, and the old man walked out with the pile of garments over one shoulder, his long white beard flowing back over the other.

"Pretty good day," said the queen to the man who stood beside me. "Forty-seven dollars' clear profit on that deal."

"She's got a good system," said one of my guides. "She reads all the obituary notices, and when a man dies that's got any property she sends a nice letter to the widow that she'll be glad to relieve her of the trouble of disposing of her husband's wardrobe. That way she's got a fine, high-class trade. She gets lots of clothes that are practically new, like those she brought in today. She's educated and she knows how to talk nice to 'em."

"Some get 'em one way, some another," said one of the younger traders who had joined our group. "Now, I trade enameled ware and kitchen cutlery to the ladies for their husband's old clothes." That brought up a vision of a slice of the American scene which has long since vanished—the peripatetic tin peddler, whose belled horse and bright red wagon, hung about with glittering, jingling tinware, made such an exciting interlude in the routine of village life in my New England boyhood. Jean-Baptiste Rochon, who weighed old iron and bundles of rags with a steelyard, and sometimes would throw in a tin whistle for good measure after the housewife had made her choice of colanders and teakettles, has his twentieth-century duplicate in the old-clothes merchant of the metropolis. "You get 'em cheaper, that way," added my informant naïvely.

Perhaps my old blue serge wasn't good enough even for the export trade; perhaps it has gone to the shoddy mills, where they carbonize the cotton out of the fabric and grind up the wool fibers which remain, mix them with 10 to 90 per cent of virgin wool, and spin and weave the mixture into new material to make into new suits to sell to the Americans who discarded these very materials before they were half worn out, because they have so much money that they can all afford to buy new clothes whenever they want them. But I like to think of my old blue serge as a fraction of a unit in the statistical compilations of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the United States Department of Commerce, and to amuse myself, on sleepless nights, wondering how the coat fits whatever Kafir or Hottentot may be wearing it now, and what the Son of the Prophet looks like who is wearing those shiny-kneed pants.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

January 12, 1929

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES

		PAGE
Muskickadee—*Booth Tarkington*	*Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger*	3
The Queen of St. Nick's—*Corey Ford*	*Illustrated by Tony Sarg*	8
Sugar Boy—*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	*Illustrated by Orison MacPherson*	10
Flash—*Edith Fitzgerald*	*Illustrated by Grant Reynard*	14
Antic Oats—*Horatio Winslow*	*Illustrated by Richard Vincent Culter*	16
Merrymeeting—*Ben Ames Williams*	*Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull*	28
Valhalla—*A. W. Somerville*	*Illustrated by Grattan Condon*	42

ARTICLES

The Great Bull Market—*Albert W. Atwood*	*Photographs*	6
Smoldering Illini—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	*Photographs*	12
"Hello, Brother!"—*John Chapman Hilder*	*Illustrated by Wyncie King*	18
The Tricky Science—*Will Payne*	*Cartoon by Herbert Johnson*	25
The Art Bogy—*Gilbert Seldes*	*Cartoon by William Tefft Schwarz*	33
My Old Blue Serge Goes Abroad—*Frank Parker Stockbridge*	*Decoration by James M. Preston*	35

SERIALS

Hooch (Third part)—*Charles Francis Coe*	*Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner*	20
They Still Fall in Love (Fifth part)—*Jesse Lynch Williams*	*Illustrated by Henry Raleigh*	22

MISCELLANY

Editorials	24
Short Turns and Encores	26
Cartoon and Comedy	31
Getting On in the World	50

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

For selectivity sharp as a razor —tune in a Graybar

RADIO

Graybar 330. The super-heterodyne, radio's outstanding circuit, now available in an all electric set. Eight tubes $147

Graybar 340. All electric, super-heterodyne; dynamic speaker. The last word in design and cabinet work $375

Graybar 310. Six-tube, radio frequency, all electric set, $95. The famous Western Electric quality loudspeaker, $35

Sharp selectivity is rightly one of the prime features you should insist on before you choose any one radio. You get it in a Graybar.

Look to the Graybar line for an unusual emphasis on the essentials in radio design—tonal truth, clarity of reception and beauty of cabinet work, as well as selectivity.

Naturally so. An unusual electrical experience, 60 years old, is back of everything Graybar does.

In radio this includes the great work of installing over 140 of the nation's leading broadcasting stations. Enjoy the fruits of this experience. Put Graybar on the receiving end—in your home!

GraybaR

ALSO DISTRIBUTORS OF Western Electric RADIO APPARATUS

© 1929

INSTINCTIVELY one turns to Johnston's for the thoughtful gifts that social usage dictates . . . And among the assortments of Johnston's, the Cavalier Box, illustrated, is chosen by many as *the* gift of good taste . . . as correct as a silk hat with a morning coat. . . . A richly beautiful *metal* package, filled with the nuggets of incomparable goodness for which Johnston's is famed. Packaged at five dollars and less. There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Spur Tie

ALL TIED FOR YOU

By Hewes & Potter, Inc., Boston, Mass.

50¢ · 75¢ · $1.00

THE CLUB . . . the theatre . . . the office . . . the campus . . . the golf links—everywhere you see Spur Tie in the companionship of smart dressers.

Yesterday it was a new idea. Today it is the leading bow-tie style. Hand-tied for you, to save old-fashioned fussing. And far more cleverly than you could ever tie it yourself. Individual, too. Give the wings whatever flare, fluff or touch that suits your whim of the moment—and there you are!

With exclusive silks, Spur Tie introduces the season's patterns, long before they become universally popular—new stripes, fancies and polka dots. Plain blacks or whites, for formal dress.

Styles for boys, too—to keep them neat without fuss on Mother's part. At haberdashery counters everywhere.

Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass., Pacific Coast Stock: 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal. Made in Canada by Tooke Bros., Ltd., Montreal.

No other bow tie enjoys the neatness of Spur Tie. A patented invisible feature keeps Spur Tie from rolling, curling or wrinkling. To get the *genuine* Spur Tie look for this red label tucked in the back of the knot.

FREE

A richly printed 48-page book, entitled "Off the Lot," pictures your favorite motion picture stars on and off the screen, with intimate stories of their lives. For your copy, write to Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

The importance of

Healthful Cleanliness

in Good Cooking can not be over-emphasized

Good cooking essentially requires Healthful Cleanliness

To assure full food value and flavor, utensils must be healthfully clean—free from all impurities, taint or odor. Old Dutch cleans them perfectly and is therefore one of the greatest helps in good cooking. It also keeps utensils smooth and unscratched. This is important, as scratches cause food to more readily stick to the pan.

Old Dutch Cleanser has established a standard of cleanliness which should prevail in every home. *Safety*—thorough cleaning without injury to the surface. *Efficiency*—thorough cleaning quickly and easily done. *Healthful Cleanliness* most important of all—thorough cleaning by removal of the invisible and often dangerous impurities as well as the visible dirt.

Distinctive in quality and character. Old Dutch contains no harsh, scratchy grit, acids or caustic. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles possess remarkable detergent properties and wipe away the dirt with a smooth, clean sweep.

Perfect for snow-white and gayly colored porcelain and enamel cooking utensils, kitchen cabinets, ranges, refrigerators, etc., glass, earthenware and aluminum. Old Dutch preserves and protects their beauty.

Doesn't harm the hands—
there's nothing else like it

Old Dutch Cleanser Homes
are Healthful Homes